The Bankruptcy of Education.

By FREDERIC BURK (President of the San Francisco State Normal School).

With the abandonment of the dogma of faculty discipline, which assured us that all the powers of mind could be acquired by formal exercises in dead languages, school mathematics, etc., there clearly remains but one alternative—to train the pupils for the specific goal it is desirable to reach. This alternative permits no compromise. The exercises which prepare for life are the duties, knowledge, and emotional attitudes of existing life itself, which the world's workers are currently using. The alternative recognizes that like produces only like, and, therefore, repudiates those exercises such as Latin or algebra, which in themselves are acknowledged to be unused, except as mental trapezes of the schoolroom. It requires that the pupil's energy shall be centred upon the mastery of those things which existing world life requires of its active and productive journeymen; anything less is insufficient, and anything of a different character is irrelevant.

How shall we obtain such a course of study, and who shall systematize it? Manifestly, the first step in the task is to catalogue the essential duties, items of knowledge, and emotional attitudes current in the world's usage. This material must then be set up and arranged in the schools as goals of instruction, and the business of the pedagogue will be to enable the pupil to acquire these world-used materials to an effective degree as readily as possible. We must not interpret the term "world-use" in any narrow sense, as the ascetic pedagogue of the past, with his inherent prejudice against worldly affairs, has been prone to do. The world uses vocations as a means of breadwinning, but the world also uses music, art, literature, the drama, social conveniences, just as intensely, just as essentially, just as relevantly. We may, indeed, say that preparation for the social activities of life is equally as essential and necessary as for that of breadwinning, since in the average man's life they are approximately equal factors. Because the world uses religion, art, music, the drama, literature, civic ideals, etc., these are as legitimate and important goals of education as breadwinning. Each item of life must be given place in the school, proportionate to the currency of the role it plays upon the world's stage. Scholarly prejudice has been especially vindictive toward the recognition of any interpretation of the word "use," since its recognition would lead to a prompt indictment of most of the subjects and materials of the present dumb-bell curriculum, because these never were, in any sense, used.

The principle of current world-use, as a canon of selection of the material to be taught in school, at once reduces pedagogy to extreme simplicity. We are not called upon to enter upon hair-splitting questions to determine what should be taught. The simple fact that the world currently uses the multiplication tables, but does not currently use the apothecaries' weights, is sufficient and complete justification for teaching the former and omitting the latter. Similarly, upon the same ground, the schools should teach the story of Julius Caesar and neglect the Kings of Madagascar; should teach the civic ideals of the twentieth century and should dwell upon those of the sixteenth century only to the extent that the intelligent world currently knows them; should teach the used applications of electricity and should deal cursorily with the question of what electricity is, etc. The intensity and time devoted to any subject in the school will be determined by the degree of currency it obtains in intelligent world usage. For example, geography, unquestionably, is a most important subject if we regard it from the standpoint of world usage, and it covers an immense amount of territory. The knowledge of it in the world's workshop is the chief insignia by which we may distinguish the truly intelligent from the unintelligent. Yet, while both the world and the school consume a great deal of geographical knowledge, it is singular that the school type of geography and the world type are so different. While the school graduate is notorious for his ignorance of world geography when he goes into life, nevertheless our most intelligent citizens can easily be floored by a seventh grade examination in school geography and relegated to the class of unfortunates who must repeat the subject with the next class. This sort of thing should not and must not be. We must go through our school courses with a pruning-knife and a shovel, cutting out fruitless limbs and filling in earth to give them some resemblance to world knowledge. Our geography is just escaping from the vocationalist—the sailor, who insisted on having all land children know the capes and channels of his journeys. It becomes the modern schoolmaster's business to make these adjustments of school work to life work in accordance with the law of relative proportion.

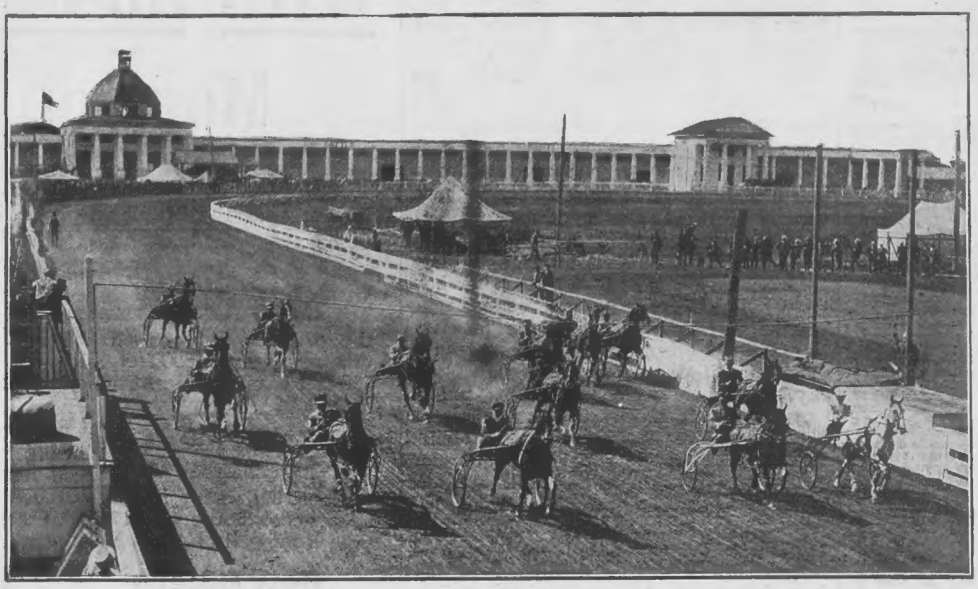
We cannot travel very far upon this principle before the fact is forced upon our realization that, while all pupils need education in some affairs of life (such as those of the social, civic, family, moral, artistic, and poetic phases of world civilization), other phases, such as vocation, are special only to individuals, and need occupy the attention of the few who propose to follow each special pursuit. There are, therefore, in general, two classes of world-used materials—(1) those things which are used by all world workers in common and (2) those which are special to vocation or individual pursuit. Two types of schools in conformity with world condition follow as a logical necessity—one to furnish that education which all world workers in common possess; and a second to provide training in at least one of the special vocations or pursuits of life which the individual proposes to pursue.

A large part of the lives of all is spent in one common field of living. We all live in homes under the customs and laws of the family; all live in the state with certain civic duties and customs which, for the well-being and safety of each, all must obey; all live in social relations one with another; and for our social intercourse certain other customs, conventions, laws, and amusements are essential. Moreover, there are certain general fields of knowledge, covering history, geography, science, industries, inventions, art, literature, goverment, etc., which all persons of intelligence, regardless of vocation, possess in common. Because this field of knowledge is held in common, it would seem to be necessary, and persons lacking it, though possessing vocational specialization, fail to be world workers. Nor can we overlook the fact, as we too often have overlooked it, of this common fund of ideals, knowledge, and sentiments of the vocaton itself. The man, skilled in his vocation, but essentially lacking in this common fund of human civilization, fails as readily as the man of general intelligence who is without a vocation. Therefore, in addition to a common school for all, the school system should include special departments, corresponding to the diversity of vocations and special pursuits, among which, for a portion of the school time, the pupils shall be distributed.

This would bring us to a discussion of the case of the technical schools. The common schools have had for their aim, the preparation of pupils for the affairs of life which men have in common. The technical schools have for their avowed aim the preparation of the youth in the vocations of life. Both historically and theoretically the technical schools, with the exception of theology and medicine, have an altogether different origin from our common schools. Vocational preparation by means of schools is new. The technical school is clearly the legitimate child of the modern demand for direct world preparation. The last half-century has seen prodigious development and growth in this field. The technical school has been driven into our educational system by a force more or less unconscious of itself. There is a real feeling that, however axiomatic the theoretic arguments for the established pedagogic dogmas, there is nevertheless something wrong with the output. The demand for technical schools by the modern world really struck a blow at the foundation principle of the established schools.

Under the psychological dogma of our established theory, this specific preparation for each of life's varied situations was not necessary; for the theory contended that faculties, sharpened by algebra, Latin, grammar, etc., were qualified to meet any situation or problem. Consequently our schools have tenaciously resisted the demand for differentiation of courses. With the overthrow of this dogma, we must face the other alternative of specific preparation. In our educational reconstruction, a clear relation is, therefore, necessary that, if vocational training is to be undertaken by the school system, we must provide separate schools or departments into which pupils may be segregated for a part of the time according to vocational goal. Into each will be consigned all the knowledge and training special to these pursuits, and pupils of one pursuit will not thus waste time in learning the knowledge belonging to other pursuits. But all persons, regardless of sex, vocation, or class, have much, if not the principal part, of their lives in common with all other persons. Our common school course should, therefore, be practically identical for all persons, regardless of social class, wealth, or previous condition. Vocations are merely the clothes we wear, and into the wearer of these clothes must be breathed, if life is to be successful, the breath of human life, its general human intelligence, its human sentiments for the home, society, and the state. Men are not only specialists but, if they take men's places as men in civilization's progress, they must have a certain body of common intelligence, common ideals, and common sentiments which constitute manhood and womanhood and without which the world will not give place to them to work as specialists. If we take the intelligent and successful men from all the various vocations, we shall find that they possess, by the necessities of modern life's requirements, a certain common body of knowledge and sentiments which, though comparatively limited, are nevertheless indispensable. All, for example, can read, write, and use the common operation of figures. They know certain common facts of business life, of social and political ideas and customs. The landsmen do not know all that the sailor knows of the sea, nor do the sailors know all that the landsmen know of the land; but the intelligent landsmen's knowledge of the sea and the intelligent sailors' knowledge of the land are necessary in order that they may sail their ships and plow their furrows in the direction of one another's ports of entry.

Therefore do I believe in a school system which shall be like a tree with roots, trunk, and branches. The roots shall reach into the soil of common humanity and draw up from its common sentiments of husband, father, neighbor, and citizen, training the child to love those specific acts or events which our civilization has declared to be good, right, and true; and to hate those specific things which our civilization has declared to be false and wrong; a trunk which shall give that body of knowledge which all intelligent men find necessary, regardless of vocation. Finally, we must have a series of parallel schools which shall prepare our pupils for the varieties of vocational life as specialists. Ideally, this system could be carried out by a common school surrounded by the various special vocational schools. For a portion tion of the schoolday, of the month, or of the year, all pupils would attend the common school, receiving instruction and training in that knowledge and those sentiments which constitute the common life, and for another portion of the school time they would be instructed in that knowledge and trained in the skill pertaining to some one of the vocations or special pursuits. The vocational training would run in parallel lines to the common courses. All vocational training would not begin at the same common school. Some such as medicine law, etc., it would probably not be advisable to begin until late, probably the eighteenth year; others, such as certain commercial or mechanical trades, might easily begin in the eighth or ninth school year. The common education would cover a long period; for much that is common knowledge, such as the comprehension of duties of citizenship, the study of science, etc., requires a certain degree of maturity. The important requirements would be that all students should complete this common course, regardless of vocation. The boys who began trades or those pursuing business courses or those preparing for law or medicine would have the same general training in common intelligence. The pupils whose parents belong to the more well-to-do class must have no advantages over those whose parents are less well off. All must have the same common education; for all alike are to have homes, all are to be citizens, and no domestic, social, or civic ambition within the realization of this proud democracy must be denied anyone because he lacks the common elements of civilization; nor can our Government safely exist if all voters are not reasonably intelligent and guided by the same common sentiments toward the home, society, and the state.



Scoring for a start in the classic of the Exhibition Race Meet, the $2500 Free for All, July 20.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

Comes out a ribbon lies flat on the brush

If the first taste of a dentifrice is a good taste, the regular care of the teeth will be an easy habit to form

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK

So delicious in flavor that children use it eagerly and faithfully. So lastingly antiseptic that it not only destroys decay-germs at the time of use, but also keeps the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that checks germ growth.

"Good Teeth---Good Health"

is not a mere catch phrase, but a scientific fact, and should be a watchword for every mother. Begin now to teach your children the use of this deliciously efficient dental cream.

Trial Tube sent for 4 cents—enough for 3 Weeks' Use.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. "M", Coristine Bldg., Montreal.

Established over a Century. Makers of the Famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

HOME PUBLISHING CO., WINNIPEG. JULY, 1911 PRICE TEN CENTS.

The Home Tea of Western Canada

A POUND LASTS LONGER

It is simply surprising how many new friends Blue Ribbon Tea makes every day.

Once Blue Ribbon is used it is always used.

That is a rule that hardly ever varies.

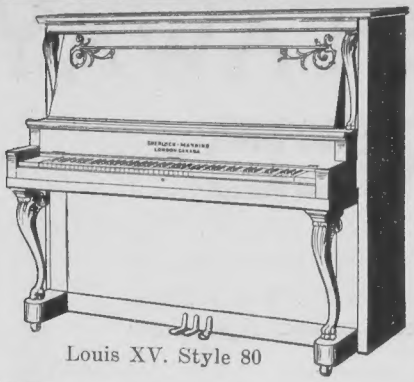
There are reasons for it. One is that Blue Ribbon Tea is REALLY GOOD tea.

It satisfies and delights all who taste it. And it is guaranteed.

If you are not fully satisfied with Blue Ribbon Tea take back the balance of the packet and your grocer will refund your money.

BLUE RIBBON, LIMITED

WINNIPEG, MAN.



Louis XV. Style 80

Add To Your Homes Attractions

Put a Sherlock-Manning Piano in your home and insure years of delight for yourself and every member of your family. Its appearance will please your sense of beauty, and its rich, sweet tone will satisfy your musical instinct. The

Sherlock-Manning Piano

is fully guaranteed for ten years. Every detail represents the highest present-day attainment in piano-building. Thus you are assured of lasting service.

Let us send you catalogue showing the different styles.

Sherlock-Manning

Piano and Organ Co.

London, Canada

No Street Address Necessary

Expert Watch Repairing

If your watch gives you trouble pack it in a box send to us. We will look it over and estimate the cost of repairs by return mail. If not satisfactory we will return watch as it was at our expense. If satisfactory, and we repair your watch, we are absoulutely responsible for our work for one year, barring accidents.

We have developed the largest watch repair business in Canada in seven years. There must be a reason. We do not experiment. We repair.

D. E. Black

Mfg. Jeweller and Optician

116a 8th Ave, East, Calgary, Alta.

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

Vol. XII. Published Monthly **No. 7**

By the Home Publishing Co., McDermot and Arthur Sts., Winnipeg, Canada.

THE SUBSCRIPTION PRICE of the Western Home Monthly is $1 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1,50 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States $1.25 a year

REMITTANCES of small sums may be made with safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter or Money Order

POSTAGE STAMPS will be received the same as cash for the fractional parts or a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination

WE ALWAYS STOP THE PAPER at the expiration of the time paid for unless a renewal of subscription is received. Those whose subscriptions have expired must not expect to continue to receive the paper unless they send the money to pay for it another year.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month.

WHEN YOU RENEW be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

A Chat with our Readers.

We hasten to thank our readers for the many letters of congratulation on our June issue. The extra expense and effort devoted to our Coronation number was more than compensated for when we realized that we had succeeded in satisfying the literary cravings of the most exacting. We only trust that this—our exhibition number—will be as favorably received.

Summer is a very busy season for most of our readers but even while in the midst of work preparatory to the harvest, many opportunities are afforded our friends of saying a good word for the Western Home Monthly. Some of your neighbors may be recent arrivals in the Great West and they would appreciate your courtesy in drawing their attention to a magazine which they could really enjoy reading. We obtain the greater part of our circulation through the recommendations of our readers and this is why we emphasize the importance of any little thoughtfulness which you may care to exercise on our behalf. This idea of getting subscribers for us is by no means a one-sided proposition. Every new subscriber means a step in the advancement of the magazine and those of our readers who have been on our mailing list for any length of time will readily concede that we are constantly adding new features and making the Western Home Monthly more and more attractive.

When you come to Winnipeg for fair, don't forget to look us up and renew your subscription. The majority of our readers renew promptly and it might be remarked that a renewal is the surest sign to the publisher that the periodical is appreciated. The address tag on the cover always shows to what date your subscription is paid so that, as a matter of fact, it is quite unnecessary for us to write and tell you when to renew. By taking an active interest in your subscription and promptly renewing when the time comes, you save us a great deal of trouble and in addition ensure for yourself uninterrupted receipt of the magazine. Some of our readers, who on failing to renew, have been cut off our list, have expressed surprise at our high-handed attitude. A magazine, however, should be paid for the same as anything else and while some publishers are philanthropic enough to take long chances in this respect, we cannot, and only guarantee continuous receipt of the Western Home Monthly to those whose subscriptions are paid in advance.

It is no unusual thing for us to receive by a single mail, twenty or thirty letters, expressive of the gratification of our subscribers. We appreciate these kind missives and are especially well pleased with the knowledge that our readers really have the interests of the W.H.M. at heart. We are going to further encroach on your good nature and solicit your help to further add to our circulation. As you are probably aware the Western Home Monthly enters an enormous number of homes every month. Having regard to Western conditions, this is very gratifying but we are not satisfied. We want an even bigger circulation and believe that you can be of material assistance to us in achieving this object. Suppose, for instance, that each of our present readers succeeded in getting us just one new subscriber—surely a very simple thing—our circulation would double—in order words our figures would jump to over 75,000. Suppose you try this. The majority of our readers live in well-settled districts and we believe that many of their friends and neighbors would gladly subscribe to the Western Home Monthly if they saw a copy so that we are not asking you to do any hard canvassing work for us—simply to show the magazine to your acquaintances. Again, you may have some friends in a distant part of the country who might be interested in our publication. Just send us their names and addresses and we will mail them sample copies. We know that the W.H.M. has only to be seen to be appreciated and the sending of a sample copy usually means a year's subscription by return mail. With very little effort we should have a circulation of 100,000 in a short time. Let us determine that this becomes an accomplished fact.

The Splendid Appreciation of a Large Advertiser Who Expends Annually $100,000 in Advertising

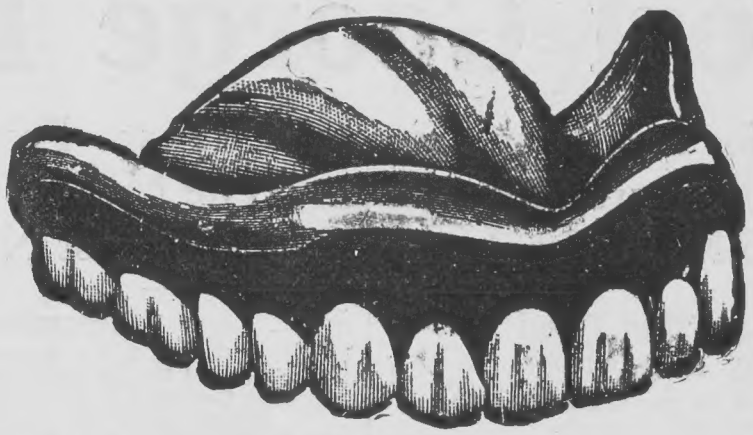
Kansas City, Mo., May 8th, 1911

To the Western Home Monthly, Winnipeg.

Gentlemen—You may be assured that during our advertising season THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY will have its share to the maximum of our appropriation. It might be of interest to you to know that you are getting more space than any other three publications, and we flatter ourselves that we are pretty close buyers of space. We spend our money only where it pays us best.

THE AMERICAN COLLEGE OF DRESSMAKING.

(J. M. Stelle, President.)



NO TEETH

AND

BAD TEETH

Cause ill-health and big doctors' bills. Moreover, without good teeth your appearance is such that if you would see yourselves as others see you, neither fear, time nor expense would prevent your having new ones.

High-class dentistry in all its forms at the

New Method Dental Parlors

317 Portage Avenue, Opposite Eaton's

Office Open Evenings, 7 to 9

Was it Possible?

A minister who was waiting for a train was beguiling the time by talking to a half-witted boy.

"I say, Jamie," said the minister, "were you ever at school?"

"Yes, sir, sure enough."

"And who had the honor to be your schoolmaster?"

"Maister Black, sir," replied Jamie.

"How strange! Why, Mr Black was my schoolmaster also."

For a moment Jamie was silent, then said, looking straight at the minister; "Mon, who'd ha' thocht old Black could ha' turned oot twa like us?"

500 FOLIOS OF MUSIC GIVEN AWAY ABSOLUTELY FREE

WE have a limited number of dandy Music Folios we are going to give away to out-of-town people POSITIVELY FREE. You don't need to send us a cent either now or later on; and you can have your choice of a Song, Instrumental or Instruction Folio, which includes our most popular books and best sellers, picked right from our big and up-to-date stock.

The Song Folio---135 Songs

Contains one hundred and thirty-five of the old, familiar and favorite songs which seem to be in themselves a part of the old home life. The varied contents including songs of sacred, sentimental, humorous, plantation, pathetic and patriotic character, include every really "popular" home song, and the folio is one which cannot be spared in any home.

Instruction and Instrumental Folio

It has been the aim of the author of this book to produce something that will interest the pupil, since it is recognized nowadays by competent educators everywhere that good work can best be secured from the learner by causing him to like the task set before him. Exercises, studies and pieces make this a dandy book. 88 interesting pages of music.

All You Have to do to get Either Book

Listen! Send us the names of three homes you know are thinking of purchasing a Piano or Player-Piano now or in the near future. Or, the homes who would like a brand new Piano in exchange for their old one. Let us have these names as soon as you find out the right information and we will send you your choice of either of the folios mentioned above. Of course you must not send us more than one name from one home. After we receive the names we will tell them how they can secure the most perfect Piano or Player-Piano made the world over—the celebrated Heintzman & Co. instrument and on easy payments. Write us the names to-day or just as soon as you can find the right parties. We will expect to hear from you soon. Address Dept. W.

J. J. H. McLEAN & CO. LTD.
329 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

CUT OUT AND MAIL EARLY

J. J. H. McLean & Co., Limited
Dept. W, 329 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, Man.

Gentlemen—Below I have written the names of three people whom I beieve are considering the purchase of a piano in the near future.

1 Name.....
Address.....
2 Name.....
Address.....
3 Name.....
Address.....

Kindly send me as agreed..... *Song or Instrumental Folio*
My name is.....
My address is.....

Write Names and Addresses Plainly.

South Fort George Booming

Number of Lots for Sale Dwindling Down Fast---Present Prices Cannot Long Prevail---Sure to be a Rise---The Man Who Desires to Make Big Money Should Invest Now

A Little Over a Year Ago This Town Was Begun—To-day It Has:

About 1,000 inhabitants: and by the end of the year it will have 2,000, and the day is coming when it will have 30,000.
A live **Board of Trade.**
Three Chartered Banks, and several others have purchased sites.
Post Office, Schools, Newspapers, Hotels, Three General Stores.
Two Steamship Lines—The Fort George Lumber and Navigation Co., and the British Columbia Express Co.
Docks and Warehouses.
Telephone System, and **Lighting** and **Waterworks Systems** are being installed,
Ferry across Fraser River to Fort George Market Gardens.
British Capital—A number of large capitalists, including Lord Dunsmore, have visited South Fort George and invested heavily.
Winnipeg Capital—Among the well known Winnipeg men who have visited here are N. T. McMillan, A. J. Adamson, J. D. McArthur, Dr. McLellan, Hugo Ross, and others.
AND COMING ARE more **Docks,** more **Business Houses,** more **Industries,** and **Railroads,** with their Terminal and Divisional Equipment, including shops, offices, warehouses, freight sheds, together with an enlarged population of high wage-earners.
South Fort George has a great, undeveloped, inexhaustible virgin field for you to cultivate.
It is overflowing with opportunities, it has every advantage; it has every requirement.
It has a glorious future before it. Nature and man have conspired together to make it in all respects the most important Distributing Centre in British Columbia.
Don't Wait to see. It will then be too late. The wise investor is the man who can foresee and whose **Reason** is his proof.

Remember These Facts:

1. **Fort George** is the geographical and strategic commercial centre of **Central British Columbia.**
2. **Fort George** is at present the supply point for the whole of **Central British Columbia.**
3. **Fort George** is at the junction of three mighty waterways which are navigable for hundreds of miles north, south, east and west.
4. **Fort George** is the headquarters for three lines of steamboats plying on these waters at the present time.
5. **Fort George** is the terminus or on the line of all railroads building and projected in **Central British Columbia.**
6. **Fort George** is the gateway to the great Cariboo and Yukon mining districts.
7. **Fort George** is the gateway to—
   - Fraser River Valley.
   - Valley of North and South Forks of the Fraser River.
   - Nechaco Valley.
   - Stuart and Salmon River districts
   - Babine Lake district.
   - Francois Lake district.
   - Ootsa Lake district.
   - Blackwater district.
   - Bulkley Valley.
   - Peace River Valley.
   - Skeena orchard district.
   - Great timber resources of East Slope of Coast Range and West Slope of Rockies.
8. **Fort George** is going to be a **big city.**

South Fort George is the Best Buying on the Market

It has come into wide notice as a favored land of opportunities; opportunities for the farmer, lumberman, miner, fruit-grower, stock and dairyman manufacturer and investor,

Whatever you do investigate the opportunities of South Fort George now. Don't delay—you cannot afford to miss the chance—the greatest in Central British Columbia. Write to-day for full information and prices, direct to the owners.

The Walch Land Company, **Northern Crown Bank Bldg. Winnipeg, Man.**

The Blessing of Moderation.

THE BLESSING OF MODERATION.

One thing is certain, that if we are to live together peaceably in this country, we must cease to be extremists. Our watchwords in everything — in religion, trade, politics, and in our social relations—must be moderation, toleration, considerations. A few incidents, or rather a few speeches, and the tendencies of the press of late, have made it very necessary to say this much.

THE EXTREMIST IN MATTERS OF TRADE.

The first illustration of extreme statement is that found in the Toronto papers when they are discussing the Reciprocity pact. They apparently have adopted the cry of the Eastern manufacturers when the say "We have made the West and the West must continue to bear its burden!" Now, we might have been spoken to in this manner once, but we have grown too big for that. The East did not make the West. It would be far more true to say that the good times in the East to-day must be attributed to the rapidly-developing West. And the West has for all these years been paying a tribute altogether too great. History has furnished us with numberless cases of the worm turning when trodden upon and if the Western worm is now turning, it is because the foot of the manufacturers has been too heavy. It has been the immoderate greed of some of the manufacturers of the Eastern provinces that has brought about the present revolt.

Perhaps in this connection it might not be amiss to give just a litle notice of warning. It is not the competition of the United States that the Eastern manufacturers have most to fear. Within sixty miles of this city, there is waiting for harness no less than five hundred thousand horse-power, and the first instalment for purposes of manufacture will be delivered this fall. Then will any one say why Winnipeg should not be the first manufacturing centre in Canada, rather than the third? And Winnipeg is but a sample of what the West can offer. Look at the Bow River and the Saskatchewan, and look at the inexhaustible forces to be had for nothing at Medicine Hat!—No! No! the day of monopoly and special privilege is gone. Toronto cannot any longer dictate the policy of Canada. It is a fine respectable city, even if it does stand in great danger of being side-tracked one of these days, but Toronto is not all Canada and the manufacturers are not the only citizens to be considered in matters of legislation.

THE EXTREMIST IN RELIGION.

A second illustration of misguided action has been that of the Province of Quebec in enacting the "Ne Temere Decree." The Church chiefly concerned might have gained its purpose by other means. One cannot help feeling that its too great zeal in this case will eat it up. "There is a way that seemeth right unto a man"—or a church—"and the end thereof is death." Everybody must feel that this legislation is both unwise and unnecessary. It is unwise because it is unfair to Catholics and Protestants in Quebec, and to all good Canadians in the other provinces. It is unnecessary because such an act is not needed in other countries where Catholics reside.

As a matter of fact the words Catholic and Protestant should never occur in Dominion or Provincial legislation. They create discord. Is it not time that they were removed from the statutes? They are misleading terms at best. Yet not only the legislation of Quebec but that of the Dominion Parliament and of most of the provinces is shot through with provisions that tend to keep the people apart. There is no better reason for mentioning the word Roman Catholic than for giving the names of the other Christian bodies. Yet what a time we should have if Methodists would not recognize a marriage performed by a Presbyterian clergyman.

Whether marriage be a church sacrament or not, it must certainly be authorized by the state. The state alone can dissolve the marriage. It is very evident that though the state has been very kind to religious bodies and has granted to their ministers the privilege of celebrating marriage, the favor must be withdrawn and the power given only to regularly-appointed magistrates. The religious bodies can add what independent ceremonies they please, but the state-marriage must hold.

The worst calamity that can befall us is for churches and classes and districts to go into this business of juggling for first place. Catholics are not all going to heaven and all Protestants to hell, nor is the reverse true, no matter what the priests and preachers may say. Legislators must not be class-bound or creed-bound. They must be tolerant, moderate, considerate. Had they been so in Quebec, we believe there would have been no "Ne Temere Degree."

Of course conditions at present are intolerable. The state must see to it that the contracts entered into by citizens in good faith are fulfilled. It must protect the property and the good names of all its children. A church can punish its members as such, it must not encroach on their liberty as citizens.

THE SPORTING CRAZE.

Nothing is more striking to the newspaper reader than the prominence given to sport in the columns of the press. Sport is a fine thing when properly controlled, but it is the worst thing possible for a community if it is misdirected or unduly emphasized. We are not sure that the condition of affairs in Western Canada is altogether healthy. Two Western cities are at daggers drawn —or parasols drawn—because they chance to have rival lacrosse teams. The effect of the competition has been to lower the moral tone of the communities. One would not say that the baseball competition in Western Canada has developed higher ideals or afforded real relaxation for players or spectators. Sport is a peculiar thing in this way, that it may confer a lasting benefit on those who participte in it, or it may do lasting harm. Those who in the name of sport run into excess of all kinds—into gambling, drinking, and the like—are more to be dreaded than patients who have escaped quarantine. The man to be avoided above all, is the loud-mouthed braggadocio who patronizes the ball teams but who knows neither honor nor decency. The man most to be desired is he who with a sense of fairness and a love for all that is clean and modest, will undertake to direct the sport of his community.

THE SPORT THAT DEGRADES.

In one of the towns of the Canadian West a num- of fine boys, naturally active and fond of play, became expert lacrosse players. They formed a club and entered into friendly rivalry with the boys of neighboring towns. So successful were they, that they were called upon to play with clubs that had won distinction in other disticts. Soon they had won provincial reputation, and naturally enough became the pride of the community which produced them.

Just at this point the villian appeared upon the scene. He was a young man who had made nothing of himself in life but who possessed a bold aggressive manner, a loud tongue, and a fondness for every form of competition—good or bad—from a dog-fight to a voting contest between two beautiful girls. He worked his way into the confidence of the boys by getting up a popular subscription to buy uniforms; he accompanied them on their trips and became their self-constituted mentor and spokesman. He talked incessantly, offered to wage money on the result of the games, and in general made himself a nuisance at home and a reproach abroad.

Gradually the boys began to think that the winning of the games was the only thing in life —that not only was the manner of the play of secondary importance, but that business, settled occupation, and honest work were as nothing compared with ability to handle the stick effectively. Then came the first glass of liquor as a deserved reward for good play, or as a mark of good fellowship when welcoming competitors to town. Infinitely worse than this there began the recital of dirty stories and the planning of dirty tactics in dealing with opposing teams.

Need the story be told further? After three years of tutelage there was not a boy in the club who had not lost his innocence and his manhood, and there was not a respectable citizen in the town who was not ashamed of his representatives on the field of sport.

Is this story told as a protest against sport? By no means. No nation ever attained greatness that did not give prominence to out-door games. But out-door games played in a wrong spirit or without proper supervision can do more to damn the young men of the communtiy than any other thing that can be named. It is time that emphasis was placed on supervision. Travellers have said that conditions in some of our towns is somewhat alarming—that the speech and action of young men from week to week are positively disgusting—that profanity and obscenity are as common as the air of the prairie. If this be true, it is time for parents to awake. Children have rights—the right to clean association and wise direction. It is supreme folly for a town to engage school masters to train in intelligence and morality, and then to allow a sporting organization to flourish as a hot-bed of filth and obscenity. There are towns in the country where close supervision of sport is insisted upon, where manhood is developed, forbearance taught, and all helpful virtues extolled. It should be so in every town. How is it with you?

Yes, sport is good if it is a means to the development of the best in players and spectators, but it is harmful in the extreme if it arouses base passions, develops wrong tastes and habits, and presents low ideals of conduct. And it certainly is not everything nor even the chief thing in life.

THE EXTREMIST IN WORK.

There is out in Saskatchewan a boy who is the son of well-to-do parents—a boy of about fifteen years. He has gone to school in the winter since he was seven years of age, and he has worked on farm all summer. He has never known the meaning of play. He is devoid of all those sympathies and aspirations that should characterize the normal youth. He lacks the freshness and vigor, the elasticity and cheerfulness of boyhood, he has neither the style and manner which make him attractive or serviceable in society, nor has he the capacity to adapt himself to new conditions. In thought, feeling and deed he is "cabined, cribbed, confined." He has not had the right that should be accorded every boy in this land, the right to realize his highest possibilities. His parents have sinned against him and most grievously. They have in their home a clumsy, awkward, uninteresting and dissatisfied lout—they should have had an alert, sympathetic, attractive and nobly-dispositioned gentleman.

Let him that the cap fits wear it. There are not a few boys whose future has been sacrificed to the mistaken ambition of foolish parents. It is necessary that not only Scripture but some modern Goethe should ask again the question of all questions for each one to answer, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" And to parents we say "Lose your own souls if you will, but save the souls of your children. Let them be for themselves and their fellows all that it is possible for them to be. Let them work, and let them play." Our good friend Burbank has been telling us how to grow oranges, tomatoes and the like, of the seedless variety. Some of our men in the West are trying to develop girls and boys of the juiceless variety. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." It makes him inhuman. The boy was not far astray when he said to his father, "Blast your dollars I like to see the other fellows once in a while. Won't you buy us a football?"

THOSE WHO ARE NOT EXTREMISTS.

There is a little family about which I would tell you—a family of several boys and several girls. Perhaps it would be more in order these days to call it a good large family. The work of the home is carefully divided among the members so that even the little children have something assigned them, And when work is done there is good, hearty play in which all are interested. Often the neighbors' children come in to swell the numbers and the pleasure is intensified. There is but one law in the home—the law of happy service. "Each for all, and all for each." Under the reign of this law life passes away peacefully and helpfully, and the lessons learned in youth have not to be unlearned in manhood, the habits, tastes and powers cultivated in childhood are as capital compounding for use in the years of maturity.

THE EVENLY-BALANCED LIFE.

It would seem, then, that in trade, in legislation, in religion, and even in the lighter joys of life, it is necessary to avoid excess. The bitter partisan is to be avoided whether he be a party hac, a religious zealot, a base-ball fiend, or the boss of a union. Every man should have some warmth in his make-up, but he should not get so hot that he explodes. The world is a pretty big place and there are many interests in it. The best thing for us all to do is to consider the other fellows a little. Above all we must learn to play the game.

Just WHY

Old Dutch Cleanser

Is a

Pure Hygienic

Cleanser For

Cutlery

& all

Food Utensils

Because the Cleanser is entirely free from Acid, Caustic and Alkali. It is mechanical in its action—avoid dangerous chemical cleansers.

Wash steel knives and forks, etc., then sprinkle a little Cleanser on a damp cloth and rub over a few times. Wash again and wipe dry. This is a great improvement over the old-style scouring brick.

Many Other Uses and Full Directions on Large Sifter-Can, 10c

The Made-up Photograph and the Millionaire.

An Amateur Detective Story. By William Hamilton Osborne.

THE well-dressed man stood uncertainly for a moment and looked up at the brown stone house, It was the house in which young Schuyler Van Twiller, of the Borough of Manhattan, lived his hitherto solitary life.

"I guess," said the well-dressed stranger, "that now is as good a time as any. I'll try him on."

He ascended the steps and touched the bell. A man in livery responded.

"Mr. Van Twiller in?" inquired the stranger. The retainer shook his head solemnly.

"He is not, sir," he answered respectfully; "he is very seldom in, nowadays, sir, between eight and eleven."

"I might have known that," returned the stranger. "Of course. I forgot. Will it be possible for me to see him to-night?"

The servant was puzzled. This man did not look like a reporter. He might be a man of business.

"Well, sir," said the servant doubtfully "I don't know as he'd care to be disturbed to-night, but I will say that if you come back about a quarter to eleven you're like to find him in."

The stranger nodded. "I'll come back," he said. "My card," and left. The servant read the card.

"Mr. John Smith" was all it said. The servant laid it on the top of a multitude of cards. He sighed with weariness. "Gee," he exclaimed, "I'll be glad when it's all over!"

The servant's weariness was due to the fact that the Van Twiller house had been besieged for two weeks or more by all sorts and conditions of men, bent upon all sorts and conditions of errands. It had come to such a pass that, unless a man was exceptionally well dressed, or unless he was a friend of Mr. Van Twiller's, he was packed unceremoniously away.

Mr. John Smith, the stranger, had had an air about him that had impressed the servant, and he had made concessions.

All this unwonted attention was due to the fact that Van Twiller was about to marry. The cards had been sent out two weeks ago, and from the instant that they had been dropped in the mail box Van Twiller had lived in a state of siege that was paralyzing. Every man in New York wanted to sell him things, make him things, build him things, plan his tours, plan his wardrobe, plan everything. It made him tired.

He was going to marry Miss Helen Standish, the descendant of a Puritan line. She was quite as much besieged as he. But every evening, from eight until half-past ten, Van Twiller and Miss Standish occupied an old-fashioned cozy corner underneath the Standish stairs, and refused to come out of it upon any considerations whatsoever. It was not only a tete-a-tete; it constituted their only rest and relaxation from the wearisome job of preparing for a large metropolitan wedding.

It was just half-past ten when Van Twiller left the Standish house and sauntered on toward home. He was about to enter his own house when the stranger touched him on the arm.

"Mr. Van Twiller?" asked the stranger.

"The same," answered Van Twiller.

"I thought—I knew," returned the stranger, "that I could not be mistaken."

There was something insinuating in the stranger's manner that Van Twiller did not like, but nevertheless he ushered the man into the house.

"Come in here," he said, entering a

Peeling the birch.

COWAN'S PERFECTION COCOA

Is rich in food value and easy to digest. It is *just Cocoa*, pure Cocoa, ground from the choicest Cocoa beans.

Nurses and Doctors recommend its use in sickness or in health. 171

SEE THIS COSTUME SKIRT

It is worth $2. We are offering it and a pair of Ladies' Shoes for 75c. 20,000 yds. of famous Yorkshire Serges direct from loom to wearer.

State correct length, waist, and hip measurements. *Lace or Button. State correct size. As now worn*

THE SATISFIER Costume Skirt is made specially to your own measurements from our famous hard wearing Yorkshire Serges, seven gores, raised seams, cut full, fit, style and finish being perfect. In Black, Navy, Grey, Brown or Myrtle. Every purchaser will be presented with a pair of Ladies' Shoes absolutely Free. Costume Skirt and Shoes carefully packed in one parcel and sent per return mail; carriage paid 25c. extra. Total amount $1. Remittances to be made in Money Order or Dollar Bill only.

Dep. 256, YORKSHIRE MANUFACTURING CO., SHIPLEY, BRADFORD. ENGLAND

REAL SCOTCH WINCEY

—LAWRIE & SMITH—

have for many years manufactured this fabric, which has been much appreciated, and goes on increasingly so. The excellent quality of the material, which is practically unshrinkable, makes it most adaptable to those who make up garments for day and night wear in their own homes.

PRICES—

1/- to 3/6 per yard.

Write for Free Samples to

Lawrie & Smith, Ayr, Scotland.

dark room at the end of the hall. He touched a button, and immediately the room was flooded with light. The stranger started. For it was a strange light—white, almost green. It emanated from a queer-shaped tube on top of young Van Twiller's desk. It was not a bad light; it was a good light, but it had the curious effect of making people's faces look as though they were dead. The stranger, other than noting this for a brief instant, gave it no further attention. He assumed that the light was some new-fangled illuminating contrivance of a scientific character, and, to a large extent, he was right.

However, Van Twiller swung the door shut and motioned the stranger to an armchair.

"What can I do for you?" inquired Van Twiller. The stranger rose and came forward. As he did so he unwrapped a square package which he carried.

"Mr. Van Twiller," he said with a confidential smile, "here is a picture that I'd like to have you look at. I want your permission to have it published in the daily press."

Van Twiller took it and looked at it. Then he started up.

"What the deuce——" he exclaimed. The stranger only smiled.

"It's a very good picture, as you see," remarked the stranger. It was. Van Twiller had to acknowledge that. But he kept on staring at it, with his eyes almost popping out of his head.

The picture represented the interior of a cheap cafe. It was a photograph, of course. In the foreground—painfully so—was a small round table. Upon the table was a bottle of champagne. On one side of this table sat a cheap beauty of the cafe type. She was raising to her lips a glass of wine. She was not alone. On the other side of the small table, clear and distinct as life, sat a young man with a peculiar countenance.

This young man was Mr. Schuyler Van Twiller, the millionaire, the fiance of Miss Helen Standish.

"The deuce!" exclaimed Mr. Van Twiller once more, still staring at the photograph.

"It's a very clear picture," repeated the stranger gently; "very clear."

Van Twiller looked up. "Go and sit down," he commanded. The stranger obeyed.

Van Twiller put his hand to his head and thought. No, he had never been anywhere in a place that looked like that. Nor had he ever drunk champagne with a young lady in abbreviated skirts. He was quite clear on that point. Yet here was a photograph which gave the lie, apparently, to his own thoughts.

"It would show up so well in the newspaper," insisted the stranger in his soft voice.

Van Twiller thought some more. Then he looked again at the stranger.

"I was not there when that picture was taken," he said, although he had not intended to enter into any argument. The stranger only smiled and shrugged his shoulders.

"Neither was I, sir," he replied. "But," he added, "the picture speaks for itself. It is clear as crystal. No one," he went on, "could mistake you."

He was right. Van Twiller had a striking countenance, and his countenance had been admirably reproduced in the picture. Van Twiller rose.

"This—this is blackmail!" he exclaimed sharply.

"No, no," cried the stranger, "not at all. I ask you for nothing. All that I desired was your permission to print this in a daily paper. The paper was crazy to get it, without your permission. I said 'No.' I said to the paper, 'We should ask him first. It is only fair.' The paper," he added significantly, "is willing to pay me seven hundred and fifty dollars for the use of it. I asked them for a thousand. But I ask of you nothing at all—nothing but your permission. Blackmail! No! I ask no money. You are mistaken! It is not blackmail."

"If I refuse permission," said Van Twiller, "as, of course, I shall do—what then? Eh?"

Again the stranger shrugged his shoulders. "I have been unfortunate," he said; "I need money. I own the picture. The paper offers seven hundred and fifty—it will pay a thousand. I am a poor man. Why should I refuse?"

Van Twiller had heard of this sort of thing before. Now he understood. He doubted not that many of his acquaintances had been approached in this manner, upon the eve of some crisis in their careers—possibly by the same man. Some, doubtless, were assailed with photographs that were really genuine—or, if not genuine, were near enough the truth to appear so. He knew, also, that this was a pretty safe kind of traffic, especially when it concerned millionaires; for the public at large will believe almost anything of millionaires. And as for his fiancee and her family—why, they knew nothing more of him than they did of a dozen other apparently respectable young men. No matter whether the picture was just or unjust, half the world would believe it. How could they doubt it? The Standish family—well, they would think—what? He didn't know, he wasn't sure. He didn't want to think about that.

Van Twiller knew well enough that there was no newspaper in the case. He knew that the scheme originated in the brain of this man who was before him, and possibly that of an accomplice. But he believed, too, that the man would carry out the veiled threat he had made. There were papers that would not scruple to print a picture of that kind, even at the risk of a humble apology later. The only thing to do was to suppress the picture—that, and that only, was safe.

As for the rest, Van Twiller could see, with his practised eye, that the picture was made up. He could see, now, that his latest Hall and Merrill photograph had been cleverly inserted and rephotographed into the picture in his hand. It was clever. There was no doubt about that.

Why not touch a button and have this man arrested? No; he dismissed that idea as soon as it was formed. That is just where the fellow's devilish scheme pinched the hardest. This stranger, who by his looks was a determined man, would undoubtedly reward arrest by publishing the picture. Van Twiller was right. He would have done so. For he had been arrested once before and had done that very thing, and the charge had been withdrawn, and the picture had been suppressed before it had done any great amount of damage. The stranger was a blackmailer of an unusual sort, and he was ready to see his scheme through to the bitter end. His victim invariably cashed up.

It bothered Van Twiller. It bothered him all the more because he was eminently respectable, and had ever been so.

There were two sides to Van Twiller's nature. He had inherited from his father the extremest kind of caution. His father always leaned on the safe side. His mother had bequeathed to him a stubborn, belligerent personality, that admitted of no compromise.

"I think that newspaper," said the stranger, "would pay me twelve hundred and fifty dollars—maybe fifteen hundred. Who can tell?"

Van Twiller was about to yield. He said to himself it was best to pay the twelve or fifteen hundred and be on the safe side. But he looked again at the stranger and his gorge rose. His fighting blood was up. No. He would not yield an inch. He would fight this thing to the bitter end.

He kept on looking at the man. Much as he loathed him, there was something about the fellow that Van Twiller could not help admiring—especially in that greenish-white light of his, which developed in the man's face a ghastly, sinister, devilish look that attracted his attention. It reminded him of Edwin Booth as Iago, or Henry Irving as Mephistopheles.

The man was leaning slightly forward in his chair, and looking toward Van Twiller with a grin. Van Twiller turned to his desk and fumbled with a pad. There was a slight click, so slight that the stranger did not hear it.

If that click meant anything at all, certain it was that nothing palpable had happened. Van Twiller had not summoned the police nor had he summoned

MAGIC
BAKING POWDER
MADE IN CANADA
CONTAINS NO ALUM
CONFORMS TO THE HIGH STANDARD OF GILLETT'S GOODS.

"SWAN" FOUNT PEN

Used by every up-to-date business man. Because it writes easier, is more comfortable, simpler, speedier and more reliable than any other on the market. Does not leak. Absolutely guaranteed.

USE "SWAN" INK

GET ONE NOW RIGHT NOW

Don't wait and waste time. Just try one—buy one—and you will never want to be without one.

THE PEN WITH THE DUPLEX FEED

RELIABILITY
SIMPLICITY

Prices from $2.50 up

FROM STATIONERS AND JEWELLERS

Catalogues and full particulars free

Mabie, Todd & Co., 124 York St., Toronto

Headquarters—LONDON, Eng.

Ship Your Grain

To a strictly commission firm and have it handled to your advantage. We handle strictly on commission; look carefully after grading; obtain best prices and furnish prompt settlements.

Write for market prospects and shipping directions.

Thompson, Sons & Company

Grain Commission Merchants

703D Grain Exchange Winnipeg, Man.

Metal Clapboard Siding or Corrugated Sheets

MAKE PERFECTLY SATISFACTORY COVERINGS FOR

Barns, Warehouses or Implement Buildings

MANUFACTURED BY

The Galt Art Metal Co., Ltd., Galt, Ont.

Western Distributors:

Nobbs & Eastman, 839 Henry Avenue, Winnipeg

Have You Seen SANITAS

Reproduction of a Sanitas design

Before you select a wall covering—for any room

see

SANITAS

Sanitas exactly reproduces the finishes, designs and effects of the finest wall papers and fabrics, but in a far more serviceable material of moderate cost.

Sanitas is fade-proof, stain-proof, dust-and-dirt-proof, never cracks, never tears, is instantly cleaned with a damp cloth.

All the handsomest glazed tile effects are also made in Sanitas, for bathrooms, kitchens and pantries.

Sanitas is sold by all reliable dry goods and wall paper jobbers in Canada.

Write us your needs fully, and we will send you samples and sketches and tell you how to be quickly, satisfactorily supplied.

STANDARD OIL CLOTH CO.
320 Broadway, New York City

Stamped on Every Yard — MERITAS STANDARD OIL CLOTH COMPANY — *USE MERITAS -- the guaranteed table oil cloth. For the name of any dealer not handling Meritas we will send you ½ dozen handsome Meritas doilies.*

SANITAS
THE WASHABLE WALL COVERING

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST LAND REGULATIONS.

Any person who is the sole head of a family or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties—Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter-section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent) and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may enter for a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY

Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

a servant. Everything was as it had been before.

Van Twiller looked at his watch. "It is late to-night," he said; "half-past eleven." He watched the man draw his own timepiece from his pocket and verify the hour; he remembered afterward that the man had done this.

"I—I can't decide on this thing to-night," went on Van Twiller; "if you'll give me, say, a day or two."

The man smiled. The fish was hooked. This was the usual routine. Always had his victim tried to squirm out of it by gaining time.

"That is satisfactory," he answered. "Any time before—before your—your wedding will suit me."

Van Twiller looked him in the eye. "You want—how much?" he asked.

"I want no money at all," the man repeated, as one who would say, "you can't catch me." "I say only that the paper will give, say, fifteen hundred dollars, maybe more. The nearer to the wedding," here he smiled again, "why, the more they will give."

Van Twiller laughed, in spite of himself, at the subtle villainy and cleverness of this chap. "Better not wait too long, then," said Van Twiller, "or the paper's price will go way up. Come here again," he continued, at 10.45 on Friday night. This is Wednesday. Understand?"

The man understood. He went, with his face wreathed in smiles that seemed infernal in the greenish light.

The next morning Van Twiller picked up a morning paper. Its headline was glaring. Well it might be. The County National Bank had been robbed overnight of fifty thousand dollars taken from its vaults by a master hand.

Van Twiller read about it as he ate his breakfast. He had but half-finished this same breakfast when an idea occurred to him. He seized his hat and overcoat and rushed into his library. From the top of his desk he took a small, dark leather-bound parcel.

"Sorry," he commented, "for the County National Bank, but it's an ill wind that blows nobody good." He made his way downtown. The bank robberies had been overwhelmingly numerous. The County National was the fourth in line. Van Twiller knew the president of the County National like a book, and he swung into that gentleman's private office with a confident air.

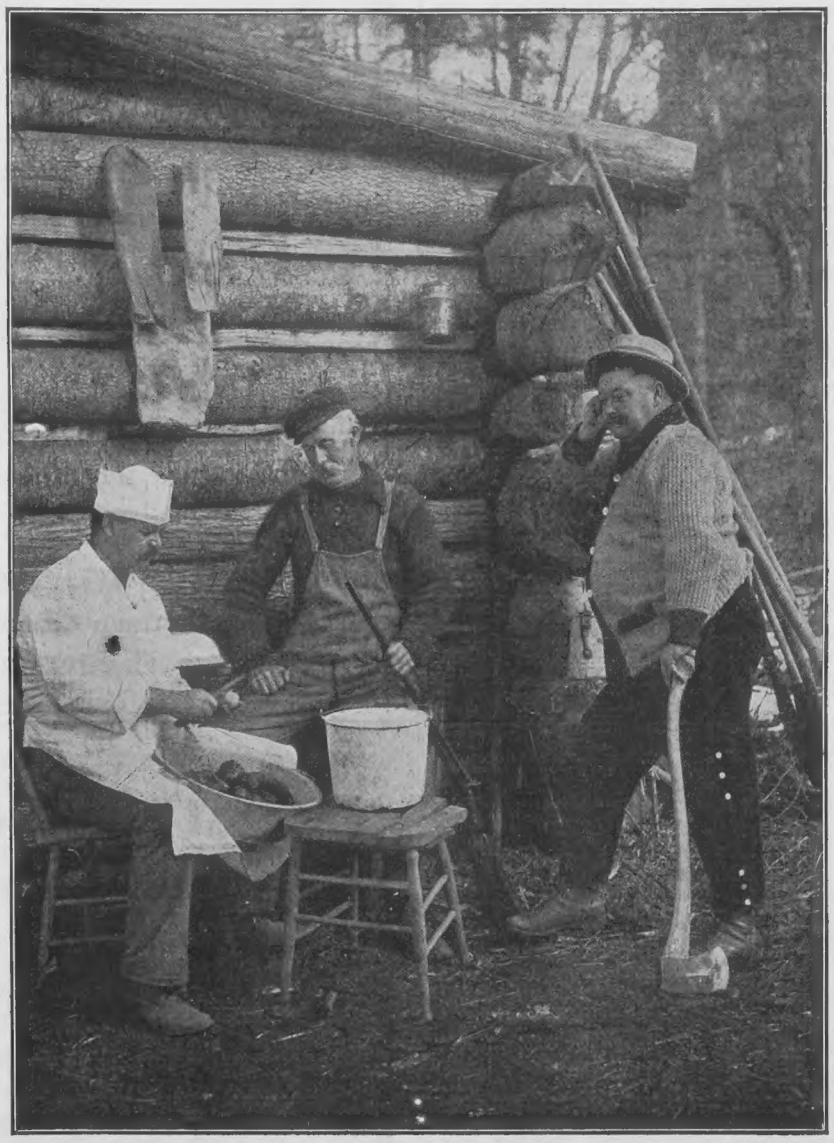
With him he carried that little leathern parcel. For Van Twiller, unknown to his blackmailing friend of the night before was a clever amateur photographer himself. It was his one fad, his one dissipation. He had spent many dollars on it. Every photograph he took cost him an endless amount of trouble and a goodly sum of money before it was finished to his satisfaction.

"But the time has not yet come," said Van Twiller, to himself, "when I can afford to spend fifteen hundred dollars upon just one picture. Not by a long shot."

Perhaps if the blackmailer had known about this avocation of Van Twiller's he would not have been so confident the night before. But Van Twiller knew that his own bare knowledge of photography would not relieve the situation. If the public could not see that a picture had been made up, what matter if he knew it? But this bent of Van Twiller's now explained the greenish-white light of the night before. It was one of those new tube-lights that go far ahead of the solar light itself—a light meant, before all things, for perfect photography. This fad also explained the little click that had sounded on the night before. For Van Twiller had carried his fad so far that he photographed every man who called on him. He seated every visitor in that immovable armchair about ten feet from his desk, and took, not one, but four, pictures of him, by means of cameras skilfully arranged in his desk and in the walls. These pictures consisted of a front, back and two side views. And they were perfect. Van Twiller, in fact, was such an artist, and had such a complete outfit, that Hall and Merrill frequently called him into consultation on exceptionally delicate work.

The president of the County National Bank swung about in his chair.

"Hullo, Van Twiller, old chap," he said cordially. He caught sight of the little leather case. "I see, I see," he went on, "you are on the trail of some-



Preparing for Dinner in the Camp

FOR INFANTS, INVALIDS and the AGED.

BENGER'S FOOD

assists nature.

It is used mixed with fresh new milk and forms a delicate and nutritive cream which is enjoyed and assimilated when other foods disagree. It is entirely free from rough and indigestible particles which produce irritation in delicate stomachs.

"The Lancet" describes it as "Mr. Benger's admirable preparation."

Mothers and interested persons are requested to write for Booklet "Benger's Food and How to Use it." This contains a "Concise Guide to the Rearing of Infants," and practical information on the care of Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged. Post free on application to Benger's Food Ltd., Otter Works, Manchester, Eng.

Benger's Food is sold in tins by Druggists, etc., everywhere. B21

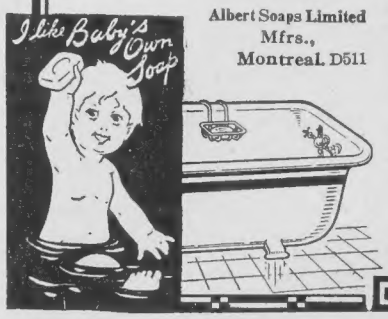
"Best for Baby—best for you."

Baby's Own Soap

Made of specially purified and refined vegetables oils. It will not hurt the most delicate skin.

Refuse all substitutes.

Albert Soaps Limited
Mfrs.,
Montreal. D511



PEACH'S LACE CURTAINS

From Looms Direct. Money Saving Wonderful Offerings. GIVEN AWAY. Lace Cover with **Catalogue & Buyer's Guide** of **Curtains, Window Draperies** and Furniture compact for shipping. **Household Linens, Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring, Underwear, Shoes, &c.** 54 Years known Reputation. Send a trial order to actual makers in the old country.

$6.60 Curtain Parcel *Postage & Duty Paid*

Our Patent Contrenet Make durability guaranteed, **2 pairs good quality Rich Old Lace design Curtains, 3½ yds. long, 60in. wide, worth $2** per pr.; **1 pair exquisite Curtains, Basket & Ribbon, 3½ yds. long, 60 in. wide; 1 pair curtains, Floral Festoon design, 3yds. by 43 in.: 1 Duchesse Toilet Set of Six Lace Covers,** Postage & Duty Paid **$6.60** White or Ecru Great Saving. Buy direct from the makers.

SAML. PEACH & SONS, The Looms.
Box 658 NOTTINGHAM, England.

thing good. You are not after me, but after the bank."

"Right," returned Van Twiller. "I want to get a shot at the safe wrecked by the gang last night. Great, wasn't it?"

"Great," answered the president, "to the tune of fifty thousand. Yes. But the thing has got to stop. The police say this chap—it's one man, not a gang—is a professional of the very slickest kind. But, by George! they can't lay their hands on him. He certainly is slick."

Van Twiller nodded. "I'm hot to get a picture of that safe," he said. "When I get it, it will be the only one of its kind I have. Can I have it?"

The president laughed good-naturedly. "I believe, Van Twiller," he responded, as he pushed open the inside door, "that you'd crack a safe yourself just to get a photo of it, if you could."

On Friday night Van Twiller left the Standish home earlier than usual, and he was swinging impatiently at his desk when his own bell rang. It was his man—the card sent in bore the name of Mr. John Smith.

"Show him in," said Van Twiller.

Smith—if that be his name—entered the room. He had a smile of triumph on his face, which still looked devilish in that green light.

Van Twiller lit a cigar. "Sit down, Mr. Smith," he said. Smith sat down. Van Twiller puffed away.

"Well," he finally drawled, "did you sell that picture to the paper?" His tone nettled the fellow.

"I am waiting for you," returned Smith sharply.

Van Twiller swung around. "Now, see here, Smith," he said, "I'm not going to beat the devil about the stump. You want me to buy this picture. Is that it?"

Smith, without opening his mouth, and looking about the room to make sure that no listener was present, nodded to signify his assent.

"You want me to pay fifteen hundred dollars for it. Is that right?"

Again Smith nodded. Van Twiller smiled, and drew out a banknote.

"I'll give you," he said, "just five dollars for it, and not a cent. more. Understand?"

Smith rose. He frowned. "The price," he exclaimed, "is now two thousand."

"I'll pay you just five dollars," reiterated Van Twiller; "it's worth that as a curiosity. I want it because it's very clever work. Otherwise, it's not worth a cent to me. Let me see it."

Smith handed it over. Van Twiller looked at it. "Suppose," he said inanely, "suppose I should destroy it?"

"I have the negative," returned the blackmailer. "Destroy it if you will."

Van Twiller rose. "It's clever work," he remarked again; "mighty clever." He drew out another square. "But I can assure you, Mr. Smith, that it is not a marker to that one. Look at that." He tossed it over.

Smith looked at it. Van Twiller smiled. He knew that Smith was turning pale, although the green light could not show it.

"What in thunder's this?" gasped Smith.

Van Twiller once more sat down. His cigar had gone out. He lit it afresh. "M. Smith," he said, "two nights ago the County National Bank, of this city, was cracked and robbed of fifty thousand dollars. It was a clever job, and the thief has not yet been caught. He will be, though; for very fortunately a private watchman of the bank snapshotted that same thief just after the explosion. See? No, don't look at me. Look at the picture."

Smith looked at the picture. It was a picture startling in its clearness. It represented a huge bank safe, with its door blown out, and lying on the floor, some of the wreckage strewn about. That was simple enough. But the wonderful thing about it was that, just inside the safe, leaning forward in a half-crouching position, was a man apparently about to place his hand upon his booty. That man was none other than the man who now looked upon the picture—the man ot the name of John Smith. That man gasped again.

"What—what does it mean?" asked this man Smith.

Van Twiller puffed away. He shrugged his shoulders.

"I don't know what it means," he answered, "except that it was a clever piece of work——"

"The—the photograph?" asked Smith.

"No, no," said the millionaire; "the robbery."

Suddenly the face of John Smith brightened. "But, by George!" he exclaimed, "I don't care how cleverly this thing has been done. I wasn't anywhere near that—that bank. I could show the police that——"

"Who," asked Mr. Van Twiller, "said anything about the police? I certainly did not."

"If," went on Mr. Smith, "anybody saw this picture, and thought it was me, I certainly could prove an alibi. I haven't been downtown at night for a year."

"You might have been downtown that night, you know," went on Van Twiller in his turn. He leaned forward. "Are you quite sure, Mr. Smith, that you were not downtown at eleven o'clock on Wednesday night? That is the night and hour that the robbery took place."

"Eleven o'clock on Wednesday night," mused Smith, still looking at the photograph. "Why, why!" he exclaimed, "of course I was not downtown. I was here, right in this room, with you. What's more, you know it, too."

Van Twiller had smoked out his first cigar. Slowly, and with elaborate care, he lit a fresh one.

"Mr. Smith," he drawled, with great deliberation, "did you—did you expect to prove that alibi by me?"

Van Twiller frowned. "In ten minutes," he said, ringing a bell, "that photograph goes into the hands of the police around the corner, and with it goes the information that your movements that night cannot be accounted for."

Smith drew a deep breath. He rose. He bowed to Van Twiller. "You're a deep one," he said to the millionaire; "a devilish deep one. I succumb."

"Will you send around the negative of that—that newspaper picture—in the morning?" asked Van Twiller.

Smith nodded. "I'll tell the paper," he said smiling, "that you refuse your permission. Is that right?"

"That," returned Van Twiller, "is right—dead right." He handed out a cigar. "You may as well keep that bank photograph," he added; "it will help you to remind yourself of—of me."

The servant opened the door. "Did you ring, sir?" he inquired.

"Preston," said Van Twiller, "will you kindly escort Mr. John Smith to the—the outer air! Good-night!"

He Saw What He Wanted.

An American immigrant, Clancy by name, was proceeding in search of work in company with an immigrant agent. The prospective employer was a building contractor. He was found on an eminence overlooking a wide, vacant lot, newly become a scene of bustling activity. Clancy gazed at the unwonted spectacle with curious eyes.

"What can the man do?" demanded the contractor.

"Anything in the line of unskilled labor," replied the agent. "And he is quick to learn."

The contractor turned to the applicant and half jokingly inquired:

"Which one of those jobs would you like to have?"

The immigrant swept the field with a contemplative eye.

"What's that man doing?" he demanded, pointing with one hand. "I mean the wan sitting down—not the wan wid the sledge?"

"He is holding the drill."

"Is that all he does?"

"Yes."

"Is he on the pay roll?"

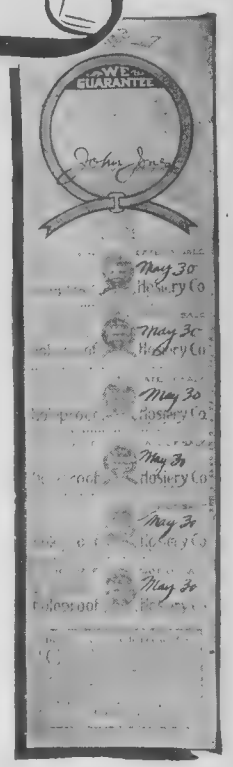
"Yes."

Clancy drew a long breath of satisfaction and said:

"Give me the job!"

This Guarantee---
signed in ink—gets you new hose free if any wear out

Six Pairs of Hose
Guaranteed
to wear without holes for
Six Months
—the lighest weight, finest hosiery ever made for men, women and children.



You don't have to *darn* hose any more. You don't have to *wear* darned hose. We give you with every six pairs of Holeproof Hose the signed-in-ink GUARANTEE shown at the right. If one or all pairs wear to holes in six months we replace them with new hose free. These are the original guaranteed hose, the hose with the signature, on the toe, the first hose ever sold with a guarantee. These same hose are a whirlwind success in the United States. Last year 5,400,000 *outlasted* the guarantee—wore *longer* than six months—yet they are made in the *lightest weights*, are *soft* and *attractive*. No hose ever looked, felt or fit any better. They cost just the same as hose that wear out in a week, so you might as well have them. We pay an average of 70 cents per pound for our Egyptian and Sea Island cotton yarn—the top market price. Common yarn sells for 30 cents. That is the ratio of quality all through.

Send to-day for an assortment and see what a wonderful product they are.

MENS' SOCKS. Sizes 9½ to 12. Colors, black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, navy blue, gun metal, mulberry. In light weight, 6 pairs $1.50 (same in medium weight in above colors and in black with white feet, 6 pairs $1.50. Light and extra light weight (mercerized), 6 pairs $2.00. Light and extra light weight *Lustre Sox*, 6 pairs $3.00. Pure thread-silk sox, three pairs (guaranteed *three* months), $2.00. Medium worsted merino in black, tan, pearl, navy and natural, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in finer grade, 6 pairs $3.00.

WOMEN'S. Sizes 8½ to 11. Colors: black, light tan, dark tan, pearl, and black with white feet. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00. Same colors (except black with white feet) in light weight *Lustre Hose*, 6 pairs $3.00. Light weights in black, tan and gun metal, 6 pairs $2.00. Same in extra light weight *Lustre Hose*, 6 pairs $3.00. Same in pure thread-silk, $3.00 for *three* pairs (guaranteed *three* months). Out-sizes in black, medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00, and in extra light weight *Lustre Hose*, 6 pairs $3.00.

CHILDREN'S. Sizes 5½ to 10½ for boys, 5 to 9½ for girls. Colors black and tan. Medium weight, 6 pairs $2.00.

INFANT'S SOX. Colors: tan, baby blue, white and pink. Sizes 4 to 7, 4 pairs (guaranteed 6 months) $1.00. Ribbed leg stockings in same colors, and black, sizes 4 to 6½, 4 pairs (guaranteed 6 months) $1.00.

TO DEALERS! Write for our agency proposition. Excellent opportunity. Thousands of dealers in U.S. making big hosiery sales with "Holeproof."

FAMOUS
Holeproof Hosiery
FOR MEN WOMEN AND CHILDREN

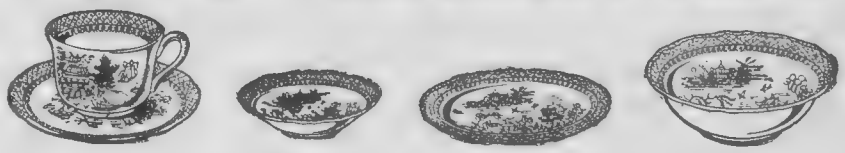
How to Order If you can't get of your dealer the genuine "Holeproof" with the signature on the toe, send to us, stating size, colors (whether all one color or six assorted), weight and kind you want, and send the price and we'll send the hose and the signed guarantee ticket insuring you the wear as stated above. Unless s ated otherwise 6 pairs are guaranteed 6 months. Six pairs of one size and weight and kind in a box. Colors only may be assorted. Send in your order today. You'll always wear Holeproof Hose once you try them.

Write for free book, "How to Make Your Feet Happy."

Reg. U.S. Pat. Off., 1900

Holeproof Hosiery Co. of Canada, Limited, 17 Bond Street, London, Canada

Are Your Hose Insured?



One of these high class semi-porcelain, Blue Willow pattern dishes made by the Stanley Pattern Co. of Burslem, Eng., is found in every package of

Orange Maize

Save you money

Stop all laundry troubles. "Challenge" Collars can be cleaned with a rub from a wet cloth—smart and dressy always. The correct dull finish and texture of the best linen.

If your dealer hasn't "Challenge" Brand write us enclosing money, 25c. for collars, 50c. per pair for cuffs We will supply you. Send for new style book.

THE ARLINGTON CO. OF CANADA Limited
54-64 Fraser Ave., Toronto, Can.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LTD.

IRISH LINEN

WORLD RENOWNED FOR QUALITY & VALUE

Established in 1870 at Belfast, the centre of the Irish linen trade, we have developed our business on the lines of supplying genuine Linen goods direct to the public at the lowest nett prices. For manufacturing purposes we have a large fully-equipped power-loom linen factory at Banbridge, Co. Down, hand looms in many cottages for the finest work and extensive making-up factories at Belfast. We have held Royal Warrants o Appointment since the year 1878, and have furnished Mansions, Cottages, Villas, Hotels, Clubs, Institutions, Yachts and Steamships with complete linen outfits in almost every country in the world.

SOME OF OUR LEADING SPECIALITIES:

Household Linen.

Dinner Napkins, ⅝×⅝ yd. $1.42 doz. Tablecloths, 2½×3 yds., $1.42 ea. Linen Sheets, $3.24 pair. Linen Pillow Cases, frilled, .33c each. Linen Huckaback Towels, $1.18 doz. Glass Cloths, $1.18 doz. Kitchen Towels, $1.32 doz.

Embroidered Linen.

Afternoon Teacloths, from .90c ea. Sideboard Cloths from .90c ea. Cushion Covers from .48c ea. Bedspreads for double beds, from $3.30 ea. Linen Robes, unmade, from $3.00 each.

Dress Linen.

White Dress Linen, 44in. wide, soft finish, .48c yard. Coloured Linen, 44 in. wide, 50 shades, .48c yard. Heavy Canvas Linen, in colours, 48 in. wide, .42c yard.

Handkerchiefs.

Ladies' All Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ½ & ½ in. hems, .84c doz. Ladies' Linen Handkerchiefs, hemstitched with drawn thread border, $1.08 doz. Gent's Linen Hemstitched Handkerchiefs, ½ in. hem, $1.66 doz.

Underclothing & Laces.

Ladies' Nightdresses from .94c ea. Chemises trimmed embroidery, .56c ea. Combinations, $1.08 each. Bridal Trousseaux, $32.04. Layettes, $15.00. Irish Lace goods direct from workers at very moderate prices.

Collars & Shirts.

Gentlemen's Collars, made from our own linen, from $1.18 doz. Dress Shirts, "Matchless" quality, $1.42 each. Zephyr, Oxford, and Flannel Shirts, with soft or stiff cuffs and soft fronts, at manufacturers' prices.

N.B.—Illustrated Price Lists and samples sent post free to any part of the world. Special care and personal attention devoted to orders from Colonial and Foreign customers.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER LIMITED

44 S. DONEGALL PLACE BELFAST, IRELAND Also LONDON & LIVERPOOL

Telegrams: "Linen, Belfast,"

Get Your Spring Suit

FROM US BY MAIL

and get more style, better cloth and better fit than you can get from your local tailor at any price. This is not mere talk. We guarantee absolutely to do what we claim or refund your money without question.

The 2 Macs is the largest establishment in Canada, confining itself exclusively to Men's and Boys' Apparel. We can supply all your personal wants by mail better than you can buy them in your own town

We do business on such an immense scale that we can afford to employ the most expert London and New York cutters.

Try one order. If you're not satisfied, say so, and we'll refund your money.

FREE. Send for our illustrated catalogue. It contains over 100 pages of everything men and boys wear.

Cloth Samples and Measurement Blanks free on request

Ask your local Member of Parliament about

THE 2 MACS LIMITED OTTAWA

WALL PLASTER

For Wind proof, Damp proof, and Vermin proof dwellings, use Sackett Plaster Board and Empire Brands of Wall Plaster.

MANITOBA GYPSUM CO. LTD.

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Write for Plaster Booklet, it will interest you.

A Daughter of the Island.

By Dorothy Baird.

A dead silence had fallen upon the cheery dinner party. Host, hostess, and guests gazed at one another in mute terror, so unearthly was the sound that had attracted the attention of all. Again it came. A wild wail, then, as the keening died away, a woman's name, clearly pronounced in ringing tones:

"Merle O'Neile."

Again the terrible, petrified silence, horror laden, then again the musical heart-breaking keening, again the woman's name.

Miss O'Neile pushed back her chair with a fierce, defiant gesture, then stood erect.

"It isn't true," she said, in low, tense tones. "The banshee hasn't been heard for years. It's some horrible, horrible trick."

"Plain Miss O'Neile," she was called. Impecunious men had often lamented her lack of beauty, spiteful women had often remarked among themselves how strange it was that rich girls are always hideous. Yet now, standing against the dark background of oak wainscoting, her tall, awkward figure took something of dignity; flushed with frighted defiance her plain face showed a becoming animation.

Two men near the window rose and pulled aside the heavy red curtains.

A snowy landscape sparkled under a clear, bright moon, not a living thing was visible. Very slowly they drew back the curtains and returned to their places.

"Apparently you Irish cannot leave your banshees in the old country," said a man higher up the table. He was not prepossessing in appearance. Dark and swarthy, a peculiar curve of lip and eyebrow gave him a sinister expression.

"I don't understand," she said. "For a hundred years—silence—then—"

The situation was becoming strained. The guests bent their eyes upon their plates, the servants busied themselves furtively at the sideboard. Miss O'Neile still stood half turned to face the window, and her breath came in short sharp jerks. In a moment she seemed to grow calmer. She made as if she would sit down again.

"I am an Irish woman," she said, in level tones. "And to an Irish woman these things are somehow different. But I will endeavour to be American in my attitude to my banshee and regard her as a delusion and a snare. At any rate," raising her voice a little, so that it rang resolute, courageous—"at any rate, at the worst, I can show that an Irish woman knows how to meet death—ay, and the fear of death."

Approving glances sought plain Miss O'Neile's face. She acquired an interest for herself apart from her money.

But the merry happy party was hopelessly marred. It was a relief when the ladies withdrew. Left to themselves the men instinctively drew together.

"What a horribly weird experience!" said one of the juniors. "I could feel the cold shivers running all down my back."

"Do you know anything about the O'Neile banshee? Is it authentic?"

John Hardy eyed his questionrer before replying. Lawrence Mott was bronzed by wanderings in foreign lands, wanderings which had given him a self-reliance, an air of quiet strength beyond his years.

"The O'Neiles," said John Hardy slowly at last, "The O'Neiles are one of the few old families whose records are kept intact. I saw them myself some years ago."

"And the banshee?" asked Lawrence.

"The banshee was a regular institution up to a hundred years ago. Her appearances or utterances are recorded over and over again, and upon authority which seems indisputable. Take the last instance. It was at a family gathering. All the notabilities of the country-side were present. Bishop, clergy, magistrates, heaven knows who, attested to having heard the banshee keen and call the name of the reigning O'Neile."

"And ?"

"And he was killed in the hunting field three months later."

"Then it means—?"

"It has always meant death within the year."

A dead silence fell on the party.

There was nothing attractive about plain Miss O'Neile She was rich and that was all. She possessed no particular charm of manner, no brilliancy in conversation, and yet the evening's occurrence had saddened everyone. After all, she was young, her wealth could give her all that the world has to give, and according to precedent, she must die.

"Can't anyone kill the silly thing?" asked the youth of the party. Fear had shattered his conversational powers. The laugh which followed was hardly mirthful

"Oh, I say," exclaimed another man, "we're all getting the creeps. Shall we join the ladies, Mr. Hardy?"

They found the women gathered in little groups, talking fitfully and with bated breath. Merle O'Neile seemed the only one who was perfectly self-possessed. She was at the piano, playing softly. As the men entered she rose, laughing.

"I was trying to pick out the cadences of the banshee's keening," she said lightly. "It is a pity such a thing should not be recorded for posterity."

And then her gaze met that of Lawrence Mott, and for the first time in her life, plain Miss O'Neile read admiration for herself in a man's eyes. He did not speak, but that long look from the serious, honest blue eyes was both comforting and inspiring. She thought of it often in the days that followed. The remembrance comforted her when she was alone, and the realization of the possibilities that the next year held for her forced themselves upon her comprehension and caused the woman in her to tremble with fear. It comforted her, too, when other men flattered her with soft sayings that she knew to be false. That look from Lawrence Mott's eyes was true and genuine. It was as balm to her hungry soul.

But from the hour of the banshee's prophecy, Merle O'Neile was never without her small following of men—suitors presumably, but hardly lovers. And she who had longed to be as other girls and to know the love of men, felt only bitterness creep into her heart. She fought against it. She tried to persuade herself that at any rate they pitied her, that they instinctly believed the banshee, as she did, and wished to make her last year of life pleasant. But her heart denied this view of the case, the gossip she overheard confirmed her suspicions. Nobody meant her to overhear the gossip, and yet, somehow, she came to know that the men jokingly declared that a man could put up with a plain wife for a year, if she was rich, and that Mrs. Hardy laughed about the "O'Neile banshee," calling it a "Match-maker." In the face of this it was hard to think the best of her wooers.

Perhaps it would have been easier had they been a nicer set of men. With the exception of Lawrence Mott there was not one whom Merle felt that she could trust,

least of all could she trust Eliot Gibbs, the sinister-looking man. He was her next-of-kin, although but distantly related. If she died unmarried all her money must go to him; should she marry she could leave it as she liked. Such were the terms of her father's will. Kind as he was to her, Merle always felt a suspicion that Eliot hoped she would die single. After all, it was but reasonable that he should.

She met Lawrence Mott in the whirl of the New York season, and she found herself watching him closely, hoping she might once more see in his eyes the look she had intercepted that winter evening. But Lawrence was careful. Always friendly and genial, his looks were as guarded as his words. Having once tasted the delights of his admiration, Merle felt starved for the lack of it.

And then, in the autumn, Eliot Gibbs asked her to become his wife. She had expected this, and she felt that she divined his motive. She gave her answer and her reasons for it very clearly.

"I do not love you, Eliot," she said. "You must know that, and I do not think it possible I ever shall love you. It isn't likely I shall marry. They call me 'plain Miss O'Neile,' you know, and plain women who are not clever are seldom married except for their money. No man shall ever marry me for that, so you are safe to be rich some day—very soon unless the banshee plays false."

Eliot was indignant. He protested that she accused him of wanting to marry her for her money, or for wishing her death. He loved her well enough to wish her to outlive him and be happy with whom she would. His very vehemence betayed him, and Merle replied a little bitterly.

"Even if you wished me dead," she said, "you would not wish me any great evil. My money is likely to give far more pleasure to you than my life has ever given to me."

They were in a winding garden path, and a sudden turn brought them face to face with Lawrence Mott. Merle did not know he had been invited to join the house party, and she blushed slowly, painfully, but not even the exceeding awkwardness of the situation could keep the joy from her eyes or the pleasure from her voice as she greeted him.

"You come in the nick of time," she said. "Mr. Gibbs and I were quarrelling. It is the privilege of relations."

The two men looked one another in the face, and they understood. Eliot Gibbs turned on his heel and left the two alone.

Merle had two very narrow escapes from death that season. In October she was staying with friends near the sea. One afternoon a longing for loneliness came over her, and she took a boat and pulled out to sea to get away from everybody for a time, only to find that the boat had sprung a leak and was quickly filling. She faced the situation calmly and without panic. The coast was lonely; there was no help. So long as the boat kept afloat she pulled for the shore, and, being a strong swimmer, she managed to land in saftey. The boat had been examined and reported safe in the morning. The occurrence was a mystery.

It was the same with the motor accident, which happened in November. The machine had been thoroughy overhauled before leaving the garage, and the chauffeur had only left it for a moment when he donned his livery; yet, hardly had they started, when the engine exploded, severely injuring the chauffeur, while Merle escaped with a bad cut from a broken window.

"It is fate," she said to herself. "Perhaps the third time—"

She had no doubt but that the "third time" would come. It came in the Hardy's drawing-room. Almost the same party were present. Merle had been greeted with congratulatons, but she only smiled.

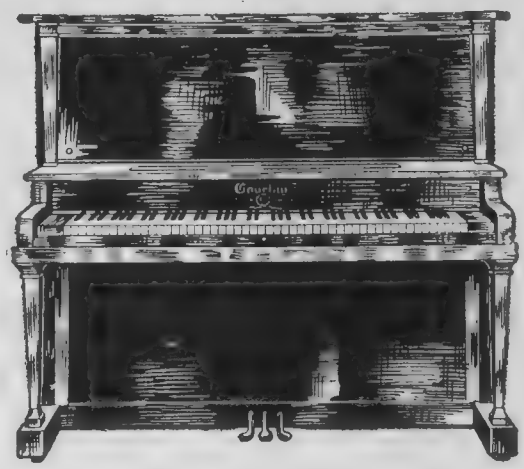
"It's not a year yet," she said. "Wait a few days."

That evening a lighted lamp overturned at her very feet. No one could tell how it happened. It seemed as if the table beside her were suddenly jerked by one of the laughing group beyond it. For a second all was confusion, then Merle's voice rose clear above the hubbub.

"Stand back," she cried. "Someone open the window here close by."

The smoke blew aside as the window opened, and they could see her, the flaming bowl in her brave hands her dress on fire. Another moment and she was

A lucky Afternoon



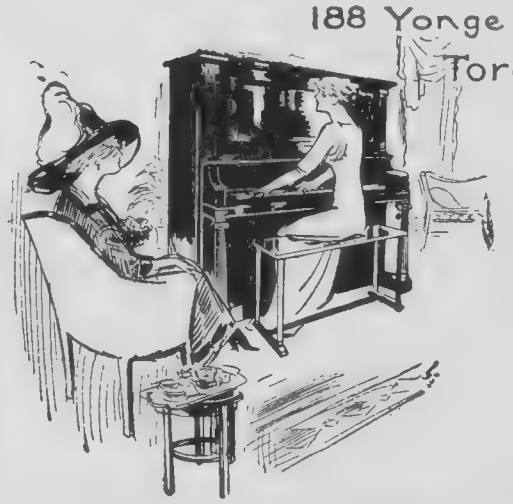
The possession of a

Gourlay Piano

is an indication of an educated musical appreciation.

If you have a Gourlay Piano in your home your friends know you have the best.

Gourlay, Winter & Leeming,
188 Yonge Street,
Toronto.



The Winnipeg Piano Co.

295 Portage Avenue, Winnipeg

CARRY A COMPLETE ASSORTMENT OF

Gourlay Pianos and .. .. ..
Gourlay Angelus Player Pianos

Complete Catalogue and prices mailed free on application.
Easy terms of payments arranged.

Grocers will stand behind the guaranteed quality of

Clark's Pork and Beans

Every bean is picked—only the best pork is used—and the COOKING—there is the secret!

The great steam ovens bake every bean just right, and when the tin is sealed (untouched through all these processes by hand) it contains a dish which is unsurpassable in nutrition and excellence.

It's worth YOUR while to insist on Clark's

BRIGGER'S Pure Jams and Orange Marmalade

Put up in 16 oz. glass jars and in 5 lb. sanitary double-top gold lined tin pails.

Brigger's Pure Jams are made from clean, sound Niagara grown Fruit and Granulated Sugar and are guaranteed Absolutely Pure.

For Choice Pickles

Ask your grocer for Blackwood's White Onions, Chow Chow, Sour Mixed, Sweet Mixed, Dill Pickles, Red Cabbage, Horse Radish, Tomato Catsup.

If you are not using them—try them.

The . .
Blackwoods, Ltd., Winnipeg

The Provincial Mutual Hail Insurance Company of Manitoba

Incorporated 1891

SEASON 1911

This is the TWENTY-FIRST YEAR "THE PROVINCIAL MUTUAL" has been doing business.
In fifteen of these years the full indemnity of Six dollars per acre was paid.
In five of these years a pro rata dividend was paid.
In seven of these years the full amount of the Premium Notes was not called for.
TWENTY-FIVE, THIRTY and even FIFTY PER CENT of Premium Notes was thus returned to Insurers.

Joint Stock Companies NEVER return any Premiums to Insurers.

No other Company pays so high an indemnity for loss.
The cost is Twenty-five Cents per acre, or less, according to damage suffered.
Strictly a Farmers' Company, managed by Farmers only, and still

THE OLD RELIABLE

W. F. SIRETT, Minnedosa, President — C. J. THOMSON, Virden, Manager, Sec.-Treasurer

HEAD OFFICE: **Room 704 Builders' Exchange, 333½ Portage Ave.**

P. O. Box 1674 — WINNIPEG, MAN. — Phone Main 3408

outside, the lamp flung wide, and Lawrence Mott was crushing the flames with the aid of a heavy rug. Presently he carried her in and up the stairs and laid her on her bed. Some of the women had pulled themselves together, and there was a doctor in the party; he, Lawrence, could do no more. He ground his teeth as he thought of those helpless hands; the poor, scorched body, the scarred face. Yet she had shown no fear. Until she lost consciousness she had helped him, rolling herself on the earth to quench the flames, pushing him away when he sought to crush them in his hands. She had only spoken once. "It was better I should do it," she said. "I was alight already; there was no need for anybody else—" and then she had fainted. Truly she had shown that an Irish woman knows how to die.

In the corridor outside her room Lawrence found Eliot Gibbs, abject, white, trembling.

"The banshee," he said. "I—"

Lawwrence looked him straight in the face.

"Don't you think you had better go?" he said. "You could easily have a telegram from Chicago."

And Eliot shrank away, to tell lies to his host, and leave by the early morning train.

Once more the Hardy's merry house party was turned to sadness and dismay. The doctor gave no hope. The injuries were frightful. One could hardly wish her to live. And so, one by one, the guests left—all save Lawrence Mott. He gave no reason for staying; the Hardy's asked none. The grave, self-contained man was as quiet in his anxiety as he had been in his joys, but somehow the Hardys guessed, and they let him be, worrying him neither with sympathy nor affected ignorance.

There was a day when, very early in the morning, Mrs. Hardy came to him, her face was very white, and the tears were in her eyes.

"She has asked for you," she said. "Be prepared. She looks—terrible."

Without a word, Lawrence climbed the stairs and turned to the room where Merle lay. Lawrence was prepared for the alteration he saw in her. Plain Miss O'Neile was irretrievably disfigured, and her poor maimed hands were swathed in bandages. But her eyes were brave, and her voice was steady.

"I wanted to thank you," she said, "for helping me. They tell me your burns are slight. I am glad."

He did not reply. He did not know how to answer. Words seemed so inadequate before that suffering figure on the bed. So he just looked into her brave eyes, with a quiet, restful admiration shining in his own. She turned away her head, and would not meet his gaze. It seemed as though she could better say what she wished to say.

"And I have a request to make," she began. "A request that, coming from one disfigured, maimed, dying, will not seem bold or unwomanly. Do you know the terms of my father's will?"

"Yes," he said. It had been talked about a good deal at the time when the banshee uttered her warning.

"I—I feel I cannot let my money go to Eliot. You know, perhaps, better than I do, that he is not a good man. He would not use it well. Do you agree with me?"

"Yes," said Lawrence again. "If he had money enough to pay his debts, it is more than he deserves."

"So I think, and—" Her voice dropped, and the next sentences were almost whispered, while her bandaged hands moved restlessly upon the coverlet: "And there is only one man to whom I feel I could trust it. There is only one way. I must ask him to marry me. It is the only way, and it would not be for long."

Her eyes sought his face anxiously, pleadingly, but he had hidden it in his hands.

"Will you?" she whispered. "I cannot otherwise make you my trustee."

His hands dropped, and he slid upon his knees beside her, while his eyes sought hers.

"Promise me that you will leave every penny you possess away from me, and I will marry you—it is yourself I want."

It was true. Again she turned away her head. Not otherwise could she say the words that duty prompted.

"Suppose—suppose I should get better. I was always plain—and—and—my hands—"

Swift came the answer, ringing with sincerity.

"Better the brave, strong soul I love in a maimed body, than a beautiful body concealing a cramped, disfigured soul."

Then she let her eyes meet his, and for the first time since the accident the tears ran down her cheeks.

"Oh, I have loved you all the time," she said.

And the next day they were married, while the bells, chiming faintly over the snow, rang their wedding peal. Then followed the solemn communion of the sick, and Merle, all her affairs, wordly and spiritual, in order, prepared herself to die.

But she did not die. The wiseacre specialist whom Lawrence called declared that she struggled back to life by sheer force of Lawrence's love for her and hers for him. He disclaimed all credit for her recovery, and would only admit to having lessened the disfigurement.

The following year the Hardys' party went off happily, and without anything to mar its jollity.

"Your banshee was a fraud," laughed John Hardy to Merle. "I only wish it had left us alone."

Merle frowned. "I can't understand it, she said. "She has never failed before."

"I believe you are sorry. You think it infra. dig. not to die when the banshee calls," cried Lawrence, smiling across the table at her, as if she were the most beautiful woman in the world. And, indeed, if happiness can call forth beauty, then Merle was lovely. Now she joined heartily in the laugh against herself.

"Don't mock at the banshee," said Mrs. Hardy.

"I have quite a kindly feeling for her. She proved a most excellent matchmaker. I'm sure." And again they all laughed.

"Do you know," said Merle to her husband when they were alone, "I believe that banshee was a trick."

"I have often thought so," he answered thoughtfully. "And then those accidents—they were not altogether accidents."

For a moment they were silent: then Merle went and put her arms around her husband's neck.

"Dear," she said, "he has passed out of our lives. Let us never speak or think of this again."

And so, for ever, they put away the thought of the past, looking only to the future, strong in the mutual love, which had changed "plain Miss O'Neile" into happy Mrs. Mott."

Dr. Grenfell:—A telegram is a miracle, only we've got used to it.

Arnold Bennett:—Happiness cannot be the gift of any legislator or social reformer.

Dr. Simon Flexner:—A healthy mind in a healthy body is a short but complete statement of happiness.

Lady Grey:—Everybody knows exactly how children ought to behave—especially when they are other people's children.

Upton Sinclair:—Most of the so-called philanthropic and charitable organizations are founded on an entirely wrong basis.

Premier McBride:—Educational expenditure, if it is made in the right spirit and at the right time, is the best of all human investments.

Right Hon. A. J. Balfour:—The world is improving, because each generation in its turn deals with and solves the problems which are presented to it.

Sir A. Conan Doyle:—A man who spends his money in beer and other things, when he might have devoted it to purchasing a little library, is a fool.

Will Irwin:—At the back of men's unjust judgments lie two evil tendencies—a readiness to believe the worst and an eagerness to hear the worst.

Mr. Roosevelt:—Don't you ever imagine that you can invent any patent system of government which will work by itself if you don't act the part of good citizens.

Right Hon. James Bryce:—If any combination of statesmen could remove the suspicion which exists between nations it would confer the greatest possible boon upon all.

The Sovereign Placer.

By Charles Dorian, Algoma, Ont., Canada. Specially Written for W.H.M.

WHY Cerdic Barth chose Ryderbank out of a score of good camps predestination. He admitted that he was first attracted by the romantic sound of the name after which the desire to spend his short vacation there became fantastically insistent.

Night had set in when he arrived. It seemed to him the blackest night he had ever known—the frowning mountain cutting off the last glimmer of twilight and casting inky shadows on the lake, obliterating all objects in that direction.

The only place where the pall of darkness was effectually banished turned out to be an hotel--so high up on that same frowning mountain that he began to inscribe it upon his memory with certain famous lighthouses and aviators' havens he had seen.

A yank of the thumb from the hotel clerk indicated the lounging-room where he found two rough, wethered men of the camp-habitue type, chaffing drolly and yarning. Cloud under cloud of rank tobacco smoke floated on the fresh air which came through the half-open windows. He retired modestly to a quiet corner. The laugh which followed a story related by one of the loungers caught him smiling reciprocally. Encouraged by the frankness of Cerdic's face a conciliation was effected in customary camp style:

"Tell you, pard., old Jim. Madmus ain't never stuck fer a yarn. He's the cheerfullest cuss in camp." This information was imparted with a tight wink of the "off" eye.

"That's all right, Joe.," said 'Old Jim,' soberly. "The lad ain't lookin' fer no yearns sech as you an' me swaps occasional---likes somethin' more genteel er I lose me shake. Never mind, Cap'n—" turning to Cerdic, we takes queer observations sometimes and maybe my stories is wuth listenin' to, but they ain't allus acceptable to the gentry that comes after the Ryders arrive from town. You're the very fust and we'll sure see more of you. Joe, here, an' me allus gits a bid to the festivitables—ahem! You'll find us the pure red rock, Cap'n, ready an' obligin' towards them as is willin' to shake up on the level—don't give a cuss whether they's related to Colonel Ryder or jest strangers."

"I haven't the honor of Colonel Ryder's acquaintance," confessed Cerdic. "Perhaps I shall meet him in the course of events. You, of course, know him intimately?"

"Know him intimately!" Why, Joe, here and me's spendin' his money fer twenty years."

Cerdie smiled and "old Jim" resumed;

"Nobody comes to Ryderbank without fust askin' about Colonel Ryder, 'case Colonel Ryder's all there is to this here burg, and if his family don't stay here all winter it ain't none of our business the Colonel stays. Joe, here and me done the fust work fer the Colonel after the rush to Cobalt—and the old boy ai't conquered all there is in this here silver zone yit. Why, ain't he off on another purshuit of the elusive only this morning! Yes, sir, and gone is his tracks, too. Three men in a boat with Colonel Ryder as boss of the outfit headed fer the open lake bright and early. No use askin' where, young man, 'case there ain't no where. Can't tell where he'll land up—nobody bothers him till he's out lookin' fer machinery. He's on a new trail this trip and if ye feel inclined to know him intimately, you might find him among the 30,000 islands lyin' round about here.

"Talkin' about islands, Cap'n, did ye ever hear of the Reef o' Bones twenty miles from here?"

Cerdic admitted his ignorance of the spooky spot.

"Well, there's a story that I kin tell Ye kin make your own additions when ye git a chance to relate it at the—the club, ahem! The bare facts is these: Two years ago old Jake Hilder comes up from Spragge or thereabouts to show the boys his stake. Twenty-thousand hard wuz his pile an' he jest dug down into his turkey and picked out a handful of them King Edward sovereigns whenever funds wuz low around. Jake wuz the pay that day. Sold his claim down yonder. No cheques fer Jake—preferred the real mint. There wuz sovereigns clinkin' all day but Jake had the uncommon good luck to git away with enough to run a bank. There wuz one measly cuss snoopin' round fer a partnership but we got Jake off in his canoe before the articles wuz signed.

"Nobody ever heard of Jake after. Last spring, Joe, here, and me takes a cruise around them Islands, and countin' from Snake, two miles straight out from here, it was the twenty-second island down that cast up an uncanny sight to us. We all believe to this day that all the mortal remains of Jake Hilder lays on that reef. Got adrift, we reckoned, and frogged fe rit—to give the crows their pickin'. Joe, here, and me combs round fer driftwood and constructs a rough coffin fer the poor fella, and its there yit—a crude monamint to a cumrade, the bestour skill waz ekal to, standin' high an' dry with the bones fitted in snug.

"Joe, here and me has often seen Jake's ghost sence then an' it seems to whisper that a placer deposit of them there sovereigns lies on a sandy beach on one of the islands near the 'Reef o' Bones!' 'Twas us give it the name.

"'Taint a long story, Cap'n., but Joe, here, an' me allus tries to make the stranger feel at home. A fella sleeps better when he knows more of the place he comes to visit. I aint askin' what yer here fer—but seein' that ye don't know the Colonel I'd take ye fer a reporter. Joe here an' me'll be glad to favor ye with the history of the place any time but the mean-time —which happens to be jest our bedtime. Pleasant dreams, Cap'n. Wake up, Joe! That's him, allus."

Joe responded with a grunt, and the twain, stiff-legged from long sitting, dragged themselves off.

Cerdic yawned and shivered synchronously. He was sensible of two hauntings of which Jake Hilder was the less tangible. When, a few minutes later his senses gave up to slumber in the front main bedroom of the "Lakeview," the ashy spectre of a form unknown was guiding him about island shores, bending now and then to pick up something round and yellow in the sand.

He had had his pleasant dreams and awoke to look upon a gorgeous sunrise. He breakfasted early and hastened to obey a quickly-formed purpose. This was nothing less than to look around for a catboat in which to take a trip to the fateful "Reef O' Bones."

Of course it was "Old Jim" Madmus who pointed out the catboat and good-naturedly offered him the use of it indefinitely.

That evening "Old Jim" collected a ten-dollar wager from his partner, Joe.

Cerdic found the moorage easily where a score or more of small craft lay at anchor in the creek. He picked out the one indicated by "Old Jim," and as he struggled to release it from the others he was startled to hear a feminine voice of remarkably sweet quality lilting an Indian song just then popular. The neat coil of halyards become a tangle while he sought to loosen them and gaze about at the same time in search for the source of the melody. A gleam of sunlight just then glanced over the tree-tops and lighted the line of boats on the opposite shore. He was attracted by the name, "Helen Ryder," at the prow of the very pretty yacht. Sizing up the details of its elegance, his gaze was checked sharply at the cabin entrance. The charming possessor of the voice emerged from it and the full gleam of sunlight fell upon her auburn hair.

The song broke off into a peal of merry laughter and Cerdic saw two mischievous eyes regarding him with unfeigned amusement—and he realized

New Model 27 Marlin REPEATING RIFLE

The only gun that fills the demand for a trombone ("pump") action repeater in .25-20 and .32-20 calibres.

Shoots high velocity smokeless cartridges, also black and low pressure smokeless. Powerful enough for deer, safe to use in settled districts, excellent for target work, for foxes, geese, woodchucks, etc.

Its exclusive features: the quick, smooth working "pump" action; the wear-resisting Special Smokeless Steel barrel; the modern solid top and side ejector for rapid, accurate firing, increased safety and convenience. It has take-down construction and Ivory Bead front sight; these cost extra on other rifles of these calibres.

Our 136 page catalog describes the full Marlin line. Sent for three stamps postage. Write for it.

The Marlin Firearms Co. 76 Willow Street New Haven, Conn.

"Sovereign" Sheathing Felt

(Trade Mark Registered)

Cuts Down Coal Bills

The house whose walls, ceilings and floors are interlined with "SOVEREIGN" Sheathing Felt is draftproof, easily heated and comfortable in the severest weather.

"SOVEREIGN" Sheathing Felt is really light-weight Ruberoid—the same fabric with **Wool**, saturated and coated with the same Ruberoid Gum. It contains no paper, oil or tar; is clean, odorless, waterproof, vermin-proof, fire-resisting and will not rot or become mouldy.

Its slight extra cost is returned to you with interest in lower coal bills and greater comfort.

Get a sample of "SOVEREIGN" Felt from the nearest Ruberoid Dealer, or write us direct for sample and Booklet M.

The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited

Sole Canadian makers of Ruberoid Roofing

286 St. James St., Montreal
179 Bannatyne Ave. East, Winnipeg
25 Pender St., Vancouver

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO

CAPITAL, $10,000,000 REST, $8,000,000

SIR EDMUND WALKER, C.V.O., LL.D., D.C.L., President

ALEXANDER LAIRD, General Manager A. H. IRELAND, Superintendent of Branches

BRANCHES IN EVERY PROVINCE OF CANADA AND IN THE UNITED STATES, MEXICO AND GREAT BRITAIN

BRANCHES IN SASKATCHEWAN

BRODERICK	LASHBURN	REGINA
CANORA	LLOYDMINSTER	SASKATOON
DELISLE	MELFORT	SHELLBROOK
DRINKWATER	MELVILLE	SWIFT CURRENT
ELBOW	MILESTONE	TUGASKE
ELFROS	MOOSE JAW	VONDA
HAWARDEN	MOOSOMIN	WADENA
HERBERT	MORSE	WATROUS
HUMBOLDT	NOKOMIS	WATSON
KAMSACK	NORTH BATTLEFORD	WEYBURN
KINDERSLEY	OUTLOOK	WILCOX
LANGHAM	PRINCE ALBERT	YELLOWGRASS
LANIGAN	RADISSON	YORKTON

FARMERS' BANKING

Every facility afforded Farmers and Ranchers for the transaction of their banking business. Notes discounted and sales notes collected.

ACCOUNTS MAY BE OPENED AND CONDUCTED BY MAIL

HAIL INSURANCE

MANY who read this will remember what a muddle Hail Insurance was in Western Canada eleven years ago. How certain Companies had secured patronage on promises that were never fulfilled, how insurers were sued for their premiums when they could not get a dollar of indemnity for loss, and how the Provincial and Territorial Governments were obliged to take action to straighten out the tangle.

So keen and general was the distrust of Company Hail Insurance when our plan was first introduced in 1900 that we found it most difficult to convince anyone that we had something based on sound business principals and which could be relied upon to do what we claimed for it. But we had the courage of our convictions, and under the closest scrutiny and most severe criticism, by actual demonstrations of its merits we gradually won for our plan and the manner in which we administered it the confidence of all classes in any way concerned with Hail Insurance, with the result that when the Government system of Hail Insurance was abolished in Saskatchewan two years ago our plan was the first to receive permission to transact business in that Province, and in 1910 there was more business written on this plan than on all others combined.

Anything that could win out against such odds must have the qualities people look for in good business, and those who know the history of Hail Insurance in Western Canada and what our plan has done to put it on a sound business basis are our staunch friends, yet

"Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread"

and certain competitors from outside with little or no experience in Hail Insurance business, having no knowledge whatever of conditions in Western Canada, undertake to point out the weaknesses of our system and extol the merits of what they have to offer. They may win a place after a while if they make good, but in the meantime the majority of those who give thought to these matters will decide that what has been tried and proved to be all right is what they want.

Full information will be furnished on application to any local agent or

Insurance Agencies, Limited

General Agents, Brandon, Winnipeg and Regina

The Central Canada Insurance Co.
The Saskatchewan Insurance Co.
The Alberta Canadian Insurance Co.

$622 Buys ALL The Material For This Remarkable 5-Room Dwelling

Other Houses, Cottages, Bungalows, Garages, Barns, Stores, Schools, $175.00 Up.

Houses from 2 to 12 rooms, at the wholesale cost of the material. You can see exactly what the completed house looks like and know exactly its entire cost. No extras. No delays. Shipped anywhere, promptly.

Built any other way it would cost you at least $1,000. We save you architect's fees, builders' delays and three or four profits by shipping direct to you from our mills.

Everything Cut to Fit, Ready To Nail—At Mill Prices

We furnish everything—lumber trimmed, fitted and marked, roofing, doors, windows, glass, plaster board, interior trim and finish, hardware, even the nails and paint. Also plans, blue prints and detailed building instructions—all so clear you can build it yourself in a few days.

Build Readi-Cut Way. Saves 50%

Sovereign Houses are not the portable kind, but are built like any other well-constructed, warm, substantial building. Our plan is not an experiment. It will pay you to investigate.

Book of 60 House Plans FREE

We'll gladly send you a book full of photos, plans and detailed descriptions of more than 60 attractive homes that you can build with utmost economy the Readi-Cut way. Send 2-cent stamp and ask for Book No 35

12

Sovereign Construction Co. 435 LUMSDEN BUILDING **Toronto**

that he was drifting out toward the open lake.

"We know you will come back," spoke the same voice that had thralled him with its clearness. "Everybody knows that cranky boat!"

"I have arranged for the use of it," retorted Cerdic, "thank you."

"Oh, then, take some cushions and be comfortable," laughed the girl, tossing him a shower of them—a rather difficult feat but performed with remarkable grace and dexterity.

"Have I taken the wrong—?" he stammered, jumping forward to the halyards.

"You're welcome to it," rang out the silvery tones again. "We'll not be using it to-day,"

He flushed deeply while he considered the policy of returning.

In his embarrassment he had tied a knot in the halyards. Anxious to cover up his clumsiness, he accepted the girl's offer by literally diving into the cushions and hiding his face there while he shaped a course.

"She's perfectly safe," he heard the faint assurance floating out to him.

The wind was off the islands which determined a ziz-zag course. He was an hour reaching "Snake" but in another he had passed the ninth island on his journey. All the while he dwelt upon the blunder he had made and wondered how he could return the boat unnoticed and slip away from town before he should meet the quizzical glances of that perfectly fearless girl. The picture of the white yacht and the rippling bronze head rising from the cabin recurred to him too often to assure his being really serious about slipping away without seeing Miss Ryder (he was sure this girl could be none but the favorite after whom the boat was named), once again—or oftener. His pulses quickened from the pleasure he got from dwelling upon this picture. He had blundered, but how fortuitously!

The ninth island was the largest in the group, large enough to support a colony. He prepared to land here for lunch but as soon as his keel tore up sand he changed his mind. A tang of gasoline reached his nostrils and he sniffed around for its source. A small promotory partially concealed the figure of two men bending over the mechanism of a gasoline launch. He could hear their loud curses above the wash of the waves. They were men of savage appearance, surely Indians. He did not thirst for conflict of any kind, particularly with men of that type. They looked too ugly to brook with a stranger's appearance. They caught sight of him and looked at him concernedly. He sat in his boat and called out to them to know if they were of Colonel Ryder's party. Their answers appeared to him to be some aboriginal incoherence and, thinking that they did not understand him he pulled out and ate his lunch in the boat.

He found the "Reef O' Bones" to be a mound of grey rock, fifty feet in height, bald as a skull, and skull-like in shape also. The outlook gave to his face a look of disapproval. He wondered why "Old Jim" and his partner had not given the remains a decent burial instead of boxing them up and placing them on top of the reef. It would have been much easier to carry them to the next island than to construct a ponderous box and mount that dangerous slope just to provide a monument for their comrade. There was more sense than sentiment in his observation. He could not but marvel at the lack of consistency in the task. To his mind no box was necessary—the reef was monument enough.

He sailed all around the solemn grey knob of rock looking for a moorage. The rock was steep on all sides of its quarter mile coast. No! There was a chink on one side where the slope was more gradual which at first glance escaped him. He found, too, that his boat would nose into complete shelter here. There was nothing on which to snub the painter but he was on the lee side and not likely to drift away. One foot slipped into the water as he stepped upon the reef. The circumstances proved to have its reward for Cerdic as he proved by allowing to trickle between his open fingers some of the sand he found to have washed into the fissure in its plan to make a beach. He was astonished with the result of his "planning." Two round coins, copper-colored and dull, but plainly of gold, each bearing a replica of the head of the late great sovereign of England, lay upon his palm.

He shouted out at the discovery and the echo of his voice was scarcely lost in the whisper of splashes when arose a guttural cry over his head that took every hair by the root.

"Don't let me die here!"

He steadied himself against the mast or he should have fallen on the slippery slope; the coins in his hand clattered back to their bed, ringing against the rock as they fell.

Overhead he scanned the flight of sea-birds, their throaty screams commingling in raucous tumult, roused by that muffled human cry which split the upper air and disturbed their menacing poise.

Cerdic was never known to possess psychic gifts but this experience was distorting enough to convey that impression to his own mind. He stood there in a cold sweat praying that his normal predilections would become assertive and dispel this chicanery which caused him to hear the voice of the dead.

Then he recalled himself to the purport of his expedition. Did he not come merely in obedience to an impulse, guided by the phantoms of a dream? Was it not the dictate of subconsciousness that projected him into this foolish undertaking?

That he had no will to do otherwise than what was destined for him was bourne out by what he did next. Instead of dragging himself away from those uncanny sounds again and again repeated he started an ascent of the rock to identify himself irrevocably with what fate had predestined.

He faltered once at sight of the blanched vertebra of a human body as he crawled towards the summit. More bones of starcy whiteness littered his way, the last a hollow skull, also human. Though his suspicions were aroused by this evidence of exhumation he approached the box as gingerly as if indeed summoned by the spectre of the ill-fated Hilder.

The white ravens of the rocks widened their circle and screamed defeat as another cry rang out—this time Cerdic Barth's.

The box that Jim Madmus and his partner had labored over to fulfil their last duties to a fallen comrade contained the living human body of a large and solidly built man.

Two bulbous eyes glared unseeingly at the face bending over and the unnatural voice of the man called out, "Water! Give me water!"

Cerdic sized up the situation in a twinkling . "I'll free you in a jiffy," he said. "You will be out of these ropes as fast as I can cut them. Pretty tight knots, these. There now, can you rise? Easy! Let me rub your legs to get the stiffness out of them . . . . grumph!"

This exclamation escaped from Cerdic with about two-thirds of his breath supply. The top of the reef rocked like a cradle for a moment, and when he had recovered enough of his breath to sit up he found that the "Reef O' Bones" was parting company with one of its inhabitants—the big man was in the boat ducking his head over the side and exulting, "God, how good the water is!" He did not realize then that he was alone on the reef.

It was only when he saw the sail raised that he was roused to action. He ran down the slope and yelled after the departing maniac to come back and take him aboard. He yelled until he was hoarse for the crazy skipper did not once look back. Cerdic slipped down to the water's edge to think it over.

He had started out for a lone adventure. Fate had dealt favorably with him up till now. He was never so much alone in his life before, and that upon the most forbidding reef in the North Channel of Lake Huron. He watched the sail recede with a sinking heart. Then he thought of being alone on that reef at night with the ghost of Jake Hilder for a possible visitor—and

the broiling sun failed to warm him.

The course to Ryderbank now lay fair with the wind and the lone man in the catboat drove a slack sail. Once or twice Cerdic saw him lean far over the gunwale—evidently to get a better lay of the course and look out for shoals. Once he remained unduly long in this position, staring ahead.

"He has spotted them," Cerdic soliloquised. "Our friends the Indians are the two guides and that ungrateful person who wanted water so badly is, no doubt, the respected Colonel Ryder. He might have had a willing ally had he been in less of a hurry. . . . Oho, they're off. What a bundle of firecrackers that noisy beggar of a gasboat is!" Yet this noise was very heartsome to him. He hoped that they might steer in his direction.

"He's keeping them in sight, all right," Cerdic commented after he had scaled the rock to get a better view. "A race." He entered into the spirit of it. "Lee a little—now keep it there—their course is set for the Soo.—you'll lose them. No . . . something wrong with the works; their skill doesn't seem to lean to mechanics. Now he'll breast them — he's got a nice breeze!"

The object of the man in the sailboat was apparently to cut the course of the popping launch from leading him out of wind. While it was gaining lap upon lap the sailboat cut closer to shore so as to head off a possible turn. It was not a race—it was a pursuit which strained every muscle of the man behind the sail. His precaution was well-devised but the turn was taken so close to shore as to make it perilous for tacking. The launch under full power again swung in sharply and barely escaped running on a shoal and scudded by while the sail still quivered for the turn.

It looked like a futile chase. The sailboat was again twenty laps astern before she caught a full sail and even then she veered out to open while the launch crept closer and closer landward.

"They're going to beat it on land," yelled Cerdic, as if to enlighten the pursuer. "Hold her close! You may land up close enough to them yet. Hurrah!"

A puff of smoke rose from the boat ahead and she stopped dead, her engine gasping wheezily, her hull craunching and scraping on something hard.

At the same time the sail of the other boat flapped loosely and dropped into folds. The man at the stern picked up an oar and began to scull in the direction of the wreck.

Cerdic watched this manoeuvre with intense interest. The two occupants of the floundered boat were quailing before the aggressive master of the other.

"The fiend!" exploded Cerdic.

This was directed to the man in the catboat who, as soon as he came alongside the derelict, hoisted his sail and tacked out to open water. Cerdic watched for some other queer manoeuvre but the sail bellied happily to the north-west in the direction of Ryderbank and kept its course.

"Their plight is worse than mine," thought Cerdic. "A sea will probably run before sunset and swamp them. I, at least, am high and dry. Poor beggars. They were the ugly demons but we are three in about the same kind of bag of tricks. Our friend, the Colonel, must have very little respect for the ordinary decencies or he would at least take a chance on my being a desperado. I'd answer for the other fellows if I had any show—but here I am very much as there they are. They're as human as I am. If it gets no rougher they may hang on until morning—or a sea might come up in an hour and skihoot them into eternity. Help might come to us all to-morrow—if we sit calmly and wait."

He laughed softly and beat his heel nervously against the rock and fell to thinking.

"It's a chance, no matter how one looks at it," he conceded after a minute's cogitation. Then he sat down and removed his shoes and socks, and with much deliberation he clambered to the top of the reef and began an inspection of Jake Hilder's rough coffin.

It was a wonderful piece of rough carpentry, consisting of a cedar trunk seven feet long and gouged out with the tools of a bushman. The ends were square and the bottom flat. What was left undone in the finishing was accomplished by the weather.

Cerdic lifted an end of it with apparent ease and sent it sliding down the rock. It struck endwise in the sand, requiring much exertion to get it out again and set flat upon the water. Before the water had filled the hole it had made Cerdic noticed the frayed ends of a sack. Had he not heard the story of Jake Hilder's fortune he would have ignored the presence of anything so common as a frayed sack. But his imagination flew loose at sight of it. He bared his arms to the shoulders and commenced scooping up sand, badger fashion, plastering the rock all about him. The sack ripped a little when he clutched at it. That was promising. More digging and he had successfully loosened the sunken treasure of Jake Hilder. He lifted it up with both hands and let it fall into the bottom of the improvised scow, where it went to pieces, and a stream of weather-stained sovereigns rolled about, lining his craft with gold.

Smiling upon his quaint fortune, Cerdic pondered the point of how he was to get away with it. He had a serviceable and seaworthy boat, though it rode low in water. But there was not a scrap of driftwood around the reef that would serve for an oar. He searched all around the reef with no luck and he returned at last to Jake Hilder's bones. The eye-sockets in the skull were fringed with cracks on the outside curve which gave a look of ghastly humor to the face. Cerdic smiled reciprocally and bent down to pick up the largest bone he could find. Nodding with satisfaction he looked to the chalky face as if to ask approval and then started upon the strangest voyage ever recorded in the history of the North Channel.

The lake was a sheen of ripples on surface but beneath pulsed the latent energy which, on the Great Lakes, breaks out with little warning into violent waves.

He found himself drifting westward and northward, and it took all his strength with both hands paddling to steer in the direction of the next island. He might have sat in his curious craft and drifted—he would have landed before night opposite Ryderbank. But his only object for putting out at all was to help the other unfortunates to safety But how? There was room for only one in his boat—three would be as safe in the open water. And then there was the gold! Two might drift to safety. Which two was a speculation he did not fancy.

Reaching shore he picked up a piece of pine board and fashioned a paddle with his jacknife. It had taken him nearly an hour to get under way again and he calculated that it would be sunset before he reached the stranded pair.

H.P. SAUCE

is now enjoyed daily by those who previously never used sauces.

Its new and delicious flavour is quite unique

ALL GROCERS SELL H.P.

FITS I have cured cases of 20 years standing. Trial package free by mail. Dr. S. PERRY, Dgts. Park Sta., Chicago, Ill.

This Machine Makes Granular Butter From Sweet Whole Milk in Five Minutes

SEPARATES Butter from Sweet, Whole Milk in Five Minutes Time

THIS machine performs the offices of both Cream Separator and churn in one operation. You simply bring your sweet whole milk to a temperature of 72 degrees, pour it into the tank, turn the handle for five minutes and you have butter. In fact, if you turn the handle hard enough you can have just as much butter and of just as good quality in half that time. It sounds marvellous, doesn't it? But once you have tried the "Only" Butter Separator you will

THROW AWAY CREAM SEPARATORS AND CHURNS

and abandon all the work they entail. You don't need to separate with a cream separator; you don't need to wash the cream separator; you don't need to wait for your cream to sour; you don't need to churn; you don't need to bother with any of these laborious processes, if you have an "Only" Butter Separator. Moreover, this machine, which has revolutionized the art of butter making, invariably produces the highest quality of granular butter from sweet or sour whole milk, sweet or sour cream, or even from milk with water added to it. And it takes out only butter fat. When you

Use the "ONLY" Butter Separator

the skim is left with all the casein, sugar of the milk and salts in it—it makes the highest type of tissue building proteid for stock feeding. Butter made with The "Only" Butter Separator, moreover, has better keeping qualities; it is made from nothing but the pure butter-fat, and has no casein in it to turn it rancid. Moreover, it requires practically no working. The "Only" Butter Separator is an economy every way you look at it; figure its cost of $38.00 against the price of a good cream separator and a good churn; figure the time saved and the superior feeding value of your skim. Then write to us for our book.

The Joshua Brown Co.
LIMITED
Pembroke, Ont.

Get Our FREE Book, The "Only" Way.

This book ought to be in the hands of every practical dairyman. It deals with old methods of butter making and explains fully how this machine, so simple that it should have been invented long ago, has revolutionized the art. It explains the exact action of The "Only" Butter Separator, tells how it gets the butter fat from fresh milk and how and why it leaves skim of superior feed value. We really ought to make a charge for this book, but as long as the edition lasts, we will send one on request. Simply clip, fill out and

Send the Coupon.

COUPON

The Joshua Brown Co., Limited.
101 Brown Building, Pembroke, Ont.

Gentlemen.—Please send me free your book, "The 'Only' Way," together with particulars of your guarantee to buy back The 'Only' Butter Separator for $50 in event of it failing to live up to the claims specified.

Name .....

Post Office .....

Province .....

O.K. SAUCE

A delicious sauce, FRUITY in character. Appetising with fish, poultry, meats (hot or cold), in fact, with anything or everything. More, it is a REAL DIGESTIVE.

1000 Guineas

We guarantee every ingredient of the "O.K." Sauce to be absolutely pure and of the finest quality only, and the above sum will be paid to anyone who can prove to the contrary, whether by analysis or otherwise.

MADE ONLY IN LONDON, ENGLAND BY

GEORGE MASON & CO., LIMITED

AGENTS FOR CANADA:

Darby & Turnbull, 179 Bannatyne Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

THE BRANDON

THE BRANDON FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED — PRUDENCE SAFETY PROTECTION

FIRE INSURANCE CO.

HEAD OFFICE, BRANDON, MANITOBA

AUTHORIZED CAPITAL $500,000.00

FULL GOVERNMENT DEPOSIT

Northern Agency Company

General Agents 519 McIntyre Bldg., Winnipeg, Man.

AGENTS WANTED IN UNREPRESENTED DISTRICTS.

A. E. McKENZIE, Esq., President — *Major A. L. YOUNG, Vice-President* — *F. J. CLARK, Managing-Director.*

ONE MINUTE!

It's Telephones and Switchboards

We manufacture and sell direct to the User.

Do You Want to Know

HOW { To Organize a Company / To Construct Telephone Lines / To Install Telephone Instruments / To Operate a Rural System

How much your proposed lines will cost?

WHEN buying TELEPHONES or SUPPLIES BUY THE BEST QUALITY is our strong point. We manufacture only high-grade Apparatus and would like to convince YOU of the superior merit of our goods. No better TELEPHONES made anywhere. Ours are made in Canada by Canadian Experts.

WE SUPPLY poles, wire, brackets insulators, ground rods, batteries and tools, in fact, everything necessary to build a system of any size.

OUR INFORMATION Department is at your service FREE.

If Interested---WRITE US TO-DAY

DOMINION TELEPHONE MFG. CO., Ltd.

Western Branch 261 Fort St., Winnipeg, Man. — Cor. Alice and Wellington Sts. Waterford, Ontario

When purchasing from Western Home Monthly advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

It was probably a mile and a half from where he now started. He stopped many times on his course to rub his aching muscles, and in these little periods of rest he scanned the distant shore with more thought of his own safety than the succor of the others.

The western horizon crept upward until it absorbed the golden guerdon of the day's glory and only a reflection of dazzling rays stretched up from the spot where it disappeared. Cerdic was facing the ruin on the reef at a hundred yards. The shivering natives watched his coming with eyes staring wildly. He threw them a signal of approaching aid by flourishing Jake Hilder's thigh bone above his head.

They sent up a dreadful cry of fear and clung to each other with despairing tenacity hiding their faces from the retribution coming to them.

Cerdic was well-prepared for native treachery, but he saw in a moment that he was held in extreme awe, and he decided to keep his mastery over them. They were both badly scalded about the face which gave them a truly hideous aspect. One of them cried out:

"Good boss, no kill Injun man!"

Cerdic called back, "Can you swim?"

At this both looked with less abjectness at him while the spokesman nodded affirmation to his question.

"Take boots off!" ordered Cerdic

They were otherwise scant of clothing. In a moment the one who had nodded had his boots off and then took off those of his mate. Cerdic only then noticed that the mate had lost all power of one arm, which hung limply as if broken.

This explained why they had not already swum ashore—a distance of half a mile. It disclosed to Cerdic a side to their character he would have gravely doubted had he not seen it — this staunch loyalty to an unfortunate fellow.

He hit upon a plan to get all ashore but it necessitated his getting into closer grips with them than he would have liked.

He had just drawn alongside the wrecked launch when the unexpected happened.

When the spectacle of that Lake Huron sunset was holding Cerdic's attention he thought the flashes of golden light near the water's edge were a part of it. He was disillusioned when, in the haze of dusk, a white and gold launch appeared. The sole occupant was a girl with auburn hair. She found Cerdic in his tub a heroic Diogenes, bobbing up and down on the broken sea, hanging to the timber of the broken launch to keep from drifting.

"Get aboard quickly," she entreated. "I do not care to navigate this channel in the dark. Here." She cast out a line to Cerdic. "Fasten a bight about the body of that 'coracle' of yours and then help that poor fellow with the broken arm to climb in here. Had I known it was so bad as this. I'd have brought the doctor at the risk of losing a precious hour finding him."

Cerdic did as directed to the satisfaction of his fair commander, and very soon the desolate wreck was left to the mercy of the smashing waves.

"I saw part of your performance in that 'coracle,' Mr.——"

"Barth."

"Full name?"

"Cerdic Barth. You, of course are Miss Ryder?"

"Seldom Miss. I'm Helen Ryder nearly always—and I am very particular in keeping my name from abbreviation."

"Or change?"

"That may be found out from the

A FEW WESTERN FACTS.

In one day lately over 1,500 persons left Toronto for the Canadian West.

Seventy cars were cleared at the Portal Customs one day lately, all bound for the West.

Figures compiled by the Department of Immigration at Winnipeg for the four weeks ending first week in April show that there arrived in the city each day, including Sundays, over 1,000 settlers for the West. The actual figures are 1,010 per day. In addition to the numbers reaching Winnipeg from the East and the South, there have been on the average 500 settlers per day passing through Portal on the way to the Western provinces. The total for these two ports alone is thus in excess of 1,500 persons per day—a record of 42,000 settlers for the four weeks.

Port Arthur is likely to have a very large meat packing establishment located there at an estimated cost of 1,500,000 pounds sterling. The Idea is to supply the British Army and Navy from Canadian products.

It is expected that before 1911 is closed over 170 new towns will be born in Western Canada. These will be stations on the three through lines of railway.

The first settlers' train for one of the land companies had on it 25 families. The heads were all skilled farmers, and brought with them the necessary outfit to begin work, including gas tractors. The actual worth of the farmers was estimated at $100,000.

For the first three months of 1911 over 1,746,000 acres of land were sold in the Peace River country.

In one of the recent steamers landing at Canadian ports were 250 men for Alberta, each having at least £400 capital.

The Allan liner Scotian arrived at Halifax lately with 1,400 English and Scotch immigrants, all with good sums of money. One of them was going to British Columbia to look into fruit farming conditions, and was prepared to invest £5,000 in the business.

"The Peace River Valley is made up of 64,000,000 of first-class agricultural land, with a wheat-growing capacity of what has been approximately estimated at 500,000,000 bushels a year," says Arthur Stringer in Houghton's Magazine.

The combined railway construction in Western Canada this year will total approximately $43,000,000. Of this amount, ten millions will be spent by the Canadian Pacific Railway, sixteen by the Canadian Northern Railway, and seventeen millions by the Grand Trunk Pacific railway. An army of 50,000 laborers will be required to handle this work, or at least $440,000 in wages per week.

The expected immigration for 1911 is estimated at over 400,000 people, of which 150,000 will come from the United States.

Every Winnipeg business man that has returned from Great Britain and the Continent states that capital will flow into this country from the world's money marts in greater volume than ever before.

Millions of acres of land which were under summer fallow last year owing to a short crop are expected to show great returns for this period of rest.

The area of new land placed under cultivation will exceed any past year, and one of the features will be the great number of gas and steam tractors utilized.

donors. . . . I was saying that you behaved splendidly in your funny little boat!"

"I am quite conscious of that; thank you. How did you get wind of the event?"

"I had a suspicion that you would find a boat at any cost! But I must depend upon you for the complete story. Father is a little out of his head — he keeps muttering about the 'Reef O' Bones' and 'gasoline explosion,' so I just started out expecting to find a wreck of some kind."

"Me sorry, Miss!"

Helen Ryder started at hearing the voice of one of the natives from the cockpit.

"Boss Colonel get much crazy de head. Injun man make much strong in box 'cause very 'fraid, Miss."

"Oh, I see. We have been treating him for sunstroke," Helen interposed. "These poor fellows thought him crazy and got panicky over it. They are of the Tahl-tan tribe, you know. Where did you find my father?"

Cerdic narrated the relevant events in his experience while the girl listened breathlessly.

"Why!—it's the strangest thing I ever heard!" she avouched. "It's pre-ordination—your taking our sailboat in mistake. It is dreadful to think of what he would have done up there had you not taken a fancy to have a look at the Reef.'"

"Me coma speek!" declared the guide.

"He means that they intended to come and tell us," she explained to Cerdic. "But they would have never reached us with that boat. Father said this morning that he was going to have a look for the sovereigns supposed to be lying about one of those island beaches. He said he would not be surprised if he met with some kind of bad luck for meddling. This lust for gold leads good men into unsavory habits. I am inclined to rejoice over recent events. I proposed to father that he establish a memorial library for the miners if he found the 'sovereign placer,' as he called it. He only laughed, of course."

"That very idea of the memorial library occurred to me also," Cerdic assured her, "and I am indeed happy to be able to donate those sovereigns for that purpose. If you turn your searchlight astern you will see that my 'coracle' is lined with them."

She did, and a little cry of amazement ecsaped her.

"I am almost dumb with the wonder of it all," she said, solemnly. "I am glad that you will dispose of this money as you say. It will be a joy to help you."

The lights of Ryderbank blinked at them from the black shore and the rest of the journey was occupied with plans that would project us into another story.

The Hold-Up.

By Roscoe Gilmore Stott

THEY were loving hands that straightened and smoothed out the now shiny broadcloth suit and laid it gently upon the puffy and immaculate featherbed. True, they moved with a slight degree of hesitation, and perhaps now and then they trembled just a bit from excitement—or was it an indefinable foreboding? Any way they were dear hands that with a gentle simplicity and touch of love had for nearly fifty years done the homely tasks that had made each wrinkle and callous dear to her master. For Lemuel Barrows was master in his home. He had been so from the very first, by common consent, just as his father had been master before him, and his father's father.

A firm step caused the little gray woman to turn about.

"Be they in fair shape, Sarah? Law me, I haven't had 'em on, except of Sabbaths, fer nigh on three er four year." He paused and made a few calculations. "Well, any way, not since—not since Brother John's boy's funeral." He came over to the bed and gave a critical glance of inspection. "Such clothes, I cal'late, are mainly fer funerals."

He did not notice the quick choky cough that came from the lips of his wife; nor the uncommon nervousness of her hands as she unfolded the garments for his closer inspection. If he had looked intently, he might have noted a really frightened stare in the slowly dimming eyes. But he did not; Lemuel Barrows was not an overly sympathetic man.

"I guess I disremembered 'bout that big turn-out when old Ez Wirt passed away. I had 'em on then, didn't I, Mother? That was only two years back." He thought again very steadily for a moment. "Sure and sartin. I was a honorable pall-bearer, and so was Deacon Harkness—and plague-gone it! I can't remember like I did."

Why did Lemuel persist in discussing funerals? It was hard enough, though the gentle woman whose fingers flew here and there, to think of him on a perilous railway coach speeding at heartless rapidity into a great and strange city. To associate the broadcloth suit with a score of funerals seemed actually unbearable. Yet she had never questioned the speech or action of her husband, and she did not now.

"Yes, Sarah, them clothes is primairily fer funerals. Do you recollect I bought 'em the day after Grandfather died? That was about forty er thirty-five—say, jest how old be you, Mother?"

The gloom on the face of his wife gave way to a slight twinkle of the narrowed eyes and a touch of color on her sallow cheeks.

"Lan' sakes, Lemuel Barrows, that's a fine question fer you to be a-askin', now, ain't it?" She laughed softly, very softly; almost the dread of his journey had slipped away. "I ain't so old, Lemuel, but what I can remember when an ackward boy of eighteen summers told me he was set on marrying me, and right away at that." Again the soft little laugh. "You're sixty-eight, Lemuel Barrows, and your wife's three years and eight days behind you."

The elderly man's memory shot backward with a leap. He recalled it all with a vividness that astonished him. Almost involuntarily, he felt for her hand.

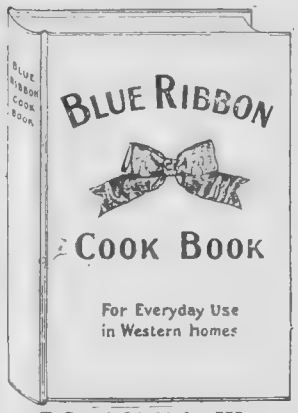
"Bless yer heart, Mother! I—I guess I sometimes I get—"

"No sech thing, Lemuel; no sech thing a' tall. Fact is, ye're uncommon thoughtful." Sarah Barrows knew the necessity of a cheerful start. "Now, be spry about gittin' into them garments, an' I'll jes' buzz 'roun' and have that lunch fer y' in a jiffy." She studied a moment, her head resting in her fingers. "The buttons and studs is all in; an' yer black cravat is on the bed, an' so's yer socks." She caught herself in a sudden return of the old dread. "Lemuel, shall I put in yer gold watch? Perhaps, now, it might——"

"Yes, Sarah; you'd better remember my watch before I start. 'Tain't often as how I git to meet-up with a railway superintendent, an' I better look pretty dapper, eh, Mother?"

And his wife, busying herself with his lunch, heard him laugh many times at his own bit of pleasantry as he dress-

You Need This Book



AFTER you use it awhile, you'll wonder how you ever got along without it. Everything is so simple and clear and practical it's just like having some wise old cook at your elbow. And with so many dishes to choose from, both old and new, there's no need of cooking the same old things time after time.

Even if you have a fairly good one already, you need the Blue Ribbon Cook Book.

It is specially prepared for everyday use in Western homes and is practical and up-to-date. For instance, all ingredients are given by measure instead of weight, so you do not need scales.

Not a cheap advertising booklet, but a complete, reliable cook book, strongly bound, clean, white, washable oilcloth. And here's your chance to get it.

¶ Send $1.00 for Western Home Monthly for one year and we will send you a copy of Blue Ribbon Cook Book, FREE.

$3,600 in Cash Prizes for Farmers

ARE you going to build that new horseblock, sidewalk or dairy house of cement? Then insist on your dealer supplying you with the "CANADA" Cement. Not only will this ensure your getting a pure, uniform and strictly high-grade cement, that will guarantee the lifelong permanency of the thing you build, but it will also entitle you to enter our Prize Contest. And in this contest you stand a good chance of winning a prize that will perhaps more than pay you for the cost of the work. Every farmer in Canada who uses "CANADA" Cement is eligible to compete. Four prizes will be awarded in each Province and these prizes will be divided as follows:

PRIZE "A"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who will use during 1911 the greatest number of barrels of "CANADA" Cement.

PRIZE "B"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who uses "CANADA" Cement on his farm in 1911 for the greatest number of purposes.

PRIZE "C"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who furnishes us with the photograph showing the best of any particular kind of work done on his farm during 1911 with "CANADA" Cement.

PRIZE "D"—$100.00 to be given to the farmer in each Province who submits the best and most complete description, of how any particular piece of work shown by photograph sent in, was done.

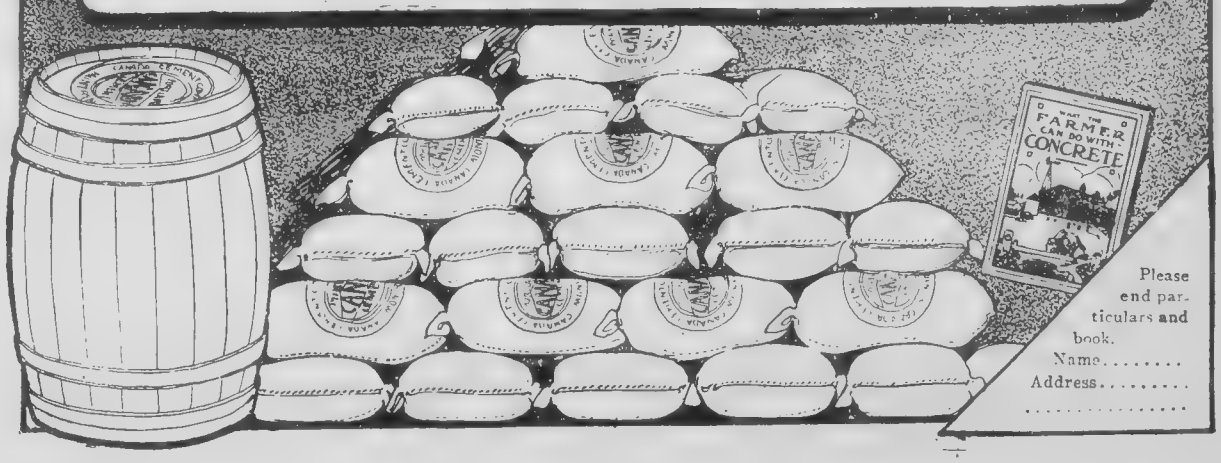
Notice how we have purposely planned and imposed certain necessary conditions in order to give large and small users of cement an equal opportunity.

As an illustration of this: In prizes "C" and "D," the quantity of cement used has no bearing whatever on the result. The farmer who sends us the best photograph of as small a thing as a watering trough or a gate post, has as much chance for prize "C" as a man who sends a photograph of a house—and the same applies to prize "D."

Don't hold back from entering because you think you don't know anything about concrete work. It's very simple. Besides, we have a 160-page book that we will send you free on request, which tells you all about concrete and how to make and use it. In this book, you'll find complete instructions for the making of almost everything you can think of in the way of farm utilities, floors, vats, troughs, stairs, posts, etc.

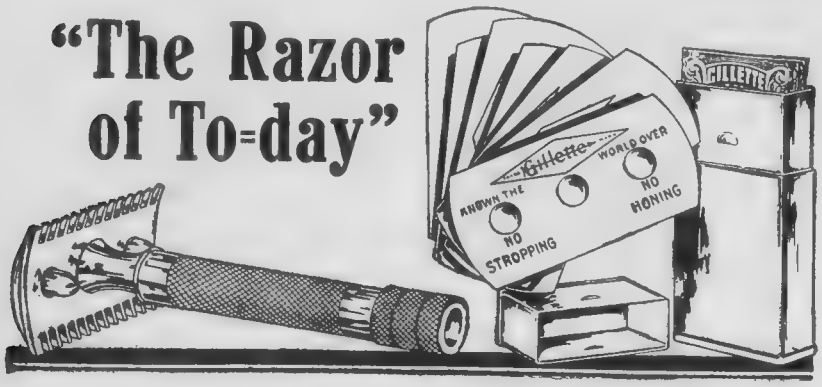
This free book—entitled "What the Farmer Can Do With Concrete"—will not only inform you—it will also greatly interest you. So send for it anyway, whether you intend to try for one of the prizes or not.

The Canada Cement Company, Limited, Montreal, Que.



Please send particulars and book.
Name.....
Address.....
.....

"The Razor of To-day"



GILLETTE Blades are Harder

—Keener—Smoother Than Forged Razor Blades

Before the GILLETTE was invented razor blades were all *forged*. That is, a piece of mild steel was heated and hammered out till it took the form of a razor blade. Every heating, every hammering, changed the hardness of the steel a little—how much, no man could tell, but more in some parts than others, because these parts were hammered out more.

Naturally, to temper perfectly a blade of such uncertain and uneven hardness is impossible.

In making GILLETTE blades we start with an ingot of steel, **too fine in quality to stand forging, whose composition we *know* by analysis.** We roll this out to the thinness of the finished blade, then stamp out the blades ready for tempering.

The composition of the steel is not altered by the rolling and stamping as it is by forging, so that each blade comes out not only **even in texture throughout,** but **of the same quality as every other blade.** As our patented automatic tempering process tempers each blade *through and through* in precisely the same way, the finished blades have an **even, uniform hardness** which cannot possibly be equalled in forged blades.

Two of the hardest, keenest, smoothest shaving edges the world has ever seen are found on each and every GILLETTE blade. Not only is the GILLETTE the safest, quickest, most convenient and only adjustable razor, but it carries the best edge. That is what interests the shaver most.

Standard Sets $5.00. Pocket Editions $5.00 to $6.00.

At your druggist's, jeweler's or hardware dealer's.

The Gillette Safety Razor Co. of Canada, Limited

Office and Factory, - 63 St. Alexander Street, Montreal.

Offices also in New York, Chicago, London, Eng., and Shanghai, China.
Factories in Montreal, Boston, Leicester, Berlin and Paris. 249

YOU CAN EARN $2,000 TO $10,000 A YEAR IN THE REAL ESTATE BUSINESS

Are you ambitious? Write us to-day

Free 40 Page Book

We will teach you, by mail the Real Estate General Brokerage and Insurance business and appoint you our

Co-Operative Representative

in your own town

We are the oldest and largest co-operative real estate company in

CANADA

Representatives are making $2,000 to $10,000 a year without capital

One student, upon completing his course, and without capital made a profit of $2 714 in his first month s work

Be Your Own Master

Good judgment and ordinary education and ambition with our course of instruction, will quickly win for you an independent life.

Free legal advice to each representative

DOMINION CO-OPERATIVE REALTY CO. LIMITED

CENTRAL OFFICE. TRADERS BANK BLDG. TORONTO, ONT. — WESTERN OFFICE. McDOUGALL BLOCK. CALGARY, ALTA.

Barnaby Nelson, Canada's Famous Tenor, Has Chosen

BLUNDALL PIANOS

for his private studio work. The individual attention given to every tiny part of every **Blundall** is making them the desired piano by those who demand perfection in tone and action.

You'll be surprised at our factory-to-home price, and free delivery offer.

Write now for free booklet and complete information to

Blundall Piano Co., Toronto, Ont.

MAGIC POCKET TRICK FREE Worth 25c.
Catalog included. send 4c stamp
MAGIC, Dept. 12. 270 W. 30th St. New York.

ed. But the merriment did not lighten her spirits, and when he stooped to kiss her good-bye, her heart throbbed with a dull sickness she had never before known.

"You will—Lemuel, I won't have to worry, will I?" The question brought forth a weird turn.

"Sarah, I ain't goin' to no city to be robbed er strung. I hain't be'n outside o' this place fer nigh to twenty year, but I ain't goin' to be made no monkey of—that's sure an' sartin. Im prepared!" His voice slipped into the mysterious, and his wife's frightened eyes met his. "No need t' worry, Mother. Ef anything should happen, why—well, I'm prepared fer it."

He picked up the worn telescope, and, Sarah, as was her custom, asked no questions.

* * * * *

It was perhaps four hours later that an aristocratic and aging gentleman of the old school walked from the marble entrance of the far-known Wakely Building, in the heart of Windy City. He was attired in glossy broadcloth of antiquated cut, and in his hand he carried the same hickory cane that his great-grandfather had carried. Family tradition proclaimed that it had been owned and handled by no less a person than William Henry Harrison.

Upon the old man's face was a look of distinct satisfaction. For, indeed, the great leather wallet that rested in an inside pocket held a large and proper compensation for the right of way through the Barrows estate. A moment later the smile had fled, and his hand anxiously sought by prompt pressure to know its certain whereabouts. But it was in its rightful place, and the quaint old man made his way toward the large depot only a few blocks down Dearborn. By six, he reasoned, he would again be in the old home, Sarah would be smiling proudly upon him, and he would be telling her that the Barrowses never lost business ability because of on-coming age. Why, he must take her some little remembrance! He stopped and purchased some highly colored candy of a street fakir, and, slipping it into his telescope, walked on smiling.

He had come away from the busy part of the city, and he noted no one near, yet in a few moments some one touched his arm. Instantly his mind was alive. Looking over his left shoulder, he saw a man much smaller than himself walking with down-cast eyes and with both hands rammed into his coat-pockets. Like a flash Lemuel's hand went to his wallet, but it lay unmolested. Another moment and he thought of his watch—the gold one which Grandfather Barrows had handed down, and which was now his own. He gasped involuntarily. It was not in his pocket! The man by his side increased his pace, and astute Lemuel did likewise. Meanwhile his hand sought every pocket; but the watch was gone. Gone! A Barrows robbed in the city!

"Hands up!" His own voice sounded shrill and unnatural, and a chill ran through him as he pointed the old family pistol in the face of the man by his side.

Up went the hands, and scared eyes gazed anxiously into his own.

"Now, sir, hand me over that watch! Quick!"

Without hesitation, the man weakly produced a gold watch and with trembling hand placed it in the outstretched hand of the other.

"I want to——"

"Hush!" Lemuel Barrows' anger was giving him the needed command. "I don't want a word from you." He slipped the watch into his pocket and faced the smaller man. "I'm satisfied to get it back without no more trouble. No Barrows ever comes to a city expectin' fer to be held-up. You git!"

The man slunk away without further words, and Lemuel, after again stowing away the valuable weapon, made his way to the train. Great beads of perspiration stood out on his wrinkled temples, and, arriving at the depot, he mopped his face with the nervous tremor of one who has seen a vision.

* * * * * * *

The great hall clock had just ceased chiming when the little gray lady, who had spent the day in dark foreboding, saw the stout frame of her master coming rapidly down the brick walk leading to the door. Apparently something unusual had happened, as her instinct told her at once. His face seemed flushed, and his hat had been crushed upon the head that was wont to wear it with a distinct dignity.

Oh, how good it was to see him! She took the telescope from him with the joyfulness of a child; but he almost brusquely seized it again.

"You, Lemuel—you have—has something happened?"

The head of the house did not deem a reply necessary until he had deposited his bundling telescope and hat and coat near the hat-rack. This over, he faced his wife with the air of a hero.

"Yes, Sarah, something did happen; but I was prepared. A Barrows always is prepared." He struggled out of a wilted collar and threw off his broadcloth coat. "They don't sneak no watches from Uncle Lem—not as long as he has his Old Trusty in his hip-pocket! No, Mother; that kind o' gag don't go with me, even ef I don't cal'late to be in the city more'n once in a decade." He drew himself up to huge proportions, and to his wife's consternation, pulled a revolver from his pocket.

"Oh, Lemuel—oh, you didn't—you——"

"I didn't do harm to nobody, Mother. I simply demanded back my watch, and I got it."

Perhaps he would have prolonged the account, had he not seen the wild look of terror that sprang into the woman's face. He halted, amazed.

"Mother, what's matterin'? I never shot nobody. I only——"

Sarah Barrows' distress was evident, but she could only blurt out, "Lemuel, I forgot. I never put your watch in your vest, nowise. It's up in your dresser-drawer!"

The man before her changed manner with lightning speed, and his eyes grew round with sudden wonder and fear. His jaw dropped, and his hand trembled on his stout cane.

"Lemuel!"—her voice almost broke with its emotion—"Lemuel, you have stolen another man's watch!"

The Mould of Form.—An old Englishwoman of exceeding stoutness was making efforts, not immediately successful, to enter the rear door of an omnibus. The boy on the box leaned down and cried genially. "Try sideways, mother, try sideways!" To which the old woman responded: "Lord bless ye, John, I ain't got no sideways!"

Her Privilege to Choose.—"I would like something in oil for my dining-room," said the richly-dressed owner of a new house.

"Yes, madam," replied the obliging salesman; "our variety is unlimited. Will you have a painting, or a box of sardines?"

Everybody has One or More.—"You must find that impediment in your speech rather inconvenient at times, Mr. B——?" "Oh, n-no; everybody has his little p-peculiarity. S-stammering is m-m-mine; what is y-yours?" "Well, really, I am not aware that I have any." "D-do you stir y-your tea with your right hand?" "Why, yes, of course." "W-well, that is y-your peculiarity; most people u-use a teaspoon."

He Followed the Lady.—A native of Ireland started away on his first trip. Never having been in a railroad station he did not know how to get his ticket, but he saw a lady going in and determined to follow her lead. The lady went to the ticket box, and, putting down her money, said: "Maryhill, single." Next in line was Pat, who promptly planked down his money and said: "Patrick Murphy, married."

In the causes of infant mortality cholera morbus figures frequently, and it may be said that complaints of the bowels are great destroyers of child life. If all mothers would avail themselves of so effective a remedy as Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial many a little one could be saved. This Cordial can be given with safety to the smallest child, as there is no injurious substance in it

The Egg Robbers of the Pacific, on the B.C. Coast, Canada.

By Bonnycastle Dale, written expressly for Western Home Monthly.

GENTLEMEN turn to your maps. Look at this far distant coast line of the northern Pacific ocean. Here are a hundred straits, a thousand bays, ten thousand islands. All straits and bays and islands are set in lonely places, amid swift tides, along mighty surges—far from the haunts of man. Surely here, if in any place upon this earth the sea fowl might nest in perfect security.

Here the great whales rise and exhaust their vapoury streams. The huge black fish send out their screech-columns of expelled air. Here pondorous sea lions clamber laboriously out onto the low tide rocks and fill the air with their clamour. Sharks and seals and otter swim by. The waters are filled with food fishes—the salmon, the cod, and the halibut. The air is, especially about the more detached rocky islands, a mass of screaming sea fowl. No sign is there of the dwellings of man, no vestige of his handiwork. The great majority of these barrier reef islands are without soil or water. Again I say, here if anywhere, the sea fowl should nest in perfect security.

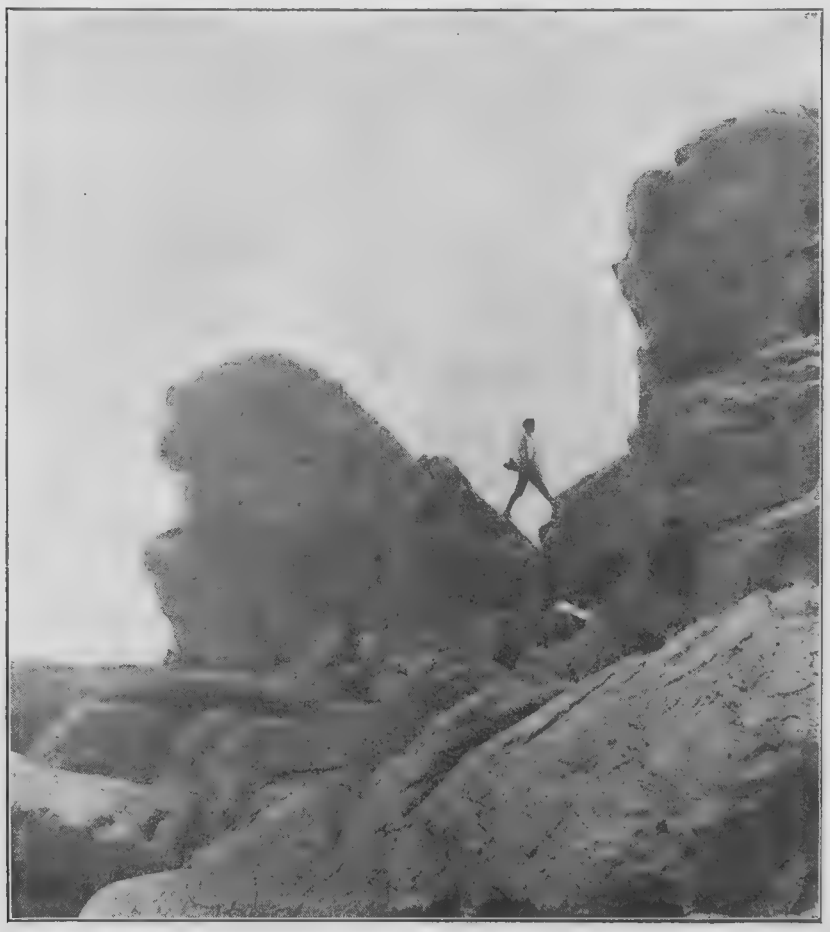
My assistant, a lad of fifteen, named Fritz, and I have made many long journeys on this wild coast, thousands of miles—afoot, by canoe, by steamboat.

Look at this island we are now approaching—a perpendicular upthrow of metal bearing trap—the top of a mountain, that in the past ages, in the mighty throes of the ancient earth crust disturbances that formed this rude coast, had its head thrust above the sea. Tier upon tier of standing ridges of pale grey rock—like unto some fabled giants' stairway. All the tide edge is sea worn and honeycombed by thousands of years titanic struggle with the swift currents. The rugged tops and ledges of the bald cliffs are stained white by the excrement of generations of sea fowl. Straight up from the tide rip riven waters the mile long mass rears itself. No tree nor bush relieves the scene. A carpet of rock crop flings its pinks and reds across the top like a scarf over a giant's shoulder.

As we approach nearer hosts of sea birds leap from the rocks and whirl noisily above us. Gulls and guillimots, puffins and cormorants, fulmars and shearwaters swing along in its wild flight.

We circle the tragic shoreline seeking a bay or cove. All along on every hand myriads of screaching birds leap awing. We estimate that there are fully five thousand birds on this one breeding isle, and that we should find, at least, two thousand nests and six thousand eggs.

At last, as no beach is found, we decide to carry the load up the below tide steps and drag the boat up also. Exulting in the thought of the many excellent pictures of the egg, and the young and the adult sea fowl awaiting us we hurry our encampment and scramble up the cliffs to find the nests. Along every ledge, under every element dis-



Is Your Loaf Like This?

IF your flour is of the right quality, it ought to produce uniformly good bread. When the loaf comes out of the oven it ought to be appetizing and inviting in appearance. The crust should be crisp, tender and sweet as a nut. The pores of the bread should be regular showing uniform expansion by the yeast and every loaf should be light, plump and should expand over the top of the pan. Bread made from Ogilvie's

Royal Household Flour

always comes up to the highest standard of excellence when made right. It is always uniform, and good to look at as well as good to eat.

Summer and winter, day after day, month after month, "ROYAL HOUSEHOLD" is milled by exactly the same process from exactly the same standard uniform grade of the best *Red Fyfe* wheat. And this uniformity *is guaranteed* by rigid safeguarding tests at the mills before the flour is shipped.

Get ROYAL HOUSEHOLD FLOUR from your grocer and *stick to it.*

"Ogilvie's Book for a Cook", with 125 pages of recipes that have been tried and tested, will be sent free if you will send us your address and mention the name of your dealer. 138

THE OGILVIE FLOUR MILLS CO., LIMITED, - WINNIPEG.

The Inter-Provincial Fair

The Greatest Fair in the West

Brandon, Manitoba
July 24 to 28, 1911

$35,000.00 in Premiums

The Most Beautiful Exhibition Park in Canada

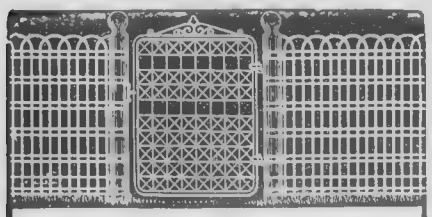
The Inter-Provincial is the greatest Agricultural and Industrial Exhibition in Western Canada. It will be larger and better in every respect this year than ever.

An Exhibition of the highest and best character. Invite your friends to meet you at our Fair.

Reduced rates and special excursions on all railroads.

Entries close July 15th. Write for prize list to

P. PAYNE, President.
W. I. SMALE, Secretary and Manager



Better, Cheaper, Stronger Than Wood

You can't put a better fence around your property than the Peerless Lawn Fence. It is neat and attractive—strongly and staunchly built. Made from heavy, No. 9 steel wire, well galvanized and coated with white enamel—will stand for years and cannot rust.

Peerless Lawn Fence

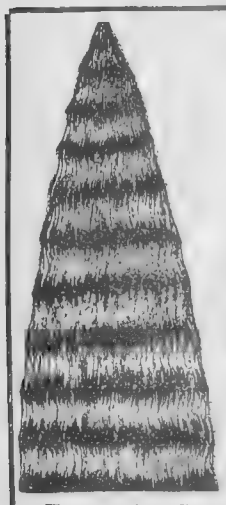
is handsome enough for city property and is strong and cheap enough for the farm. It will keep cattle out and stand up under the heaviest snow drifts.

Peerless gates are made with an electrically-welded, solid frame—last a lifetime and always look and work well.

We make a full line of poultry and farm fences and gates.

Agents wanted. Write for particulars.

THE BANWELL HOXIE WIRE FENCE CO., Ltd.
Dept. P, Winnipeg, Man., Hamilton, Ont.



Exhibition Visitors

Switches

Made of the Finest Live Hair

Our assortment is the largest in Western Canada, and we guarantee to be able to match any shade of hair.

Note our Prices

Straight Switches

18 inches.....	$1.50
24 "	5.00

Curly Switches

18 inches.....	$2.00
22 "	3.50
26 "	5.00
26 "	8.00

How to order—Cut sample full length of hair and state whether curly or straight.

We have just issued a very useful little book entitled "The Care of the Hair," and we will gladly mail a copy to you free of charge.

Seaman & Petersen
THE NEW YORK HAIR STORE
287 Smith Street, Winnipeg

GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY SYSTEM

Vacation Summer Tours

VIA

Lakes

OR

Chicago

OPTIONAL ROUTINGS SIDE-TRIPS
STOP-OVER PRIVILEGES

See Niagara Falls

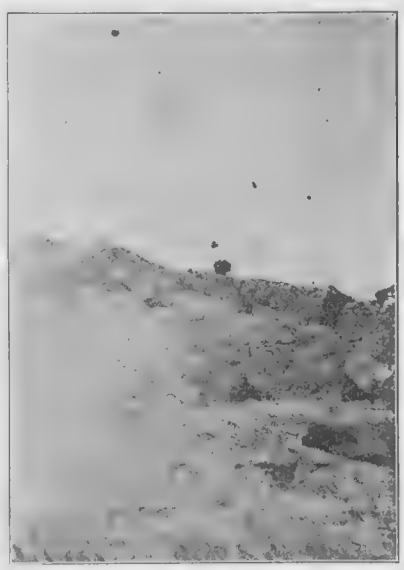
Agency for all Ocean and Lake Lines

COOK'S TOURS

Full particulars from
W. J. QUINLAN
District Passenger Agent,
Main 7098 260 Portage Ave.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

lodged boulder, amid the scanty grass roots, in the honeycombed face of the cliffs, everywhere where hands and feet--and the prehensilex toes of Fritz—could take us we found the nests. In the first hundred nests how many eggs do you think we found? NONE! Not a single one. They had all been robbed that very day before my arrival. With



my telescope I searched the lonely sea and neighbouring islands and finally detected a tiny dot with many a splashing dark line alongside. A big war canoe of the Coast Indians, well filled no doubt with heaped up egg baskets, speeding shorewards.

A thorough examination of the cliffs and rifts all along the edges of dizzy ledges, up and down the chimneys in the clefts, in the infrequent patches of grass, disclosed the same sorry state of affairs. We found about fifty eggs in a total of fully fifteen hundred nests or nesting places, for the guillimots and the puffins do not make a nest, they simply lay the egg on the shale or on the tiny bit of black soil in the crevices.

Now these wretches of robbers, without bowels of compassion, had smashed and thrown out of the nests all partly incubated eggs, so that when they returned all the eggs would be freshly laid ones. It was pitiful to see the exquisitely marked fractured shells lying on the rocks. Fritz remarked this tribe was more dainty than one we noted further south. We saw them take all the eggs from off a small island, eggs that we knew were fully fifteen days gone. In some the young were well formed. Yet these pirates lived on those for several days. One morning we stumbled across a kloothchman (women of the native tribes) and her youngster greedily feasting on these eggs. Well, as the only other things they had for breakfast were the tenacles of the devil fish stewed (I have met Englishmen along this coast who like this dish) and wild garlic, mayhaps the eggs were not as outre as we imagined.

We determined to stay on this great rock ledge and watch the robbers at their work. We hope by wide world publication of this nefarious work to stir up a sentiment that will stop this extermination of the sea fowl. We have already approached the British Columbia Government and they have promised me to select and maintain some of

What is Your Best Horse Worth to You?

Yet your *best* horse is just as liable to develop a Spavin, Ringbone, Splint, Curb or Lameness as your *poorest*. These ailments cannot be prevented but they can be quickly and entirely cured if you always have on hand a bottle of the old reliable

Kendall's Spavin Cure

For about 40 years this wonderful remedy has been constantly proving its efficiency and value to horse owners everywhere. It has saved millions of dollars in horseflesh and untold time, work and worry.

The experience of Mr. Peter Otoole of Daniston, Ont., is merely typical of thousands. He says—"I have used your Spavin Cure frequently for the last ten years and it has given me entire satisfaction".

Joseph Johnson of Reid Hill, Alta, says: I wish to recommend your Spavin Cure and also Kendall's Blister. I cured two Bone Spavins and a curb—and although it required nine months treatment for one of the spavins, it is now permanently cured.

"I have been using your Spavin Cure for several years and it certainly is the world's greatest liniment."

Don't take chances with your horses. Have a bottle or two of Kendall's Spavin Cure always on hand—it is a safe and reliable cure. Price $1.00 per bottle or 6 bottles for $5.00. Get our valuable Book, "Treatise on the Horse"—Free at your druggist, or write direct to us.

Dr. B. J. Kendall Co.,
Enosburg Falls, Vermont, U.S.A.

61

DOMINION EXPRESS

Money Orders and Foreign Drafts.

Better Spend 3c Than Lose $5.

Don't put money in a letter. You may write the wrong address on the envelope—the envelope may be torn—the letter may be stolen or destroyed. In any case, you lose.

Dominion Express Money Orders cost only 3c for amounts of $5 and under, and are good until paid.

If the original is lost, stolen or even paid to the wrong person—you get your money back or a new order for the original amount.

Travellers' Cheques Issued.

On Sale in all
Canadian Pacific Railway Stations
Also in numerous Drug Stores and other Special Agencies.

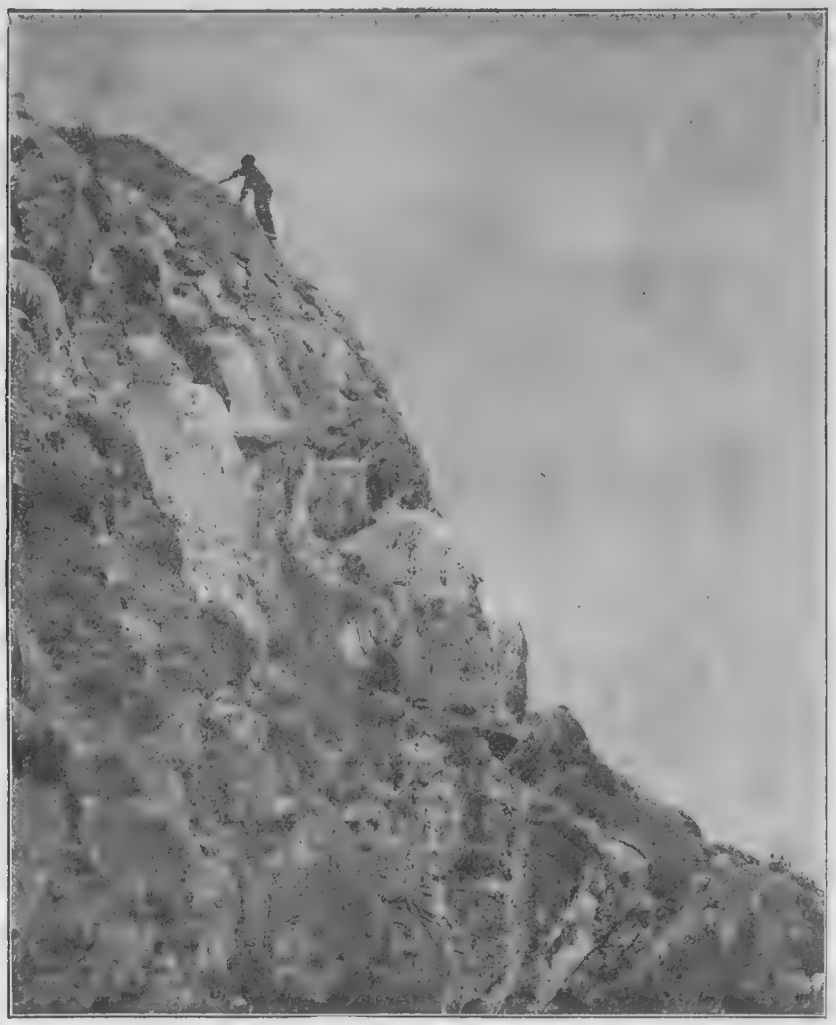
19

LET ME

Read Your Character

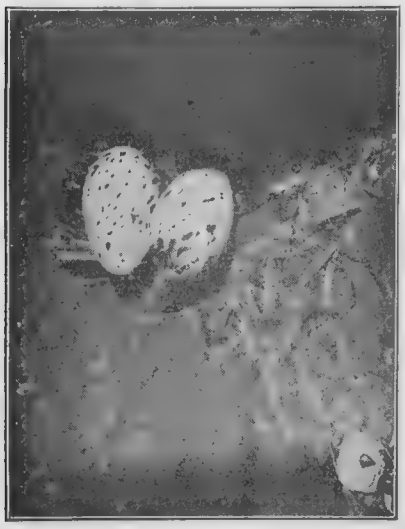
Mind you get a really good reading. This based upon your handwriting. Will *please* you. Thousands say I am country's best graphologist, but see for yourself. Write now (enclose 10c). Your *10c. returned* if not *greatly* pleased.

PROF. A. G. BEAUCHAMP, 2583 8th Ave., New York.



these islands as wild fowl breeding preserves.

Now came days of ceaseless watching and nights of broken nodding slumber. Every eagle and hawk that passed over during those dark hours caused all the hosts of wild fowl to circle with deafening clamour and us to search the precipitous cliff side by bobbing lantern's



light. I was most thoroughly determined to stop the robbery if I could do so without resorting to actual fighting.

Stop the red men you say. What is the use. Here is a picture of a crew of white men from a little steamer wildly clambering up the hills and steppes as though a lot of nuggets of gold were exposed instead of a few wild fowls eggs. I did manage to limit the take of this lot and the crows had also limited it by stealing as many eggs as possible during the confusion caused by the rush up the cliffs. These ignoble birds most accurately pierce the shell in the larger end and then intrude their bills, elevate their heads, and fly away with the big egg held at a ridiculous angle.

There were so many angles and points and sides to this hill-top island that it was almost impossible to guard it all. Fritz, with a big telescope, swept the seas daily. I had a hearty laugh at him one day. His eye was glued to the big glass. I could see him scan half a circle carefully. I also saw an egg basket laden Indian clambering up the steep cliff behind the lad—where, when and how he landed deponent saveth not. Stretched at full length Fritz searched for the approaching canoes. He had a certain dread of some of the tribes; this was kept alive by viewing the weird rites of the dancing medicine men at the potlatches (gift feasts). Now right behind him stood a big squat Indian examining the lad as if he were some new and rare species. Around rolled the boy sweeping the horizon with the glass—around he slowly rolled until his uncovered eye met the two big brown ones of the egg robber. He lay for a moment as though spellbound, then, with a quivering shout, leaped up and bounded down the shale covered slope. I met him in his riotous descent and assured him the man was harmless, that anyhow we were two to one and that the Indian was unarmed. I now, to my amazement, saw the man hurrying down the slope. "Tuk-a-mo-nuk le-sep, wagh, kok-shut" ("Hundred eggs spill, broken") he cried. Too true. The Indian, alarmed by the sudden upleap of the boy had dropped his round basket of eggs and they had merrily leaped out and "kok-shut" on the ledges, a regular yellow avalanche. It did not appeal to me as exact equity, yet I settled with the short legged coast man for his loss.

No sooner had I quieted this man down than we saw a long war canoe, well filled with steadily paddling Indians, landing at the south end of the island. They ran aground; and before

SEE
AND
VISIT
OUR
DISPLAYS
AT
SASKATOON
REGINA
AND
WINNIPEG
EXHIBITIONS

The Comforts
OF A
City Home

THE CANADIAN
AIRMOTOR

Will raise water to any height and store it so that you can have running water in any part of your home; in the kitchen, in the bath room, in the laundry. You can also use the water to water your garden or for any other purpose.

The cost of installation is very low. Get our catalogue and find out. Send a postcard to-day.

The Ontario Wind Engine and Pump Company, Ltd.,
Winnipeg, Toronto, Calgary.

GOOD BREAD
GOOD CAKES
GOOD PIES
Everything on baking day supremely GOOD--always--if you always use

FOR PIES

FIVE ROSES
FLOUR
"UNBLEACHED YET WHITE AS SNOW"

FOR BREAD
FOR CAKES

Good conscientious housewives with the highest ideals as to purity in the food they serve, use only FIVE ROSES FLOUR

BETTER BREAD
BETTER CAKES
BETTER PIES

Never a criticism if you always use FIVE ROSES FLOUR
LAKE OF THE WOODS MILLING CO., LTD.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

The Worlds Greatest and Surest

Veterinary Remedy

HAS IMITATORS BUT NO COMPETITORS!

SAFE, SPEEDY AND POSITIVE.

Supersedes All Cautery or Firing. Invaluable as a CURE for

FOUNDER,
WIND PUFFS,
THRUSH,
DIPHTHERIA,
SKIN DISEASES,
RINGBONE,
PINK EYE,
SWEENY,
BONY TUMORS,
LAMENESS FROM SPAVIN,
QUARTER CRACKS,
SCRATCHES,
POLL EVIL,
PARASITES.

REMOVES

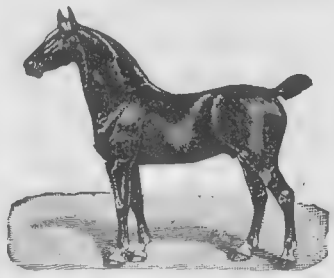
BUNCHES or BLEMISHES,
SPLINTS,
CAPPED HOCK,
STRAINED TENDONS.

SAFE FOR ANYONE TO USE.

We guarantee that one tablespoonful of Caustic Balsam will produce more actual results than a whole bottle of any liniment or spavin mixture ever made Every bottle sold is warranted to give satisfaction Write for testimonials showing what the most prominent horsemen say of it. Price, $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use.

The Accepted Standard VETERINARY REMEDY

Always Reliable. Sure in Results.



None genuine without the signature of The Lawrence-Williams Co. Sole Importers & Proprietors for the U.S. & CANADAS. CLEVELAND, O.

THE BEST FOR BLISTERING.

I have used GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM quite a good deal, and for a blister it's the best I ever used. I wish your remedy every success. CHAS. MOTT, Manager., Mayfield Stud Farm, Leesburg, Va.

CURED CURB WITH TWO APPLICATIONS.

Have used your GOMBAULT'S CAUSTIC BALSAM to cure curb. I blistered it twice, and there is no sign of it any more. The horse is as good as ever.—DAN SCHWER, Evergreen, Ill.

Sole Agents for the United States and Canada.

The Lawrence-Williams Co.

TORONTO, ONT. CLEVELAND, OHIO.

they made another tide ledge, I was on the shore, camera in hand. Among this lot was a chief of a Coast tribe village—a little collection of cedar shake covered houses and rude strange totem poles. I asked him to let the birds hatch out the set they were now starting to lay. I told him I had no authority to keep him off the island nor to prevent them taking the eggs. I pointed out to them that they could not take all the eggs of each recurring set in June and July and often in August and have any birds next year. One among the number spoke a few words of English. I told him I would cause to be arrested every white man I found robbing the nests on the breeding islands. He had a long grunting confab with the old chief. He then told me this was "Indian island," but that they would not take the eggs. This was very decent of them as they could readily have pitched the lad and I into the sea, as we travel totally unarmed—there is not a thing on the long Pacific coast—bear nor panther, nor snake, nor devil fish, nor poisonous weed that will harm man. The only thing of danger is a falling tree. I admit there are a few bad characters among the coast tribes; but so few as to be without any terrors to the naturalist or other trail hunter. My only defensive weapon is my brass camera tripod; in a pinch a chap could put up quite a fight with this.

Nothwithstanding our watchfulness we often saw figures silhouetted against the sky line, with the poor despoiled birds screaming above. It was positively harrowing to see the klootchmen—native women—with their babe slung by a knotted shawl from their shoulder, mounting these dangerous ledges. As sure-footed as our wild sheep they passed from cliff to cliff, clinging by hand and foot and prohensile toe to paths fitted only for the wing-aided sea birds, and all for a few big eggs.

I should estimate that one of these breeding islands properly despoiled by these Pacific coast robbers—done by daily visits during a period of two or three months, would keep quite a large village supplied with fresh eggs, this single island was capable of producing fully a thousand a week. When at last the poor birds are allowed to hatch out a set it is often too late and the young are found frozen beside the nests.

It is utterly impossible to implant mercy in the hearts of these men. They have seen us come into their country and take their lands without rhyme or reason. They have seen us kill off the wild animals that formerly abounded. They have seen us wantonely slaughter the swans and geese and brant and ducks. As one half naked old wrinkled dog fish catcher told me, "White man has two laws: one for him, one for me. You catch all our salmon, you kill all our birds, now you want the eggs." Poor chap, in the light of past events, no wonder he thought we wanted these fowls' eggs.

Courage in Defeat.

By Janet G. Morton, Winnipeg.

Courage we need to face defeat,
To tread the valley low,
To bear the scornful winds, which greet
The victim of such woe.

We feel the world despises us;
'Tis hard for pride to bear;
Rise, courage, rise, that we may thus
Win victory o'er despair.

Help us to face the world again,
To climb up from the vale,
To smile once more, and hide our pain,
Perchance we may not fail.

O Heavenly gift! O courage bright,
When thou dost come with cheer
And wondrous gladness, will thy light
Save us from doubt and fear.

Courage in Success.

We need thee, courage, in the vale
When we are there brought low.
O Friend! when we the mountain scale,
We may be still in woe.

Pity, and scorn, there may not be;
These two descend to the plain;
But malice, hate, and jealousy
Rise high from many a Cain.

There's danger on the mountain high,
More than in the vale;
Yet for the mountain do we sigh,
Heedless of envy's gale.
But we must dare the danger fierce,
'Tis not for us to fear,
Though biting winds through us may pierce
And move a hidden tear.

—Fyvelle Antuef.

Brandon Fair Visitors

WILL FIND AT

Finlay's Bookstore

SPLENDID VALUES IN

Base Ball and Lawn Tennis Goods
Footballs, Croquet Sets, Hammocks
Children's Waggons, Carts, etc.

Gramaphones, Records and Needles
Violins, Accordions and Mouth Organs
Hand Bags, Purses, Toys, Dolls, etc.

AND

All the Latest Books

W.N. FINLAY

BOOKSELLER & STATIONER

Musical, Art, Fancy & Sporting Goods

School Supplies Etc.

Successors to Warner's Ltd, Brandon, Man.

When writing advertisers, please mention The Western Home Monthly.

Ready Made Orchards

In British Columbia

Perfectly level. Planted to apple trees. PER $200 ACRE $10.00 per acre down and $1.50 per acre per month.

WRITE FOR PARTICULARS TO

BEATON & VEZINA, NEEDLES, B.C.

Agents for Watshan Valley Fruit Farms—

Olds Realty Co. (H. A. Samis, Manager), Olds, Alta.
Charles Taylor, 1 Tempest Block, 1st St. East, Calgary, Alta.
Hetherington & Armstrong, Room 3 Cristall Block, 42 Jasper St., Edmonton, Alta.
Rufus Smith Land Co., Rooms 4 & 5 Ellis Block, Moose Jaw, Sask.
Coupal & Co., Rooms 11 & 12 McIvor Block, Regina, Sask.
Mr. W. Last, Stonewall, Man.
Chas. A. Bodie & Co., 614 Pender St. West., Vancouver, B.C.

The Village Flower Show.

IT used to be quite a Christian village, More than "averagely" Christian, indeed with a surprising absence of feline amenities among its 400 inhabitants. Scandals, possibly for sheer lack of material, were unknown, backbiting was of a mild and non-malignant nature and jealously seemed to find no suitable soil for its noxious roots. Even those time-honored provocatives, Christmas coals and beef, failed in their customary mission of inciting to envy, and only caused Suavely virtue to shine with an added lustre; for happy recipients beamed with physical well being and contentment, while non-recipients swelled in the pride of conscious superiority, and were wont to express their gratitude to the Almighty at being "be 'olden to nobody. But all this was before Mrs. Leverton took the big house. She descended upon us last year with a Mercedes car, Paris frocks, a heart of gold and the ceaseless activity of radium. In a week she discovered that we were dull. The village she said, must be roused from its lethargy; it must be stirred to emulation; it must palpitate to excitement. We professed ourselves willing, nay, eager to be aroused, emulated and palpitated, and, while we were still rubbing our rustic eyes and turning over our ruminating minds at the prospect, she had sketched out the whole plan of our mental salvation and inaugurated it by the institution of "The Suavely Village Flower Show." The village co-operated nobly. Our absent millionaire became president—on paper; the Parson whose parish accounts were the despair of his wife and the churchwardens, consented to be treasurer, while Mrs. Leverton herself filled the position of secretary. The Misses Mitts, whose blameless feet had hitherto been content to follow the safe and trodden ways of Sunday School, Clothing Club and Christmas Tree, became active propagandists of the new epoch; and Major O'Shea, our only bachelor, advanced in years and child-like in morals, gave himself up to commercial correspondence concerning plants, seeds and chemical fertilizers. As to this last the village stolidly and unanimously declared its preference for the natural product, locally and euphuistically known as "mook" and poured elemental scorn upon less odorous and more scientific sources of nourishment. Business in "mook," indeed, became so brisk that the price went up a quarter and its happy vendors were Mrs. Leverton's most enthusiastic supporters.

All went well during the long months of preparation. Prizes were offered not only for every description of fruit, flower and vegetable but also for needlework, cooking, poultry, and last of all for the finest baby under one year old. For, as Mrs. Leverton said, it was not merely our potatoes and turnips she was aiming at, but a rural renaissance, the awakening of our slow bucolic minds to branch of our simple lives. The great day came, and with speeches, laudatory, congratulatory, ambulatory, and inconsequent the prizes were distributed among the expectant villagers. But, alas for human nature and Mrs. Leverton! As the serpent made its first historic appearance in the garden, so did envy, hatred and malice spring to birth in the idyllic and apparently innocent function of our flower show. For a curious thing happened. No single prize had, it appeared, been rightly awarded.

"Pertaters now—oo's to judge a pertater till it's biled?" old Jane scornfully enquired. "Six of 'em, the regoolations said, and I showed six on chiney plates, three biled and three unbiled, and bewties they was. But, did they get the prize? Not much. Zachy Thrup as dont know wax from flour oncet 'e's got a pertater between 'is teeth, 'e picked 'is out all the same identicler size and scrubbed 'em till they was as white and the responsibility of beauty in every nech as a young turnip, and 'e got the prize."

Fruit shared the melancholy fate of the potatoes. "Mine 'ad the bloom rubbed off, if you'll believe me, ma'am," wailed Jane Small, "soon as ever I turned my back. The judges could a seen theirselves in my pore plums, and when I took 'em they was thick and bewtiful wi' bloom like dusty millers. It's not fer me to say who did it, but Sarah Stooks as got the prize was always a bit nippy in her dealings and it wouldn't take but 'arf a minute to spile the bewty of my plums wi' a wet duster."

As for the poultry, nothing short of a conspiracy to defraud among the cocks and hens could have accounted for the extraordinary miscarriage of justice in this department, testified to by every bird fancier in the village—prize winners alone excepted.

Nor was the choice of the best garden any less unfortunate. Nicholas Tucker had from the first assumed his inalienable right to this proud possession. He had been prodigally lavish in the use of "mook," and specially prided himself on the Gargantuan size of his vegetables. The village generally admitted his claim, doubtfully agreeing that if anybody should have the prize it was Nick. Great therefore, was the consternation when James Littlejoy, whose vegetables were merely normal, but whose flowers were a delight to the eye, was announced to be the happy man. Nicholas bore himself with sardonic magnanimity. "'Ow was the gentry to judge when they had their own peas and beans into the pot afore they was in the pod, so to speak? Not that 'e grudged the prize to Littlejoy, pore old man" (he was two years Nicks senior), "wi 'is bad leg but"—he concluded, darkly—"there's favors, ma'am, there's favors, as I've allays said, an' now," triumphantly, "nobody can't deny it."

It remained for the babies, however, to rouse the deepest resentment. There were six competitors, and as half the population was related more or less distantly to one or other of them, family feeling ran high as to their rival claims. When Melia Mary Munn's fat, fair baby received first prize, Martha Maughan lifted up her voice and wept audibly. As she tearfully explained to a sympathetic circle, "she would not have expected one of her babies to be preferred to Melia Mary's but seeing as they was twins, and boys at that, she did think a sallow skin (which was the Maughan skin, and none of them'er family's) should not have been cast up against her, and everybody knew twins was uncommon, not to say 'ard to rear, and she 'ad thought to take the prize with

Who are You?

THE WELL-DRESSED MAN

inspires confidence. To be well-dressed is not to be overdressed, but to be attired in suitable clothing.

The Curzon tailoring is something more than ordinary workmanship, just as the Curzon cut is something outside the realm of mere draftsmanship. It means Distinction and Character. That is why well-dressed men, not only in Canada, but all over the World, wear Curzon clothes.

SUIT TO MEASURE

(CARRIAGE AND DUTY PAID)

FROM $8.60

(Valued by thousands of clients at $20).

Most Wonderful Tailoring Creation of the Century Perfect Style, Perfect Cut, Perfect Finish, Perfectly Trimmed.

THERE'S COMFORT AND STYLE IN THE CURZON CUT.

It will pay you to write for our explanatory booklet and free patterns of cloth, fashion-plates and unique list of testimonials. With these will be found our registered system of self-measurement and tape measure, so that you may with perfect accuracy and a degree of certitude equal to that of a local tailor, take your own measurements in the privacy of your own home. Complete satisfaction or we refund money. Will your own tailor guarantee this?

One Silver and Two Gold Medal Awards.

Read our unique list of unsolicited testimonials. **$25,000** forfeited if not absolutely genuine.

WRITE FOR FREE PATTERNS.

CURZON BROS. "Go to Curzon's" *The World's Measure Tailors,*

(Dept. 130) 60/62 CITY ROAD, LONDON, ENGLAND

West End Depot:
Pembroke House, 133/35 Oxford Street, London, England.

Address for Patterns:
CURZON BROS., c/o THE CLOUGHER SYNDICATE (Dept. 130),
450 Confederation Life Buildings, TORONTO, ONTARIO.

Please mention this paper.

Five Minutes

or less—will wash a tubful, and have them clean if you will use a

PASTIME

Washing Machine

Read This Warranty

"We Guarantee the Pastime Washing Machine to wash clothing Quicker, Cleaner, and to operate easier than any other hand power Washer on the Market."—The Maytag Co., Ltd.

We are not going to make a proposition full of "catch phrases," no freight, and a dollar-down-25c. a-week nonsense, but will make a suggestion as follows:—

Go to your home dealer, the man whom you know and who knows you. Tell him to order you a **Pastime Washing Machine.** He will do it, and after it comes he will say to you (remember, this is not a stranger a thousand miles away who is talking to you, but your home dealer): **"Here is your 'Pastime.' Take it home, use it for four or five Washings, and if for any reason you do not want to keep it, bring it back."** You are not confined to any special number of days to try it. **Satisfy yourself, and when you are perfectly satisfied, settle with your dealer at home.**

Read This Warranty Once More

The Pastime not only washes quicker and cleaner than any other Washing Machine in the World, but practically runs itself. Any child that can reach the handle can run it.

The Maytag Co., Ltd.

Winnipeg, Man.

This Corset Cover only 25c.

Send only 25c. and we will mail you, postage prepaid by us, this fine Corset cover. Made of good quality Cambric front yoke of three rows 1-inch Torchon lace trimmed with ribbon, beading and bow, edged around neck with 1-inch lace to match, armpits, lace trimmed, draw string. A well made corset cover. Sizes 32 to 44. State size desired. When you receive the Corset Cover, if you do not find it worth at least 50c. mail it right back and we will promptly refund your money, also postage.

With every order for Corset Cover we will include, absolutely free of charge, one years subscription to "Art Needlework Magazine." Send in your order to-day.

AVALLONE & Co., Inc. Dep't B. 515 Traders Bank Bldg., Toronto, Ontario

David and Jonathan." Of the remaining babies one was passed over with comment, its merits being obviously non-existent to all but its fond mother, while the other two were "highly commended," and described in the local paper as "bonny little girls," as they happened to be boys, this was unfortunate, and the indignant parents revenged themselves for the affront of their offspring by publicly proclaiming that "folks—gentry or no gentry—as could'n tell girls from boys 'ad no right to set up as judges of babies or anything else." We are no longer dull. Coolness, party feeling, feuds, jealousies and suspicions keep us feverishly occupied and stimulate us to amazing expression of our inner consciousness. But Mrs. Leverton is not discouraged. She says anything is better than somnolence, and that she has at least started us on the path of mental development.

The Horse with the Methodist Tail.

By James S. Bond, Mundare.

THE Reverend Frederick G. Hopkins, M.A., incumbent of Slogharst, Petersbury, and Nix's Corners, had, so to speak, imbibed the dogma of the Apostolic succession with his mother's milk, for that estimable lady came of a family whose High Church proclivities were part and parcel of their being. When to this we add the fact that his father, the late Canon Hopkins, held even stronger views on the matter, we cannot but note that the subject of our sketch came lawfully by his bigotry and his contempt for Nonconformists generally and Methodists in particular. Finally to complete and deepen these impressions, if that were needed, he was educated at the high church college in the provincial capital.

But time mellows most things, and after six years strenuous work in his parish where he was brought in contact with "all sorts and conditions of men" not to speak of women—the Rev. Frederick moderated somewhat the intensity of his opinions. He was willing to admit that some of these "wretched dissenters" were human beings, and might possibly see salvation, even if they did not leave the "sects" to which they adhered. After a time he became even friendly with two or three of his brother ministers of the Presbyterian and Baptist persuasion, but for Methodists, lay or clerical, he had no use whatever; his dislike and contempt for that denomination grew and strengthened as the years flew past. He would sometimes say "Good-day" to them if he passed them on the highway or street, but he did it with a very bad grace indeed. Yet the Rev. Frederick was a good man and a charitable according to his lights. The poor of his parish found him a self-denying friend, and he worked hard indeed to advance the interests of his people.

Now it happened, towards the end of the six years just mentioned, that a new Methodist minister was stationed in that district. His name was the Rev. Sylvester Strong; a young man of prepossessing appearance and good ability, whose intense devotion to the cause of the Master filled him with a love for his fellow-man that almost passed belief. A few weeks sufficed to win the affection of his own denomination, and in less than six months, he was liked and respected by almost everybody, saint and sinner alike. Preaching "the truth in love" he won shoals of men from evil to good, and standing room at his services was at a premium. Cheery and optimistic in manner, with a ready address, he was sure of a rousing reception at concerts and picnics, and he was always willing to take part in these, if time possibly permitted, no matter what denomination was at the back of them. His addresses on these occasions were always witty to a degree, but ever beneath the wit lurked pearls of wisdom that set his hearers thinking.

Thus time passed very happily for Sylvester Strong, happily in all things save one. Do what he might to win his regard, the Rev. Frederick "passed by on the other side." He practically ignored him and slighted his advances to such a degree that our young friend could hardly take it in; he could not understand it. There they lived in the same little village, passed each other on the street time and time again, rubbed shoulders in post-office and store, yet his Anglican neighbor repulsed every

Don't Invite Lightning

TO STRIKE

Your Barn

YOU DO WHEN YOU BUILD OF WOOD . .

Corrugated Steel Protects Against Lightning

It scatters electricity and renders lightning bolts harmless.

Every sheet is pressed—every sheet fits without waste.

Galvanized—rustproof—fireproof.

Send us dimensions of barn and we will tell you what it will cost to build of metal.

The Metallic Roofing Co., Ltd.

Manufacturers

Toronto and Winnipeg

WESTERN CANADA FACTORY
797 Notre Dame Ave., Winnipeg

Agents wanted in some sections.

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

Cheap Excursions

EAST

Daily until Sept. 30 round trip tickets will be sold from Winnipeg as under:

Brockville	$52.90	Peterboro	$49.90
Halifax	68.00	Quebec	58.00
Kingston	52.50	St. John, N.B.	63.50
Montreal	54.00	Summerside	65.60
Ottawa	52.90	Toronto	48.60

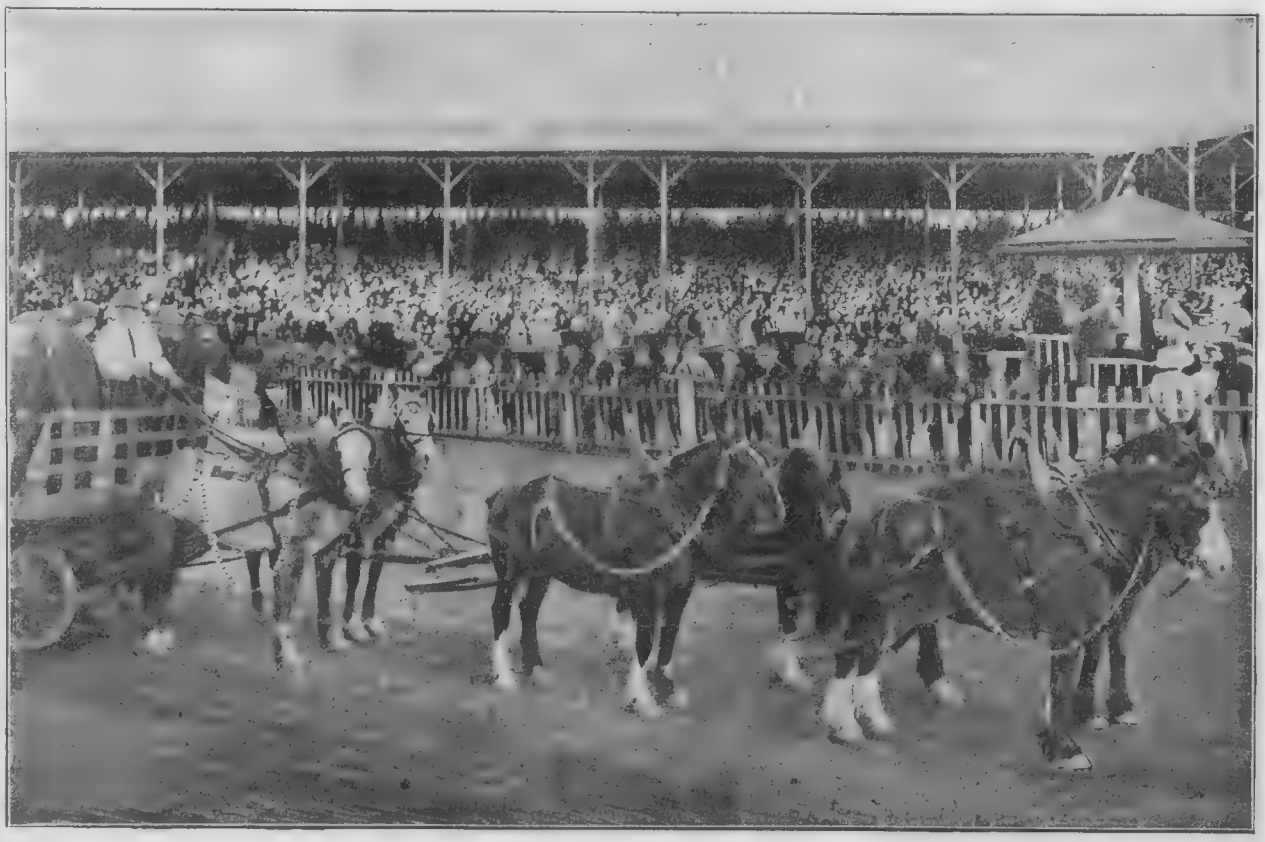
Corresponding fares to many other points.

WEST

Vancouver, Victoria, Westminster, Seattle, Tacoma, Portland, Bellingham, Everett, Astoria	June 10 to 22	$50	Daily to Sept. 30 $60
	June 27 to July 5	$50	$60
San Francisco, Los Angeles, San Diego	June 10 to 22	$80	$90
	June 27 to July 5	$80	$90
	Return Limit Sept. 15		Return Limit Oct. 31

Tickets and full information at

CANADIAN PACIFIC TICKET OFFICE
Cor. Main St., and Portage Ave., Phones Main 370 and 371, and at Station Phone Main 5500.



Brandon Exhibition Parade.

friendly advance ever returning a surly nod to his cheery good-day.

This miserable state of affairs continued for some months, more than a year in fact, the only fly in Mr. Strong's pot of ointment. And it surely was a misery and a mystery to him. Here was a man who amongst his own parishioners was good-hearted and jolly, who even attended Presbyterian entertainments, where he spoke with great acceptance, yet who showed all too plainly that he had no manner of use for Methodist, good, bad, or indifferent. Mr. Strong worried himself about it. What in the world could he do to change his stubborn will? How could he manage, with the Master's help, to show this noble-hearted bigot that all men were brothers? His spiritual nature was greatly distressed by these things, but feeling that the Lord in his own good time would answer his prayers, he went cheerily about his work. Yet it required abundant grace to go on as before receiving slights and snubs without number in response to his courteous salutations and friendly advances.

About a year after this the Presbyterians of the central portion of the township made arrangements for holding a grand entertainment in aid of their mission there. It was to be a soiree or concert at which speeches, addresses, recitations, etc., were to be the chief feature, in addition to a plentiful supply of provisions in the form of cakes, pies, etc. To this concert Rev. Frederick G. Hopkins and Sylvester Strong were invited, and both accepted the invitation. In getting out the bills, however, by some oversight Mr. Strong's name was omitted. Hence the Rev. Mr. Hopkins was under the impression that he would not be there. This, to him, was more of relief than otherwise.

Now it chanced that an unfortunate accident befell Mr. Hopkin's only steed a few days previous to the concert. A gate was inadvertently left open in the pasture, the pony wandered into an adjoining field, fell into a gravel pit and broke its leg. There was nothing to do but shoot the animal, which was sorrowfully done by a neighbor, as the owner couldn't bring himself to do it.

This was a serious loss, and came at a very inopportune time, but after some trouble an old plug with a five mile an hour gait was obtained and pressed into use for the trip to the town hall where the concert was to be held. Thus it came about that the Reverend Frederick arrived at the hall after the concert was in full swing, and whom should he see on the platform but his bete noire, the Rev. Sylvester Strong!

A slightly amused expression rested upon Mr. Strong's countenance as his clerical neighbor came to the front. Would he offer to shake hands with him, greet him with a cold forbidding nod or ignore him altogether? He was up against it this time, sure enough, so thought the Rev. Frederick, but he overcame his repugnance and offered his hand with somewhat bad grace. True to his nature and training Mr. Strong received his advance warmly, giving him a real Christian greeting; but it was easy to see that Mr. Hopkins was ill at ease and wished he hadn't come at all. This had partly worn off however, before he was called upon to speak, and he got through the ordeal better than he expected. Usually his addresses on such occasions were both witty and interesting, and this time he didn't fall much short of what was anticipated of him. And when the intellectual part of the entertainment was over, and the "inner man" was being attended to with cakes, pies, etc., he thawed out yet more, and many lively sallies of wit passed between him and the other ministers. During this time he explained to them the reason why he was late in coming.

"That borrowed horse!" said he with a laugh; "that borrowed horse is certainly the limit. My arm is sore with lathering him to get him off a walk!"

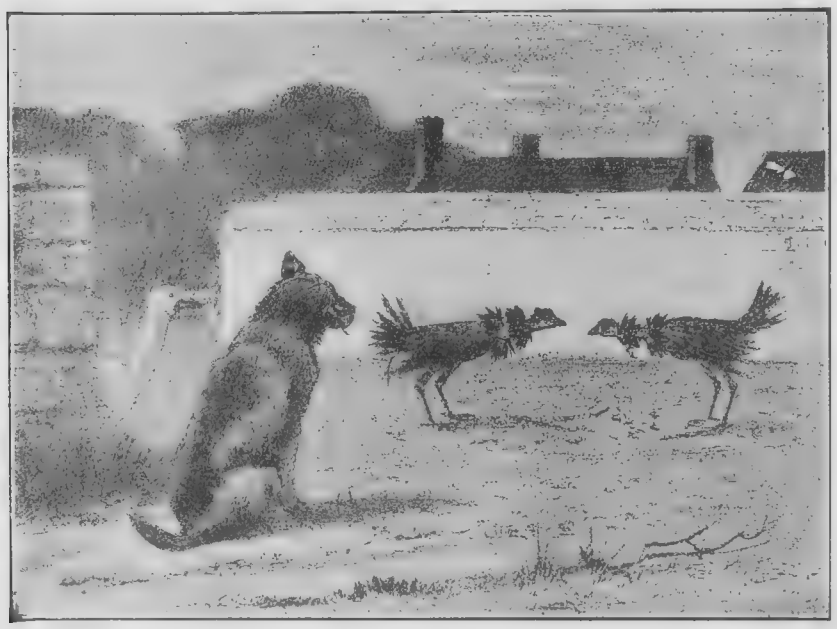
This gave the opportunity no doubt divinely inspired, to drive the last vestige of bigotry from that really noble soul, and Mr. Strong seized it with delightful inward assurance. Rising to his feet he advanced to the front of the platform and raised his hand as a request for silence.

"Mr. Chairman and Friends," said he, "before closing what has been a very pleasant concert,—for I'm sure we have all enjoyed ourselves, I have a proposition to make. A few days ago brother Hopkins had the misfortune to lose his only horse. He came here today with a borrowed one, and a loaned horse is generally a poor one. That's why he was late in getting here. Now I was unaware of our dear brother's loss until after his arrival here, as I have been away from home. Now to most of you the loss of a horse is bad enough, but to one of us preachers it is little short of a calamity. Clergymen, as you know, are not overburdened with this world's goods, and perhaps it is much better they are not, for our Master had not where to lay his head. This loss is certainly a serious one for brother Hopkins and I propose that we right here and now get him the price of another good horse. I see several of our representative farmers present who will no doubt be indeed glad to help in the matter."

Then taking out his pocket book and laying a ten-dollar bill on the table, he turned to the other clergymen and said, with a peculiar smile, "I feel quite sure that our dear brother will not object if I give his horse a Methodist tail!" and he resumed his seat amidst tumultuous applause, in which the kiddies even took a delighted part.

Immediately one man after another came forward and placed their tens and fives and fours with the "tail" money, till in less than five minutes there was more than sufficient on the table to purchase the whole animal, and when the hat went around and gathered in the half-dollars, quarters, and dimes, there was plenty over to get a new buffalo-robe into the bargain.

The face of Mr. Hopkins was a study while all this was going on, and when he arose to return thanks for the munificent gift, his voice shook with emotion and his eyes were moist with tears. Taking Mr. Strong's hand in his he gave it such a squeeze that he almost brought the tears to that good man's eyes too, and with that squeeze away went the last particle of prejudice never to return; driven away, so to speak, by the horse with the Methodist tail.



Seeing Fair Play.

The Right Building Material
for
Houses, Barns, Implement Sheds

Whether you are building an implement shed, a granary or a house or barn, the most ECONOMICAL and DURABLE building material is "Metallic."

For Barns: Corrugated Steel Siding and "Eastlake" Metallic Shingles make a barn absolutely fire, lightning and weatherproof.

For Houses; Metallic Rock Faced Stone or Brick Siding will give your house the appearance of a stone or brick dwelling. It is easily and cheaply applied and very durable. "A 25-year actual test" has proven "Eastlake" Shingles the best roofing.

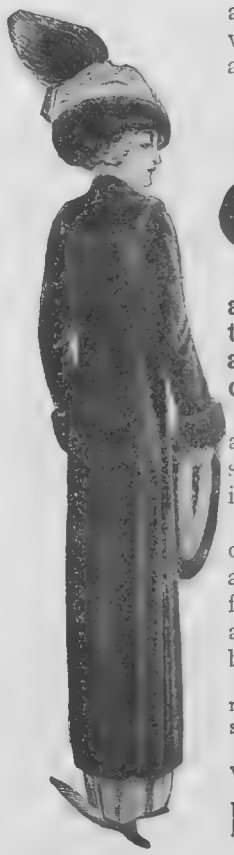
All about the permanent roof you want is told in our artistic free booklet, "Eastlake Metallic Shingles." Write for it now."

PHONE PARK 800 MANUFACTURERS 1714

The Metallic Roofing Co. Limited
TORONTO & WINNIPEG

Western Canada Factory: 797 Notre Dame Avenue, Winnipeg
AGENTS WANTED IN SOME SECTIONS.

Exhibition Visitors
WHO ARE INTERESTED IN
The New Fur Styles for 1911-12



are invited to call at our store, where the very newest and most authoritative styles are on display.

Fairweather's
FURS

are known from one end of Canada to the other as superior in quality, style and workmanship to furs made by any other Canadian house.

This season the long coat will predominate, with the large pillow muffs and wide shoulder effects in stoles the popular styles in sets.

Our display includes a large number of charming models in long Persian Lamb, Seal and Pony Coats, as well as other popular furs, together with a larger variety of sets and single pieces than has ever before been shown by us.

The customer who buys Fairweather's Furs runs no risk whatever, as **"we make everything we sell, and guarantee everything we make."**

Visitors to our showrooms are always welcome, whether they buy or not.

Furs Remodelled & Repaired

As the new styles are here, now is the time to have furs remodelled. To keep our expert furriers busy during the summer season, we do remodelling now at Special Summer Prices. If you do not intend coming into the city, send your furs to us by express with full instructions.

Is Your Name on our Mailing List for

OUR FUR CATALOGUE? If not, send us a postal, and as soon as the catalogue is off the press a copy will be mailed you.

Fairweather & Co., Limited
297-299 Portage Ave
Toronto WINNIPEG Montreal

The Only Healthy Smoke

THE FAMOUS

Biltor Cartridge Pipe,

Made in England

YOU get NO Nicotine.

Your tobacco gets NO moisture, and burns freely to the last grain.

We cannot describe it fully here it must be seen to be appreciated.

Send for one NOW

and smoke all you like without harm to yourself. State whether straight or curved pipe preferred.

Post **$1.00** free.

with box of 50 cartridges.

Every pipe guaranteed PERFECT.

G. W. DAVEY & CO., 25 Empress Bdg.

Winnipeg.

Fits Cured by TRENCH'S REMEDY. Simple home treatment; over 25 years' success. Mr. Morton, L.D.S., Business College, Salt Lake City, says "Twelve bought the remedy, eleven were cured." Price $3.95, $6.86, $12.64, delivered free. Pamphlet free, from

TRENCH'S REMEDIES, LIMITED

8. James Chambers Toronto, Ont.

AGENTS—$33.30 A WEEK

Jack Wood did it! He writes—"Hurry up 100 more—sold first lot in 2 days—best seller I ever saw." **Hundreds of agents coining money**—$5.60 worth of tools for the price of one. Drop forged from finest steel. Nickel Plated all over. **Astonishing low price to agents**—1,200 ordered by one man. Write at once. Don't delay. Experience unnecessary. Sample free.

THOMAS MFG. CO., 2197 Wayne St., DAYTON, OHIO

The Revolt of Marcia Dole.

A Story of a Domestic Who Overplayed Her Part. By Sophie Swett.

NOW we are off, Marcia, and I am sure we can trust you to take I don't care to have care of everything. you have vistiors as you know, but is Mrs. Ellerton's maid, Maria, wishes to come and sit with you in the evening, I have no objection."

Mrs. Leighton spoke kindly. If her voice was authoritative, if its inflection jarred unspeakably upon Marcia, why that was because something was amiss with Marcia! That at least, was what the girl told herself and she tried to smile brightly, naturally, into the half-absent, wholly unsympathetic face of the other woman.

"Now then, Kirk, if you're sure you have the trunk keys—"

The inexplainable change in the inflection was the worst jar of all to Marcia's sensitive soul.

"I am an idiot!" said Marcia to herself. "Do I expect her to speak in the same tone to her kitchen maid and to her husband?"

Little Mrs. Leighton turned back with another kindly thought.

"You won't be afraid of burglars, will you, Marcia? I'm sure there's no need, with so many within call. And if the evenings are lonesome be sure to ask Mrs. Ellerton's maid to stay with you. It needn't get to be a habit to have visitors. I shouldn't like that: I have never allowed it. Mrs. Ellerton's maid is a Nova Scotia girl; that's near Maine, so I'm sure you'll like her. And don't forget to water the araucaria and be sure to take Dodo out for an airing; that will give you an airing, too."

Then the hall door of the small apartment closed and Marcia said to herself that the bang was like a poultice; and she drew a long, long breath.

"I'm sure that girl is trustworthy and I thought I could make an ideal servant of her, but, some way, she isn't responsive. I am afraid I haven't mamma's faculty for managing servants. I think she doesn't like me, simply because she is my servant."

Little Mrs. Leighton made her husband hear this above the rattling of the cab on the way to the railway station.

"That's in the air; but I don't really think we're harboring a socialist," said the husband easily. "The girl seems willing enough. I hope she won't be lonesome."

And then Marcia slipped out of both their minds, only to be remembered, in the week that followed, when, at a ladies' luncheon, some one bewailed the trying ways of servants or Mrs. Leighton felt a pin prick of anxiety concerning Dodo or the araucaria.

Marcia, after that long, long breath of relief, tore off the dainty cap, threw herself on the couch among the handsome cushions and had a good cry. It was very largely a physical matter, the reaction of a long nervous strain. They were gay people in the little flat and the one maid must sit up late to "clear away," after chafing-dish suppers or to help serve the refreshments at little musicales. Mrs. Leighton had been brought up in a household where there were several servants. There were certain things that, to her mind, were inevitably done by a servant; she sometimes forgot to question whether one servant could do them all. She had remarked to several of her friends that Marcia had a very easy time in their little flat.

Marcia had tried to think that it was easy. She liked to do housework and she knew how. When she had made a failure of teaching the Pine Ridge school, at home in North Hebron, and Miss Critchell, of whom she tried to learn dressmaking, had decided that she "hadn't a mite nor a grain of talent" in that direction, her friends had consoled her by telling her that to have such a faculty for housework and for homemaking as she had was a more rare and valuable gift.

She had made a beautiful, restful home for her father and mother and had been the mainstay of the boys, both for comfort and sociability—every one said there was not a pleansanter house in North Hebron for people to come to—but now that was all over. Her father and mother were dead and the boys had homes of their own where she was not needed. She had come to the city meaning to learn typewriting, but the two or three North Hebron girls who have tried it discouraged her. Moreover, she was not sure that her money would last until she could learn the typewriting and secure a position. The girls who had tried said there were fifty applicants for each vacant place. So Marcia decided that it was wise and prudent to use her one talent and the experience that Providence had thrown in her way. There was a great demand for house workers. She had no sooner made her application at an industrial union than an appointment was made for her with Mrs. Kirk Leighton in a most convenient little flat in a beautiful location. "You are a fortunate girl," the manager of the union had said to her cordially; and "you're a lucky girl, Marcia Dole," she had said to herself almost fiercely every day since.

She said it, now, in the midst of the "good cry." I'm only tired out because I'm not used to being constantly at some one's beck and bidding," she exclaimed to herself—to the rebellious self that wanted to rush back to North Hebron, where the earth and sky, was just like other people, not having to adapt every act and word and look to one's place, the place of an inferior.

"You're morbid you're despicable, Marcia Dole!" she assured herself. "Every one who is employed has to suffer these things, more or less. How you would have scorned the boys if they had made a fuss about being ordered round when they went to work—and yet it is different, somehow, because of your home, if you're a woman, seems all of life and if the atmosphere chokes you there—! But I can breathe for a little while, anyway!"

Marcia sprang up with the sudden excitement of her lonely liberty. Instead of the good and sensible thoughts that she had tried to evoke a spirit of reckless revolt seized her. She rolled her dish towel into a little wad and tossed it up to the ceiling. She threw both windows wide open and let in a rush of the fresh, exhilarating, late December air. (Mrs. Leighton had decreed that the kitchen windows should be kept closed to preserve the heat for the dining-room, since the steam was not yet "on.")

Her cap followed the dish towel. Then she sailed into the drawing-room and dropped into a pale blue silk Turkish arm-chair. Her dress was immaculately white; Mrs. Leighton insisted upon whiteness.

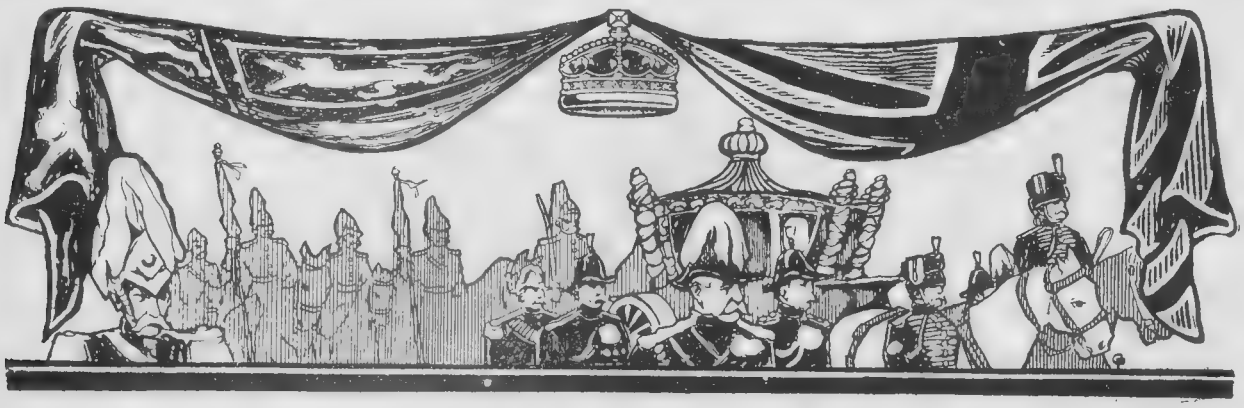
"I should be just as clean as she is even if I were at home in North Hebron!" said Marcia to herself.

She jumped up and with somewhat unnecessary vigor pushed around a table whose position offended her taste. She liked things better as they had them in North Hebron.

Before she had arranged it to her mind the electric bell rang at the door of the apartment. She felt instinctively for her cap before she went to answer it. Mrs. Leighton was very particular about the cap, especially when there were visitors. Then she drew herself up, threw back her head and went, capless to the door. A little old lady stood there.

"I'm looking for my nephew, Mr. Kirk Leighton," she said in a voice that was sharp, although tremulous with fatigue—"and of all the places to get to!"

She was trembling, and Marcia drew her in almost tenderly. The care she had taken of her mother made her love



THE CORONATION OF KING GEORGE V

Will be Symbolized in Many Ways at the

CANADIAN INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION

WINNIPEG, JULY 12-22, 1911

A Daily Exemplar of the Dominion's Progress, with $40,000 in Prizes, Five Miles of Exhibits, a Thousand Features of Constant Interest—A Nightly Festival of Empire, Culminating in a Magnificent Military Tattoo, with varied National Programmes, and a Pyrotechnic Spectacle of Unparalleled Splendor—the Duplication in Flame of

THE CORONATION NAVAL REVIEW AT SPITHEAD

as participated in by His Majesty and Staff on the Royal Yacht, and Twenty-two Dreadnoughts

(By Royal Command) **Enville Hall Prize Drum and Flute Band** (Direct from England)

To all of the fixtures of the old Winnipeg Industrial, many new features have been added.

The Show That Makes the Whole World Wonder

all old ladies; the maternal instinct develops itself in that way in many a nice girl. And this old lady was very appealing.

"I'm so sorry; Mr. Leighton has gone to New York, but come right in! I know you want your tea!" she said.

"That's just exactly it! I tried to get a cup in that screaming, banging depot, but 'twas nothing but meadow hay! When I've had my tea—"

Marcia took off the old lady's wraps and ensconced her comfortably upon a couch, still trembling and with a whitish line around her mouth.

"You are all tired out!" she said tenderly. "You ought to have let us know that you were coming!"

Afterward, even at the bar of her own conscience, Marcia declared that she was not altogether responsible for that little word "us" that was the beginning of the deceit. Of course, if the mood of revolt had not been upon her when she went to the door the word might not have come, but the mood was now all submerged in pity. Marcia had seen that whitish line around the mouth before, and she thought she knew what it meant.

She had been carried out of herself and had not realized what the "us" would be understood to mean.

"I'll get you your tea," she added hastily and went and made a brew of the orange pekoe that Mrs. Leighton had forgotten to lock up.

"That's beautiful tea!" said the old lady, and suddenly all the tense lines of her face seemed to relax. "I'll tell you, now, why I didn't let you know I was coming!" she said, looking gently, scrutinizingly into Marcia's face. "I came off sudden, I'm apt to. They begin to say I ain't able if I don't. And I ain't one to give up. Kirk was my boy; his mother died when he was so small. I sent him to college and looked out for him as well as I could when he was there. I knew he'd get to be the smart young lawyer that he is. His father before him was a lawyer, and his grandfather, but they always lived in the country. When Kirk married a stylish city wife I was willing; 'twas natural. But I kind of dreaded to see her. I felt as if she would be another kind from me. That's another reason why I came off sudden—kind of dreaded Kirk's wife, and yet feeling that I couldn't go any longer without seeing her."

Her hand stole out from the wrap that Marcia had thrown over her and rested upon the girl's.

"I'm satisfied already!" she went on tremulously. "The way you looked at me, standing there at the door, made me feel just as if I had come to my own folks!"

"You—you looked so tired. I—I couldn't help it," faltered Marcia. "You know I—I'm only—" Conscience was struggling hard now; the truth was on the tip of Marcia's tongue.

"There are people who would only have thought that the old country aunt was a bore and wouldn't have thought whether she was tired or not. I might have known, though, that Kirk wouldn't have got any such wife as that!" the old lady went on. "It's hard to come so far and not see Kirk, but I can stay till Monday—that's four days. There's the state fair coming on and the Village Improvement Society reception, and I don't give up, though they think I ought to. I've got a portiere, woven of silk strips, to send to the fair, and I've embroidered a linen coverlid. If I can't see Kirk I shall enjoy every mite of my visit with you!"

"I'll try my best to make you have a good time," said Marcia heartily.

Kirk's aunt gently patted the strong, young hand with her soft and withered old one.

"You don't keep any hired girl, do you?" she asked. "Land! I wish I didn't have to! They are a trial, the best of them. My pewter platter, that came over in the Mayflower, has got a dent in it, since the last one came, and one of my peacock cups is missing."

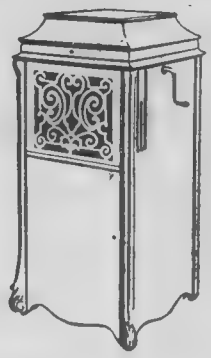
Marcia turned her head away suddenly. After the burning blush came a twitching of the lips. There was an overpowering sense of humor in the old blood, as all North Hebron knew.

The die was cast now, thought Marcia. She must go on with the deceit. And she would make the old lady have the very best of good times!—that should be her justification, if there could be any justification for such wickedness—until she was found out! That was likely enough to happen within four days. Mrs. Leighton had no especial friends in the great apartment house, but there were neighbors friendly enough to come in—there was the unforeseen detection that lurks in every corner for a lie.

Marcia felt the risk in every fiber of her sensitive being, felt the disgrace, also, for her pride was not all of the wrong kind, but it would be useless to deny that she felt a certain reckless delight in playing her little farce to perfection. Marcia had always been called a very agreeable girl in North Hebron; it was so delighful to dare to be agreeable again.

There was less intimate conversation than there would have been if the old lady had not been eager to go about to the very limit of her strength. She hunted elaborate embroideries—her hobby—in all the shops and she selected her winter wardrobe with the greatest care. Then there were the museums

The Amberola



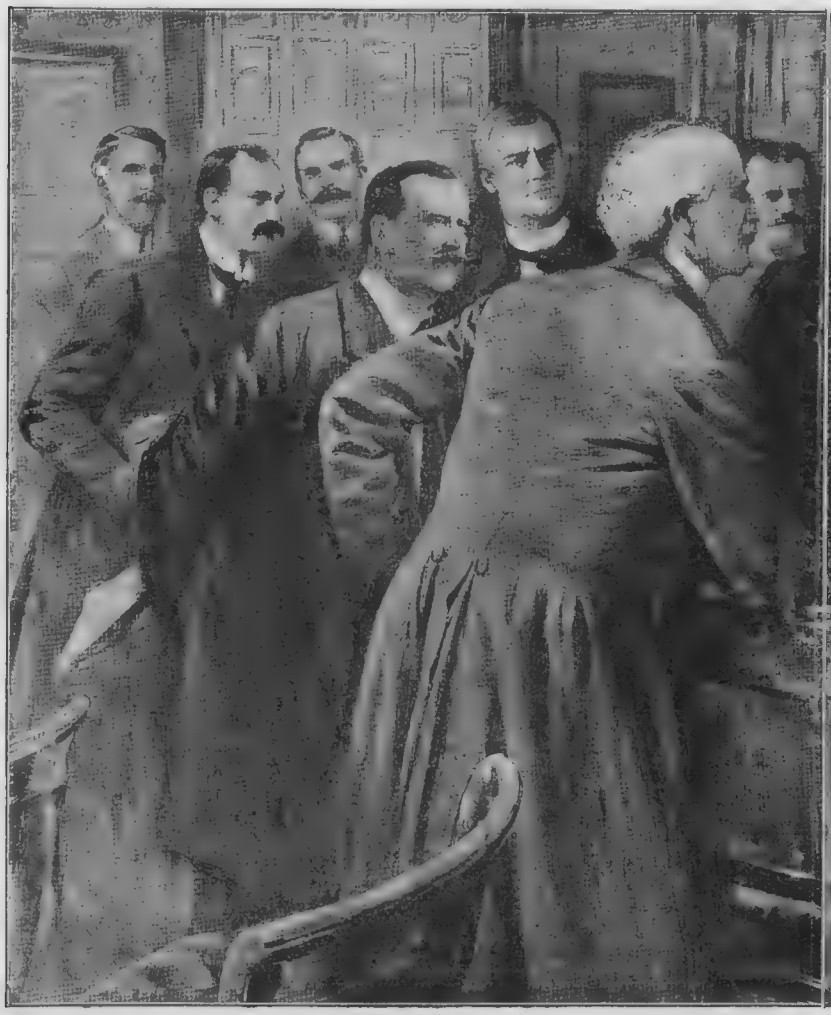
the newest Edison Phonograph

The Amberola has the sweetness, clearness and faithful reproducing powers that characterize all Edison instruments and, in addition, a case that is a masterpiece of the cabinet-maker's art. It plays both Edison Standard and Edison Amberol Records. It comes in either Mahogany or Oak. Has drawers for holding 100 Records. The price is $240.

Other types of Edison Phonographs, $16.50 to $162.50. Edison Standard Records, 40c. Edison Amberol Records (play twice as long), 65c. Edison Grand Opera Records, 85c. to $2.50.

There are Edison dealers everywhere. Go to the nearest and hear the Edison Phonograph play both Edison Standard and Amberol Records. Get complete catalogs from your dealer or from us.

National Phonograph Co., 100 Lakeside Ave., Orange, N.J., U.S.A.



THE EMPIRE'S STATESMEN IN CONFERENCE IN LONDON.

QUIT EXPERIMENTING

GET THE REAL LABOR-SAVING WASHER THE 'GEE WHIZZ'

Does Better Work Is Easier to Operate and Lasts Longer Than Any Other Washer Made

The GEE WHIZZ will wash clothes more thoroughly than can be done by hand—and in one quarter the time.

It will wash lace curtains and the most delicate fabrics without the slightest injury, and will cleanse the dirtiest clothing in less time than can be done with any other washer.

Will wash carpets, rugs, blankets or any large articles. Nothing too heavy or coarse for the GEE WHIZZ.

Direct from manufacturer to customer.

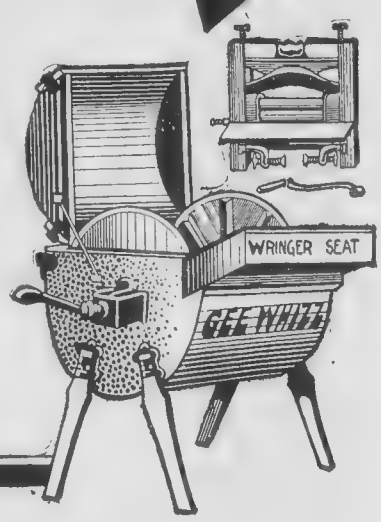
Price Complete With Wringer $12.50

The GEE WHIZZ is made with a galvanized steel tank fitted with two upright water wheels with agitating projectors that force the hot soap suds through the clothing at a high rate of speed.

We guarantee that a machine full of ordinary linen, such as sheets, pillow cases and table linen, can be washed in from four to six minutes.

Quit wearing yourself out over the wash tub. GET A GEE WHIZZ.

The Gee Whizz Manfg. Co.
834 Higgins Ave., Winnipeg, Man.



SPECIAL CLUBBING RATES

We append a very attractive list of combinations embracing the "Western Home Monthly" and the principal Canadian, British and American periodicals, which should interest those of our readers who are in the habit of subscribing to several papers.

CLASS A
Toronto Weekly Globe
Weekly Free Press

CLASS B
Nor'-West Farmer
The New Idea Woman's Magazine
Canadian Thresherman

CLASS C
Sunday at Home
Girls' Own Paper
Boys' Own Paper

CLASS D
Cassell's Magazine
Story Teller
Quiver
Chums
Girls' Realm
Little Folks
Building World
Work

CLASS E
Cosmopolitan
Success
The Argosy
All Story
Ocean
Everybody's Magazine
The Munsey
Technical World Magazine
McClure's Magazine

The Western Home Monthly and any	1	Periodical in Class	A	-	$1.00
" "	2	"	A	-	1.50
" "	1	"	B	-	1.50
" "	2	"	B	-	2.25
" "	1	"	C	-	1.70
" "	2	"	C	-	2.90
" "	1	"	D	-	1.90
" "	2	"	D	-	3 05
" "	1	"	E	-	2.10
" "	2	"	E	-	3.45

SPECIAL OFFERS

The Western Home Monthly - -	$1.00	The Western Home Monthly -	$1.00
American Review of Reviews - -	3 50	Winnipeg Weekly Free Press	1.00
Poultry Review - - - - -	.50	Nor'-West Farmer - - -	1.00
Toronto Weekly Globe - -	1.00		
All for $3.35	$6.00	All for $2.00	$3.00

BRITISH PUBLICATIONS

Let us send you an English paper and the "Western Home Monthly" to your friends at home. We have Special Rates on all British periodicals and quotations on any not given here will gladly be furnished on application.

The "Western Home Monthly" and any one of the following periodicals for one year for $2.35; any two for $3.60:—

Overseas Daily Mail
Royal Magazine
The London Magazine
Wide World Magazine
The Strand Magazine
Tit-Bits

Quotations on other periodicals on request.

Address: THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, Winnipeg, Man.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

and picture galleries, and at night she was too tired to talk much.

Marcia arose at four o'clock to keep the apartment in daintiest order and to do the cooking. The expense of going about made a sad inroad upon her very slender savings, but she steadfastly refused to allow her companion to pay a cent for her; that would have added unendurably to her sense of guilt--such queer nooks and cranies have all our consciences! Only once in the four days did she come near to the detection that she dreaded. Her only visitor was Mrs. Ellerton's maid, Maria, invited by Mrs. Leighton to relieve her loneliness. She turned the girl away at the door with the excuse that she had company, and that brought Mrs. Ellerton to the door at once, moved by a neighborly regard for Mrs. Leighton's interests.

"I'm sure that Mrs. Leighton wouldn't wish you to have company," she said with gentle severity. "She is very particular about that!"

When Marcia explained that the guest was Mr. Leighton's aunt, unexpectedly arrived from the country, Mrs. Ellerton expressed her regret that she was so busy with a guest of her own and the affairs of her various clubs that she could not call upon or entertain the old lady, as she would have liked to do in Mrs. Leighton's absence.

"I hope you are doing everything for her that Mrs. Leighton would wish to have done," she added doubtfully. (The maid Maria had naturally not given a very good account of Marcia.)

When the danger of Mrs. Ellerton was over not much remained. Only once did Aunt Lucretia—as she had told Marcia to call her—really embarrass her.

"You say so little about Kirk yourself, Helen, dear!" she said suddenly when the girl, with ready sympathy, had been laughing and crying over her funny and pathetic stories of her nephew's boy. Sometimes I am afraid—surely is nothing amiss between you, is there?" Her old voice shook with anxiety.

"Anything amiss?" faltered Marcia. "Oh, no. He never said an unkind word to me in his life!"

"It was true, but oh, how I hate you, Marcia Dole!" That was what she was inwardly ejaculating. And she cried herself to sleep that night. Aunt Lucretia was so simply confiding and affectionate it made the deceit seem actually brutal. If she had been like Mrs. Ellerton or Mrs. Leighton she would never have been brought to such depths of pentitence. It was a great relief when Monday morning came and she could put the old lady on the cars and receive the last messages for "Kirk."

"You have had a good time, haven't you?" she said wistfully. "I tried to make you!"

"How she will hate the thought of me when she knows!" she said to herself.

All the thin-skinned torment of being Mrs. Leighton's maid seemed as nothing beside self-contempt and dread of exposure. She went back to the apartment and donned her cap, quite forgetting that she had ever thought it a degradation. There seemed to poor Marcia's thoroughly awakened conscience no degradation now but the lie she had lived.

She sternly expressed the cowardly impluse to run away. When she had misbehaved as a child Marcia had always "owned up."

Mr. and Mrs. Leighton arrived home early in the morning. The mistress, weary and heavy-eyed, cast a hasty glance about the daintily neat apartment and gave the maid a careless commendatory word.

Mr. Leighton opened a letter that lay beside his plate and uttered an exclamation of pained surprise. The maid behind the coffee urn, who had seen the post-mark on the letter, turned pale.

"Poor Aunt Lucretia has pneumonia—is dangerously ill, they fear," he said. "What in the world does this mean?" he continued knitting his brows as he read. "Aunt Lucretia enjoyed her visit at your house very much, and has talked a great deal about the charm of your wife and the kindness and affection she showed to her. I think she was a little afraid that she shouldn't like her new city-bred niece Kirk, and she was delightfully disappointed. Although she went about so much while at your house she seemed only a little fatigued, but the fair coming so soon afterward was a strain, and she took a severe cold, which has developed into pneumonia, and the doctor fears for the worst. You know she has had a weak heart for a long time—"

"I must go to her at once, Helen!" Young Mr. Leighton started up, oblivious for everything but the necessity for haste.

"But what does Laura mean, Kirk, about your aunt's vistit to us and about my kindness and affection?" gasped Mrs. Leighton.

"Oh, Laura has got things mixed up some way! Aunt Lucretia probably went to see Gerald and his new wife," answered the man, intent upon the important thing.

"But how could she think—? Marcia, no one came—" Turning, Mrs. Leighton saw white distress in the face of her maid.

Marcia poured out the story, dwelling quite as much upon the flinging away of the dish cloth and cap as upon her pity for the old lady's weakness.

Mrs. Leighton's pretty pink and white face assumed a gorgon-like stare. The amazement in her husband's gave way to the uncontrollable mirthful contortions of the visage. Its monstrous—it's simply unbelievable!" cried the mistress. "And why in the world should you feel so? Haven't I always been kind to you?"

"Yes'm. It wasn't what I'd been used to and I let myself be a fool," said Mercia simply. "I—I haven't done you any real harm—it's the old lady that I feel the worst about!"—Marcia threatened to become hysterical now—"and I'll go right away!"

"No, you won't go away and leave me in this state—not until Mr. Leighton comes back from the country. You'll stay and do your work, but I don't want to see you or speak to you!"

Mrs. Leighton took the initiative in hysterics, as was her privilege, and retired to her room.

Marcia did her work in silence and felt that the penitentiary would be a welcome refuge.

Mr. Leighton returned on the sixth day, and Marcia, shut into the kitchen, heard what seemed to her an endless conclave between husband and wife. At length Mrs. Leighton, in a voice half-angry, half-tearfully, called her into the room.

"A perfectly dreadful thing has happened because—because of what you did!" she said. "Mr. Leighton's aunt is dead and she has left me ten thousand dollars, as she especially says, because I was so kind to her when she was here! She had a great many claims on her small fortune, and she wouldn't have left me anything if—if it hadn't been for what you did!"

Marcia felt a real grief for the old lady. Then there ran dully in her brain a couplet from her school copy-book: "Oh, what a tangled web we weave when first we practice to deceive."

"So, you see, I can't feel right about it," went on Mrs. Leighton, "and yet we don't want the other heirs to have it. And Mr. Leighton says I should feel better if I gave you a part of it—some of it—and if—if you will stay on I'll try to overlook it and—and make you happier."

Marcia's heavy face lightened a little, but she drew herself up very tall.

"I'm not one to take pay for acting like that!" she said firmly. "I've got more pay than I ought to have in knowing that—that I did give that dear old lady a little mite of comfort! As for staying—I've already promised to go home and keep house for old Doctor Fletcher, whose wife has had a shock."

"Is—is it a good place?" asked Mrs. Leighton, half-eagerly, half-doubtfully.

"Not so very, and I'm partly punishing myself," said Marcia stoutly. "The old doctor is pernickety, as we say in North Hebron, and he's stingy. But it's where nobody will look down on me because I work out! Anyhow, I'm going." And Marcia shut herself again into the kitchen.

"I meant to be kind to her and I made her feel awfully!" said little Mrs. Leighton in a puzzled tone. "I dont think she was very sensible but I mean, somehow, to try a different way with the next one."

The Great Fear.

By James Oppenheim.

ABOUT a dozen pieces of old furniture piled on top of the other at the edge of the pavement could mean but one thing. An ill-clad young man stopped to look. He stood shadowy and bowed on the wet gleaming pavement. The air was chill and a luminous fog rolled up and down the street, blurring the blue gold of the lights. A bit of the dull light lit the young man's face; one could see that his lips were blue, his mouth moving, and his eyes staring.

"The man"—so he thought half-aloud—"lost his job; the wife had to get out and work; the kids got ill; the man got ill; the whole lot starved and froze; and then"—he smiled bitterly—"they got the distress! Not for me."

He gazed silently at a broken bed, a straw mattress and a hard kitchen chair. His jaw squared and he jammed his hands into his trousers pockets. A fear—the Fear—which had dogged him for six months now seemed to grapple with him.

"Not for me!" he repeated fiercely.

He looked down the row of brilliant shop winodws through the dim air, and his eyes rested on the three brass balls of a pawn shop. Unsteadily the young man walked across the pavement, pushed open a flap door and slouched against a shining glass-topped counter in a dim jewel-littered room. The pawnbroker came down behind the counter, rubbing his sleek hands.

The young man spoke huskily:

"I want a revolver—cheap."

The pawnbroker looked him over and shrugged his shoulders. Then he opened a drawer and lifted out an ugly, short-barreled pistol a man could hide in his fist.

"How's this?"

The young man fingered it, narrowing his eyes and thinking sharply. His heart bounded. Would the man ask for his license?

"How much?"

"Seven bob."

The young man brought out a little yellow pay envelope, tore off one side, and pulled out half a sovereign. He clapped it down on the counter, and pocketed the pistol.

The pawnbroker whistled softly as he watched the young man go shuffling out into the misty evening.

He walked slowly away and turned into one of the shabby streets of the East End—cavernous, empty and dark in the mist. The high windowed walls looked blank; the gutter was muddy. Here poverty was squalid and bleak—lit by far-spaced meagre gaslights, fronted and backed by dull brick.

The young man shivered slightly and glanced about him like a hunted dog. Suddenly he stopped still, under a flaring blur of gaslight, and turned into a green, crumbling hall. It smelt damp, and it was dark and deep. He walked past the narrow stairway far to the rear of the ground floor. Again, in the darkness, he hesitated, his hand searching the wall. He found a door-knob—he shivered slightly—he walked into his home.

What struck him first, like a hot iron into his breast so that he felt like sobbing, was a low, sweet music, the cooing tones of a mournful, lovely voice. The bare dim kitchen-dining-room, with its rough table and old kitchener and naked gas jet, was small and warm. Under the tiny flame a young woman sat on a broken-backed chair, swaying back and forth with a little baby at her breast. The child uttered little stifled cries; the mother's bending face was very near it. The young man stood, gazing. And in that moment he loved as if he were starved for love—loved her brown light hair blown in wisps over her low forehead; loved her pale, hollow cheeks and her large mournful blue eyes; loved her thin, calloused hands: loved even the familiar faded calico.

The young wife, hearing him, said: "Hush!" without looking up, and warned him with a finger.

He stood, miserably swallowing at something in his throat, and then beyond his help a groan burst from his lips. His wife's face lifted under the light—startled, white, frightened. She rose with the child.

"Pete!" she cried, "you ain't—ill?"

His lips parted; he took two steps and flung his arms about her and the child, and half-sobbed:

"Annie! Annie! Annie!"

And suddenly he drew away from her. She clutched her child close as if he had threatened to steal it from her.

"Pete!" she whispered tensely, "you've—lost your job!"

He buried his face in his hands and groaned again. So—it had come at last—the frightful, long-expected moment. It was as if the floor beneath them cracked open and they were plunging a thousand miles into Blackness.... . . . When they next glanced at each other's face they saw plainly written there the Fear—the Great White Fear. This is a Fear, not of the yellow or black races, but of the factory-drilled whites alone—the fear of unemployment, of brokers'-men, of moneylessness. It gives a hunted look to a face; a man becomes a little white animal cowering in a corner.

The young wife felt the hurry to her heart of the mother-passion. What would happen to this little baby—her baby—her son? This little thing that cried so at her breast?

"Wait! wait!" she whispered sharply. "He's got to go to sleep! Don't make a sound!"

She glided into the small, dark bedroom, and as the young man crumpled up on a kitchen chair, his head against the little table, he heard her sweet, mournful voice singing the child to sleep. Why was he unwittingly forced to make his young wife suffer? What had she done? What had he done? They were honest! Good God, they were honest! They earned bread by the sweat of their brow; they had tasted poverty; yes, got all the taste out of it, up against the palate—the hot gall, the venom. Theirs had been a life sqeezed dry of luxuries; theirs had been a hard fight on hard food and hard hours. Yet all was well enough—all was splendid—splendid—save the Fear, the Fear that they went to bed with at night, the Fear they read in newspapers at breakfast, the Fear that sung in the factory machines all day. For these had been hard times—times of the Fear. And now—

Breaking into his bitter thoughts, came the light footsteps he knew so well. A hand was laid thrillingly on his shoulder; and her shrill voice roused him:

"Pete! don't you worry! Ain't we goin' to fight? It's all right, it's all right! Pete! Ain't we fighters? Now you tell me about it!"

The brave words sat him up straight. His fighting blood stirred; the saving power of anger, anger hot and strong, swept through him. And the wife calmly took a bit of sewing and sat down. He glanced a second at her parted lips, her flashing eyes. He raised a clenched fist and smote the table softly:

"Curse it! He"—she knew he meant the boss—"he turned off the last of us to-night. Said he was sorry—it's hard times. Was that my fault? We're slaves—slaves; this country'd better look out——"

A wild light came into his eyes, the light of revolution. His wife, looking quickly, spoke sharply:

"Don't you go talking that way, Pete! Things is bad enough!"

"Yes," he cried hotly, "who made 'em so? I? Was I honest? Was I skilful? Was I hard-working? Them"—she knew he meant the rich—"got their motors and yachts and palaces and servants,

Exhibition Announcement

Visitors to the Winnipeg Fair will find an interesting exhibit at our store on Smith Street, where we have a complete stock of **'Canada's Best Piano.'**

THE MARTIN-ORME

Our patrons and friends, and all readers of "The Western Home Monthly" will be made cordially welcome.

The Martin-Orme Instruments are noted for their superior tone and quality, and also for their handsome case design and durable construction.

For the best Pianos and Piano Players—come to see us or write us. A Piano bought at our store, not only assures you of the best, but will be actual dollars saved to you. Let us talk it over with you.

A. E. Soulis & Co.

328 Smith St. Winnipeg

Western Representatives Martin-Orme Pianos

Hardware Announcement

Change in Well-known Hardware Business ..

We have pleasure in informing the many customers of the McDonald, Fleming Co., Portage Avenue, Winnipeg, that we have taken over their Mail Order business and we respectfully solicit a continuance of their esteemed patronage.

SPECIAL FOR JULY

Prices $29.50 and $49.00

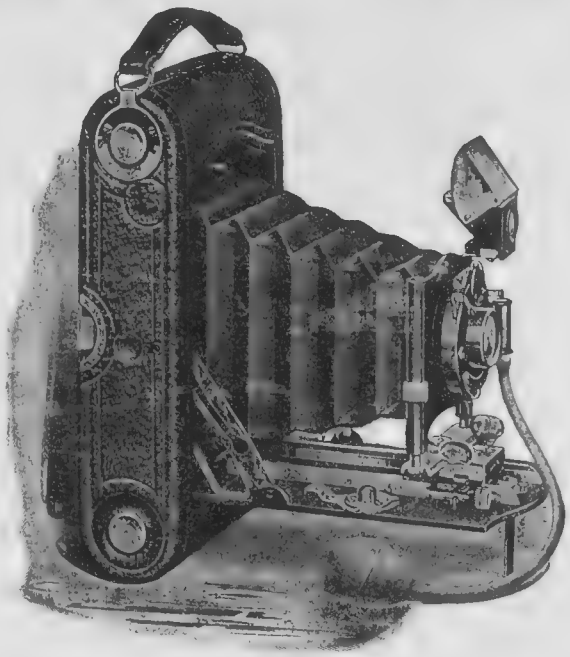
Stump Pullers No 2. for either 1 or 2 horses; will pull 12 inch stump. Price $29.50. No. 4, for 1 or 2 horses, will pull 36 inch stump. Price $49.00.

Write for quotations on Wire Fencing and Barbed Wire.

McGavin-Lennox Co. Limited

Mail Order House, Dept. A, 103 Osborne St., Winnipeg

Take a Kodak With You



We say "Kodak" advisedly. We do not merely mean Camera, but the particular make of Camera that bears the trade-mark "Kodak." The satisfactory results that it has given to our customers justify us in specifying "Kodak".

Your vacation will mean more to you if you Kodak. Not only more pleasure at the time, but afterwards, the added pleasure that will come from the pictures. Let us show you how simple it is by the Kodak system. Our stock is very complete and we are always glad to give photographic help to any amateur.

If in the City during Exhibition week call and let us demonstrate the KODAK to you.

Free illustrated Kodak Catalogue, and Finishing Price List mailed upon application.

Steele Mitchell Limited

213 Rupert Avenue, three doors west of Main Street.

WINNIPEG - - MANITOBA

Notice to Subscribers!

The Subscription price of the Western Home Monthly is $1.00 per annum to any address in Canada, or British Isles. The subscription price to foreign countries is $1.00 a year, and within the City of Winnipeg limits and in the United States of America $1.25 a year

Remittances of small sums may be made with comparative safety in ordinary letters. Sums of one dollar or more it would be well to send by registered letter, P.O. Money Order or Express Money Order.

Postage Stamps will be received the same as cash for the f actional parts of a dollar, and in any amount when it is impossible for patrons to procure bills. We prefer those of the one cent or two cent denomination.

Change of Address.—Subscribers wishing their addresses changed must state their former as well as new address. All communications relative to change of address must be received by us not later than the 20th of the preceding month. That is to say if you want your address changed for the July issue, we must hear from you to that effect not later than June 20th.

When you renew be sure to sign your name exactly the same as it appears on the label of your paper. If this is not done it leads to confusion. If you have recently changed your address and the paper has been forwarded to you, be sure to let us know the address on your label.

Address all letters to—

THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.

[*To be cut out on the dotted lines.*]

Special Subscription Order Blank.

.....1911

The **Western Home Monthly,**

Herein find $.....c..... to pay for.....years' subscription to Western Home Monthly.

Name .....

P.O. ..... *Province* .....

Street or Box No......

A remittance of $2.00 for 3 years' subscription does not include any premium

hard times or no hard times. We're the slaves. Don't you cross me, girl—I say, slaves. Free? Free, how? Free to starve, beg, die—that's all! They've got the pay-envelopes, ain't they? Well, we got to feed out of their hands, and if they ain't a mind to feed us, what then? Eh?"

She spoke more sharply:

"That sort o' talk ain't goin' to pay the rent. You stop it and look out for a job."

He looked at her terribly and smote the table again:

"Annie, there ain't a job in my trade in the city!"

She shivered in spite of herself. He spoke the truth. She swallowed hard:

"You've—got to do something!"

"What? Come, now, what've I got to do?"

"Anything—any job."

"Ain't there thousands looking?"

"But, Pete, you're strong and young—"

"Not so strong, not so young as you think."

In the silence they heard the motor-'bus hooters wailing against the fog. In a lodging opposite a child was crying loudly. A grey chill seemed to settle about their hearts. They were alone in the Desert of the City. Millions of souls wove their warm lives about them—on the floor above, in the street outside, up and down the city, and over the bridges. Shops were full of food and clothes; there were houses enough for a million more souls; trains and ships swept in with floods of riches; factories poured out produce. A great city of civilization, well-lit, sanitary, secure, towering its wealth into the very skies, held them in its mighty heart. Yet they were on a Robinson Crusoe Island. They were exiles in their own city. The huge machine in whirling had thrown them out into the gutter. The race said to them: "Not wanted." They were in a prison without a jailer to bring them food and keep them warm—the prison of the Great White Fear. For a moment they avoided each other's eyes. They were panic-stricken—an unreasoning terror rushing the blood to their heads. They knew they could not help themselves, though in the midst of plenty. Something had gone wrong with the world. But who was to blame? The Master, squeezed by hard times? The Man? Who?

Silently they sat in the dim room, gazing upon the floor, and then at last the young wife spoke tremblingly:

"How much have you got?"

There was a moment's silence:

"Here!"

He pulled out the yellow envelope and handed it to her. She grasped it with feverish hands, and suddenly looked at him.

"It's torn, Pete!"

He looked at the table, and mumbled: "Yes."

Something like a pang bit her heart. She pulled out the coins.

"Pete, there's only a pound—there ought to be another——"

He half-closed his eyes:

"I spent seven bob."

"For what?" Her tone was frightened: it shook him.

He could stand the strain no longer. He suddenly rose, and for the first time since the child came, snarled at her.

"It's none o' your business! Shut up!"

Out into the back bedroom he swung. Somehow he stumbled against the crib. Soft light from the kitchen fell on the sleeping child. He leaned close. Hard times indeed had come; he had wronged his wife; she too was suffering. He softly felt his pocket for the lump of cold steel.

Then he fell to brooding on the baby's face. Sleep is an elemental thing, full of awe. The breathing of the child came very tenderly; the blue transparent lids were softly shut; the dark little head was bent back, the little hands stuck up in the air with helpless waxen fingers. It was his child, his own son, fast asleep. Mystery of sleep! Mystery of fatherhood! He gazed, and his mood strangely softened. The tears choked his throat. He turned away; he staggered slowly into the kitchen; he sank on the chair at the table; he lowered his head on his hands, and he cried softly like a little child.

"I wish the kid had never been born!" he sobbed.

The woman's arms were about him, soft and comforting, and her voice murmured a hundred meaningless things in his ear.

But he sobbed: "It's no world for a poor little kid!"

Yet he drew her close, he lifted his face to hers, and, looking in each other's eyes, they smiled tenderly, luminously. Their hearts filled with love. They were marvellously soothed and calmed.

"Pete," smiled the young wife, "we're goin' to fight, ain't we? We're fighters, Pete! Ain't we goin' to fight?"

"Yes, Annie!" he laughed, "like the devil!"

* * * * *

The hunt began early next morning—the hunt for the job. The hunter, however, is really the hunted. Now and then he bares his skin to the unthinking glows of the world, and runs off to hide himself in the crowd. You may see him bobbing along the turbulent man-currents of the Strand, a tide-tossed derelict in the shadows of the buildings. The mob about him is lusty with purpose, each unit making his appointed place, the typist to her machine, the broker to his office. In the mighty machine of the city each has his place, each is provided for, each gets the glow of sharing in the world's work. The morning rush, splashed at street crossings with the gold of the eastern sun, is rippled with fresh eyes and busy lips. They are all in the machine. But our young man is not of these; slinking down Fleet Street, he is aware that the machine has thrown him out, and he cannot get in. He is an exile in the midst of his own people. The sense of loneliness and inferiority eats the heart out of the breast; the good of life is gone; the blackness soaks across the city and into his home, his love, his soul.

Some grow bitter and are for throwing bombs; some despair and are for throwing themselves away; some—the rank and file—are for fighting to the last ditch. Peter pendulated between all three of these moods.

In ordinary times he would have been all fight; in these hard times, drenched with the broadcast hopelessness of men, he knew he was foredoomed to defeat. Only a miracle could save him.

Trudging up New Bridge Street he made his way along the Embankment, fresh with Annie's kisses and the baby's pranks. Then he had the last bit of daring dashed out of him by a strange crowd of men.

It was a curious gathering. Packed in a mass were forty unemployed workers, jammed crowd-thick about a large cart. It was fresh weather, not cold, yet the men shivered. Their bodies had for long been unwarmed by sufficient food or clothing; there was a greyness about them as of famished wolves; their lips and fingers were blue; they were unshaven and frowsy with some vile sleeping-place. Hard times had blotched the city with a score of such groups. And as Peter stopped and imagined himself driven at last among them, he noticed a burly fellow in the cart handing out charity bowls of hot coffee and charity bread. Peter, independent British workman, was stung at the sight; the souls of these workers were somehow being outraged: they were eating out of the hands of the comfortable, like so many gutter dogs.

The rest of the morning Peter dared now and then to present himself at an office to ask work. At some places he tried boldness, at others meekness, and at last he begged, "For God's sake, I have a wife and baby——" He met with various receptions at the hands of clerks, office boys, and managers. A few were sorry, some turned their backs, the rest hurried him out. Each refusal, each "not wanted in the scheme of things," shot him out into the streets, stripped of another bit of self-reliance. In spite of himself, he began to feel his poor appearance, his drooping lip, his broken purpose.

He was a miserable failure, and the world could not use him. He hardly dared to look a man in the eyes, to lift his voice above a whisper, to make a demand, to dare a refusal. He slunk home at last like a cowed and beaten animal.

SEE US AT THE WINNIPEG EXHIBITION

A READY-MADE HOUSE

FOR **$650.00** F.O.B. WINNIPEG

Built in warm, weather tight Sections : : : **ABSOLUTELY WARM**

Contains 5 large rooms, pantry and clothes closet

Model D, 10. 5 Rooms. Size 18x30 feet. Verandah 6x18. Roof and Verandah Shingled.

Ready to put right on the ground with very little labor. Is shipped so that it can be loaded on ordinary wagons. We have buildings from $150.00 up. We can build from your own plan at our regular prices.

Low Freight Rates to all Points. We build houses of all descriptions.

WINTER HOUSES SUMMER HOUSES CHURCHES SCHOOLS STORES OFFICES WAREHOUSES GARAGES BANKING OFFICES BARNS POULTRY HOUSES AND EVERY DESCRIPTION OF SECTIONAL AND READY-MADE HOUSES FOR ALL CLIMATES AND COUNTRIES.

We build Churches for all denominations and at all prices. Write for further particulars.

Size of main building 18x30 ft. Vestry 7x7. Porch 6x6. Seating capacity 56 people. Price $1,150, F.O.B. Winnipeg.

WEIR BUILDING COMPANY LIMITED

Dept. 15, 403 Builders Exchange Phone Main 3708 Winnipeg, Man.

It was two in the afternoon. Wearily he pushed open the door, and stood in the dancing sunlight on the kitchen floor. At the window, in dazling light, Annie was tucking the baby in the little shiny go-cart. She looked up anxiously and saw his stricken white face and the limp body with the life gone out of it.

She glided over to him; she hushed his complaining lips with a kiss; she crowded him in a chair and brought him food; she let the full measure of her love go warming through him. Like the true mother-wife, she prattled on about the baby, archly drawing smiles to his taught lips, and at last she induced him to walk out with her in the sunny afternoon.

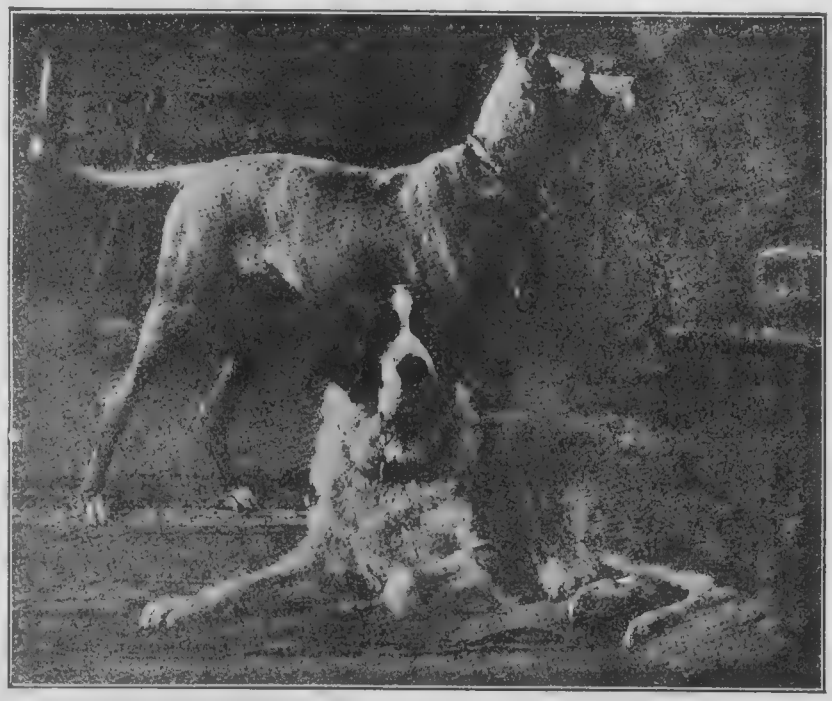
They walked till they came to one of those little breathing spaces in the heart of London, hemmed in grey church walls and mouldering tombstones; little spaces in which the breen of the trees seems the fresher by reason of its surroundings. And, sitting on a hard bench, and pushing the go-cart out and in and listening to the chirp-chirp of the grubby little birds above him, a strange sense of a God in things swept his brain and a mood eternal with life and death and mystery possessed him. He had never been religious; but now his heart opened out to the undercurrent of all the hurling worlds, and he was softened, subdued to Nature, and, for the time being, calm and ready.

* * * * * *

So went the days until the money dwindled away—the mornings of humiliation, the afternoons of peace. Annie was roused to her full strength; they ate their money penny by penny; they resolutely forgot the little daily pleasures. And yet within two weeks there was nothing left. Peter was up before dawn each morning to answer advertisements, but each time he was one of a hundred men storming one job. Several times the employer had to call the police to disperse the mob of the unemployed. There was work nowhere; men hung feverishly to their jobs; ordinary men did extraordinary work; only those were discharged whose positions were squeezed out by the lack of work. And so Peter was buffeted about in the whirlpool, cuffed by the whirlwind—a useless bit of humanity. His misery became more numb and callous; the pain of it grew less and less; but so did the man. He was acquiring the tramp-soul, the vagrant heart. He grew careless of how he looked or where he drifted. He was sinking down from social stratum to social stratum; he was slowly being engulfed by the Undertow, the Underworld of Crime and Vagrancy that is the quicksand foundation of the modern city, over which the strong world towers like a house of cards.

When he came home, numb, white, sullen, Annie's silent Fear grew day by day. All that was left in the home now was love, and that was endangered. Peter was morose and harsh and unresponsive. The little city churchyard, which at first was the saving touch, now made him impatient. Tramp-restlessness had seized him. He could not sit still on a bench and be quiet with the sparrows.

It was a night of a wild storm when the crisis came. All afternoon he had been meditating on two things. One was flight from his wife and child, flight from the hyena city, flight from the burden. The other was the lump of steel in his pocket that could be hidden in a man's fist. This last meant flight from everything, including himself.



Expectation.

The low back kitchen was dim with a flickering gaslight, the wild storm beat with gusts of washing rain down the sealed windows; the gale roared through the passages, slamming doors, and in the dimness at the small centre table Annie and Peter ate a meagre supper of bread and foul coffee. Each time they moved the floor creaked weirdly. Now and then a burst of noise swept down the chimney as if to smother them.

They were drunk with despair—the young wife thin, hollow-cheeked, unkempt, biting slowly at a crust of bread; the lean, white-faced man sitting, head on hand, sullen and absorbed in his mood. He was thinking of death. Face to face with it, he was going through a Hamlet-soliloquy in terms of a British workman. What was he facing, so common, so universal, so inevitable, so inscrutable? The vast mystery of his own life wrapped him like a rising ocean. He that was sitting there, alive in every nerve, brain thinking, hands moving, heart beating, what would happen to him if he lifted the lump of steel and emptied one of its chambers into his skull? There was but a film, after all, between this world and the next. Did it matter if he faced the Thing, had it out with the Thing now, or a few years later? Didn't it all come to the same in the end? The world did not want him. Why should he want the world? They must be rid of each other.

Into this soliloquy broke his wife's voice, and yet as if from far away:

"Peter."

"Yes."

"Peter!"

"What do you want?" Sullen, defiant.

"PETER!" She suddenly bowed her head, and the weeks of terror had their pay. She sobbed wildly.

He looked at her stupidly. Why cry, when it was all the same in the end?

She lifted her face—wild with sobs.

"Peter—you've got to speak to me—

this—this has got to stop! It will drive me crazy!"

In the moment's silence, her strange sobs chimed in with the swashing blows of the rain and the noise of the chimney. They were in the deepest pit in a world of desolation.

Peter shifted uneasily and mumbled in a numb voice:

"Well—well——"

He had never seen his wife in this frantic state. She lifted her head again, and her words came sharp, hot, and flew wild:

"I can't stand it—I can't—I can't! You've changed—you don't love me, Peter—you don't love the baby either—what is it? Are you going to kill yourself? Are you going to leave us? What did we do to you? Haven't I tried to help you a little bit at least? I'm a poor fool—I'm a poor fool of a woman—oh!"

He bit his lips automatically put his hand in his pocket and clutched the cold lump of steel. His wife put her two hands to her face—hers was exquisite misery at that moment. She spoke in a low wail:

"Oh, what have we done that we must suffer this way? And the baby"—she lowered her voice and spoke in an intense whisper—"he's going to be ill—he's going to die! And you," she cried wildly, "you're his father—you're my husband! Why don't you act like a man!"

Anger touched him:

"Have I hunted for a job or not? Get one yourself, if it's easy as talking."

She looked at him, startled, white—a new light dawning across her storm-tossed brain. She paused a moment; she caught his eyes; she spoke straight into him, making him quiver.

"I will, Peter!"

Something shocked hot and cold through him.

"You'll—you'll—— What'll you do?"

"I'll get a job—there's lost of jobs as servants. I'll get a job!"

His jaw fell.

"You!"

She rose to her fet unsteadily.

"I'm tired; I'm going to bed."

And she crawled to her place beside her child. For long hours Peter sat, head in his hand, a vague new trouble stirring his heart into life, a new and vaster sense of tragedy and ruin, a feeling of the moral order of the world upset, of something sacred gone from life. And the storm blew about the tenement, sounding the dirge of the flight of human souls.

* * * * * *

At five the next morning, the sleeping man was roused by his wife. He sat up, and in the grey, glimmering light saw Annie standing at the bedside with the baby in her arms. She spoke sharply,

"Peter! quick! I want to show you! Wake up!"

She laid the baby on the bed, and again and again showed him how to dress and undress him. She did not notice his sullen listlessness, but spoke on and on, giving endless directions about the bottle of milk and the baby's outing and sleep. The baby lay at the foot of the bed cooing and fondling its feet. Suddenly Annie turned from it, seized Peter by both hands, leaned near, and looked in his eyes.

"Peter, I'm trusting you with the best of my life—with all I've got—my flesh and blood and——" She stopped. 'Promise me"—her voice rose hysterically—"promise me, you'll do nothing rash—that you'll act like a man—Peter—that I can trust you!"

He was silent, his eyes on the baby!"

"Peter," she half-screamed, "promise me!"

"Oh, I'll promise," he mumbled.

She bent suddenly, kissing him on the lips; a tear splashed his hand. A moment later she was hugging and hugging her baby. And then she was gone and the door shut softly.

Peter was much perturbed; he had a desire to sob; something tough and hard and callous, knotted life a cancer about his heart, began to dissolve away. But he crawled out of bed, laid the baby in its crib, and slipped into his clothes. Then a busy time began for him. He felt curously weak and empty, like a mere tottering shell of a man. It was hunger and cold and sickness and the Great White Fear. And it was something new, the sense of the sacred done out of life.

He began his work, however, with a grim touch of humour. He was a poor sort of mother at best, and of late he had been a poor sort of a father. He tussled along with the child's cries, rocking him, walking him, mumbling foolish words over the little head. Finally he got the milk, and stilled the child by overfeeding it.

And then the long day begun. It was a grey, cold day, but rainy fresh with the night's storm, and at ten that morning there was seen, cutting through squalor and mud to the little churchyard, a thin, sick, pale young man, wheeling a go-cart. He walked alone, shuffling his feet, and leaning heavily over the handle. There had been no breakfast but a crust of bread, and he felt sick, sick through and through, nauseous, fever-shaken.

He doubled up weakly on a bench and pushed the go-cart out and in. And then the unbidden, terrible thoughts began to tramp, tramp, tramp across his brain. He knew now that he was no "master of his fate"; the vast forces of the world, the interplay of human souls, the sweep of events, the cyclone of life, were all bearing him against his will to strange issues. Somehow he had been caught in a cataract and swept away. Even now, at the great moment of decision, his hands were tied. The only freedom he had was the freedom to die; this was the moment; this was the only act he could do to regain his mastery. And he had rashly promised this away. To that end?

And then bitterly the tramping thoughts flashed across his brain, scene after scene, mood after mood, of his earlier life. He was back in the moonlit streets of summer, where he and Annie used to walk, and this world was the pure magic; the evenings that were the true dawn of life. And he was back to his pride of independence, the pride that prompted him to ask her to be his wife, to be the mother of his children. They had not expected an easy life; they were not used to that. But they had expected and entered into a warm little kingdom, a snug fairyland of Home, only two rooms, but Annie in them. And his greatest pride had been that he was the man, that he was the breadwinner, that Annie was free to be a wife and mother. The coming of the child had eaten up his savings, but there was left his strength his skilled hands, his ambition, and his deep love.

At this thought the poor young man doubled over deeper, and had to stifle his sobs.

And now? Events in which he had no part had suddenly broken his life to pieces. No one was to blame. So the world moved, and in moving, crushed. And it had mercilessly crushed him, not only physically but—he sat up suddenly—his mind aghast. He was face to face with his mutilated heart.

And now Annie had gone out to be the Man, and he had stayed home to be the Woman. This, then was the sacred something, that had been lost. He felt dimly, though there was no clear thinking, that the most sacred part of their marriage was that he was the man and she the woman, that the world-struggle fell to him, the home-struggle to her—a relationship touched sacred by a million human years up from the very cave of the first man—something so ingrained in human bone and flesh that it was nearly as sacred as the more ancient love. Would it not have been better to kill himself than to let the marriage be killed?

* * * * * *

It was supper time. The poor man had cradled his baby in his arms until the little one slept. Then tenderly, very tenderly, with eyes gone blind, he had laid the few pounds of human flesh in the crib. He was strangely changed. He wandered weakly up and

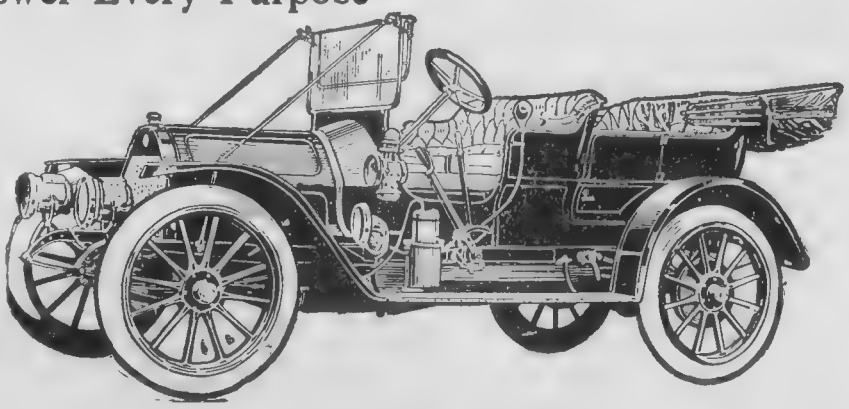
The Best Cars You Can Buy

That Means You Get in Either of These Cars the Greatest Value for Your Money —Cars That Answer Every Purpose

SUCCESSFUL business men, farmers and ranchers who know the value of their time, realize the worth of a motor car. It saves them time—which is money to any hustling business man—saves labor and saves money.

These two cars have all the advantages of much more expensive cars and are the most popular cars among farmers and ranchers in the West to-day. Cars that will do three and four times the work of three teams and do it quicker at less cost—besides all the pleasure you can get out of them.

Over 350 Reo Cars sold already this season.

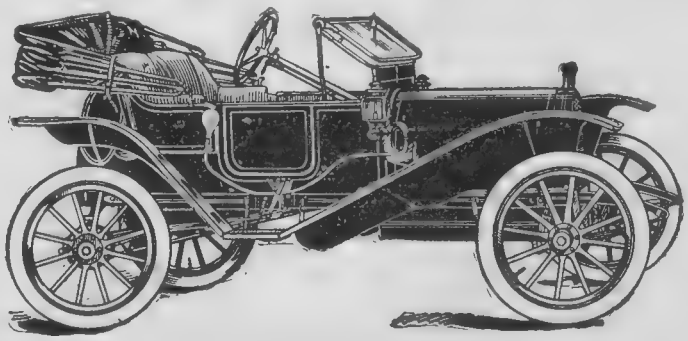


Reo Fore-Door Touring Car

The Reo has the Greatest Record of any Car in its Class

It is the proven car of reliability. The car that goes anywhere, good weather or bad, level roads or steep grades—day time or night time. It has proven itself the never-failing car in its run across the Continent from New York to San Francisco. Also New York to Los Angeles, lowered the record by two weeks. August 30 to September 8. Kansas City Star Reliability Run, 1565 miles; the Reo defeated every car in the contest, nine of which were from $2000 to $2850. September 16, climbing Mt. Hamilton, 24½ miles to an altitude of 4200 feet, beating the previous world's record by ten minutes. October 15, in a 50 mile race the Reo defeated a higher priced car, well known for its racing record, by ten miles. Reo time 57 minutes 43 seconds, over a very sandy course. October 17, Kansas City Magazine Cup Run—1000 miles over a very difficult road. Reo defeated everything in its class and finished in the best mechanical condition of all the cars in the run.

But please don't lose sight of the importance of PROOF in a motor car. The Reo has plenty of proof. Write for booklets.



Hupmobile Fore-Door Runabout

The Famous Hupmobile Guaranteed for Life

Since the Hupp Motor Car Company have opened their branch in Windsor, Ontario, the demand for Hupmobiles has greatly increased, because the prices now are lower—much lower—in Canada. And, remember, the flawless reputation of the Hupmobile, not only with whom cost must cut a figure but also with men of wealth and automobile experience everywhere. A better little car is not made anywhere in the wide world.

Runabout $900, Four Passenger Touring Car $1075; which includes complete equipment, fore-doors, top, windshield, gas lamps and generator.

JOSEPH MAW & CO., LIMITED

Distributors, Winnipeg, Man.

down the dim kitchen. He forgot how hungry he was, how empty and fever-stricken.

His heart, his mind, his soul, were yearning for Annie. He hungered for her; the sight of her mournful blue eyes, the pathetic, old-known hollowness of her cheeks, the touch of her hands. The world had crippled him and driven her from her home; they were both greatly wronged; he was becoming a mere woman, and she a man. But who could help it? There was that little baby in the crib! One had to care for him, one had to give all up utterly, as Annie had done, that one young soul might live and grow and be sunned into a man. One had to sacrifice even a bit of manhood.

He walked up and down, hungering for his wife. He stopped to listen to each sound. He did not wonder any more why life is, or death is, or pain is. He knew—that love is.

And then, at last, startling him in spite of his expectancy, the door burst open and Annie rushed in. Twilight had come, and the room was ghostly and grey. Just for a moment, glimmeringly, at the hearth he stood, irresolute, drinking in each feature of her face, loving fiercely the light brown hair blown in wisps over the low forehead; the large blue eyes, now flashing so strangely; the deep cheeks, now so darkly coloured, the whole woman dim and soft in the twilight. And then it came over him that she was sparkling with excitement. And he noticed that she carried two bulging paper bags.

"Peter!" she cried, the "baby—how is he?"

He could hardly speak; he blurted.

"He's—all right—and you—did you get it?"

She put down the bags.

"Supper, Pete!" she cried in an exhilarating voice, that swept electricity through him. "Supper!"

She rushed and flung her arms about him.

"Pete, Pete! I got it! I've got a job! It's a half-crown a day. A grand house over near Lincoln's Inn. Peter! Ain't it glorious, Pete?"

He humbly drew her close, and then the experiences of the day overmastered him. The growing mood of the long weeks broke its ice and went pell-mell down the valleys of April. He heaved terribly, his shoulders wrenched—wrenched—his head went down on her shoulder—he knew not what he was doing, but the long, unnatural man-sobs shook through the darkening room.

"Pete!" she cried, taking him closer and closer. "It's all right! Everything's all right! Don' you feel that way about it! I love the work, honest, I do; and we can live, Pete! We can wait. Better times are coming!"

He laughed through his sobs weirdly.

"You're the man of the two of us. You're the fighter!"

"Don't you believe it, Pete!" she cried. "But hurry; light up big and blazing; set the table. I've got—what you love best—guess—guess——"

"What," he mumbled, "tripe?"

"And onions," she cried.

He kissed and kissed her like a man possessed, the big tears on his twitching cheeks. He stroked and stroked her cheek softly; he held her face away to look into it with lustrous eyes, its shades of love and fondness. And then, softly, he whispered:

"Wait a minute, wait a minute!"

Swiftly he slouched through the darkness to the square of window, stained with the few lights back of the yards. He raised it, his figure black against it, he drew secretly from his pocket a lump of steel hidden in his fist, he reached out his hand and opened it—and listened. Something hard hit the pavement of the back yard.

And Annie, bustling about with the supper, though the tears streamed, pretended that she did not hear.

But he stood gazing on the first star in the far-flushed skies, the evening star, and he knew and Annie knew, by some strange vast tide of light through their hearts, that the Great White Fear had been flung out of the window, and was gone forever.

Of course there would be hard times and good times, there would be new exilings and new haunts, but they had learned how to fight, to fight in team with all the strength of man and woman married. They had won their roof and their crust.

The "Everitt" Car at the Industrial Fair.

A full showing of this car which is particularly adapted for the Western country wil be made by Tudhope, Anderson & Co., Ltd., who offer the "Everitt" in the West. Both Mr. R. Tudhope, of Orillia, the manager, and Mr. Logie, the sales manager, will be at the fair in Winnipeg, where they will be glad to meet both buyers and dealers. The "Everitt" car has made great advances in the North-West, although only introduced into Canada this year by the Tudhope interests, who manufacture it wholly in Canada and save buyers the duty charges.

Field Crops in Canada.

Ottawa, June 10. A bulletin of the Census and Statistics Office issued today states that the season this year has been favorable for field crops in all parts of Canada, and excellent reports have been received from all the provinces. The lowest percentage of condition is made for fall wheat, which suffered from inadequate protection in the winter months, and also to some extent from spring frosts. The areas of fall wheat are greater than last year by 4.50 per cent., and of spring wheat by 13.70 per cent. The total area in wheat is 10,503,400 acres, as compared with 9,294,800 in 1910 and 7,750,400 in 1909. The per cent. condition of fall wheat at the end of May was 80.63, and of spring wheat 96.69. The area in oats is 10,279,800 acres and its condition 94.76, as compared with 9,864,100 acres and 93.95 per cent. condition last year. Barley and rye each show a small decrease in area, but the condition is higher than at the same period last year. Slight decreases are also reported for areas of peas, mixed grains, and hay and cover, with per cent. condition of over 90. Hay and clover have a reported condition of 91.45 for the Dominion, being practically 100 in Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. The area of the field crops named is 32,051,500 acres for 1911, compared with 30,554,200 acres for 1910 and 28,194,900 acres for 1909. In the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta the area in Wheat, oats and barley was 3,491,413 acres in 1900, 6,009,389 acres in 1905, 11,952,000 acres in 1909, and 13,809,300 acres in 1910, and it is 15,355,500 acres this year. The increase of these crops from 1900 to 1911 was 2,663,699 acres in Manitoba, 7,364,315 acres in Saskatchewan and 1,863,073 acres in Alberta.

Not So Wide of the Mark Either.

The class had taken up the subject of the rulers of the world. The President of the United States, the King of England, and their powers and functions had been discussed.

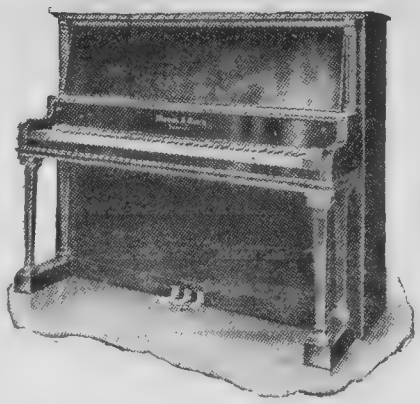
Suddenly the teacher said, "Now, Willie, what's a kaiser?"

"A kaiser," replied the absent-minded Willie, whose long suit was geography instead of political history, "is a stream o' hot water springin' up and disturbing the earth."—R. Rochester.

It Will Prevent Ulcerated Throat.—At the first symptoms of sore throat, which presages ulceration and inflamation, take a spoonful of Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil. Add a little sugar to it to make it palatable. It will allay the irritation and prevent the ulceration and swelling that are so painful. Those who were periodically subject to quinsy have thus made themselves immune to attack.

Melody and Sympathy

Easy Payments Arranged to suit



Pianos Within the Reach of Everyone

Mason & Risch
Pianos and Player Pianos

The graceful lines of beauty that attract the eye in the Mason & Risch pianos give a fair idea of the tone quality that enchants the cultivated ear. With the sonorous depth and volume of the tone is a melodious sweetness all its own. Responsive to the slightest variation of touch, its sympathy with the mood of the artist is one of its marked characteristics. There is abundant reason for its use in all music loving homes of our land.

To those to whom the hand-played instrument has to remain a "silent" and ornamental piece of furniture we have the MASON & RICH PLAYER-PIANO, embodying all the latest mechanical devices for the most perfect rendition of all the music of the ages, to offer. No one who is unfamiliar with this instrument can have a conception of what a source of unending pleasure it is. The Player-Piano endows you with the ability of the master musicians, and gives you the satisfaction of personally producing music, with a nicety of expression that fits exactly your mood of the moment.

Added to this our large Library of Pianola Music—Universal, Metrostyle and Themodist—bring all the music within your grasp, from the latest musical hits of the season, such as:—

"The Chocolate Soldier" "Dr. de Luxe"
"Hen Pecks" "The Parisian Model"
"The Pink Lady" "Little Miss Fix-It"

to the works of Paderewski and Beethoven and all the Classics.

For the purpose of giving all those visiting our city an opportunity during Exhibition Week of inspecting and hearing our instruments we have placed on the floors of our warerooms an exceptionally heavy stock of Pianos and Player-Pianos. We therefore extend a most cordial invitation to all visitors to call and hear for themselves the tonal excellence of our instruments. Your visit entails no obligation to purchase but when during the heat and hurry of the Exhibition you feel that you need a little relaxation and the solace of some good music, our courteous attendants will be only too pleased to demonstrate to you the qualities in our Pianos and Player-Pianos that have made them leaders in tone, durability and reliability.

Bargain Department

We always have **Used Pianos** of the best known makes that have been taken in exchange, and these we can offer at prices that will appeal to the buyer, who, wishing an instrument, yet feels that he cannot afford the higher priced Pianos. We also have a few **Player Pianos** that have been used but a short time for demonstration purposes, which we can offer at prices that will appeal to you. If you will do us the honor of calling at our warerooms we feel sure that we can meet your needs, in the musical line, if we are but given the opportunity.

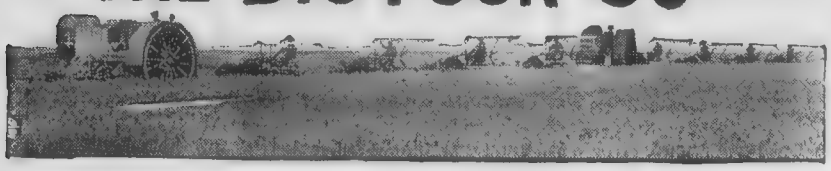
Our Booklet **"Inside Information"**—which tells the whole story of our instruments—supplied on request.

The Mason & Risch Piano Co., Ltd.

Factory Branch: 356 Main Street, Winnipeg

"The Only Piano Store on Main Street"

Heat And Flies Don't Rile THE BIG FOUR "30"



HORSES are a mighty inefficient harvesting power. The hot summer weather and vicious flies rile the poor brutes so they simply cannot do their work properly.

THE BIG FOUR "30," a gasoline driven, steel, "Giant Horse," will pull five binders and walk steadily and tirelessly through your field—without a care for weather or flies—never stopping—never heating—always ready for more work. It makes positive and sure an operation that with another power is more or less of a gamble.

It Pays to Get Gas Traction Sense

Gas Traction sense is simply knowing how effectively you can use THE BIG FOUR "30" for every form of traction or stationary farm work. If you farm 320 acres or more, you want to know all about THE BIG FOUR "30." You want to know how it practically does away with horses and hired help—how it makes possible the yearly sale of your entire crop instead or only 80% of it. It pays to have this knowledge. Get it at once.

TRADE MARK
THE BIG FOUR "30" The Giant Horse
GAS TRACTION COMPANY Minneapolis Minn. U.S.A.

This Trade Mark on a Traction Engine is a Guarantee of Satisfaction or No Pay.

Free Facts and Figures on

THE BIG FOUR "30"

We'll be mighty glad to send you a free copy of our beautifully illustrated 112 page booklet, "The Book of Gas Traction Engines" which is crammed with straight-from-the-shoulder facts and figures on gas traction operation—tells how The Big Four "30" comes to you subject to your approval, backed by a genuine "Golden Rule" guarantee. Get this full, free information to-day. Your name and address on a post card or slip of paper will do the trick. DO IT NOW.

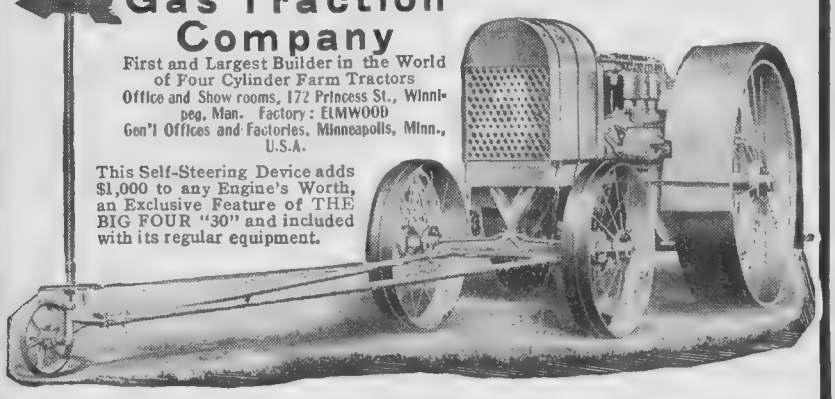
ABOUT OURSELVES

On June 1st the manufacturing plant and fixed assets of the Gas Traction Co., Ltd., of Winnipeg, became our property. We were the first and are to-day the largest builders of four-cylinder farm tractors in the world. Back of each engine we build stands a highly competent Service Organization whose one aim is to keep The Big Four "30" producing profitable results every moment its owner has use for it. We shall duplicate in Canada not only The Big Four "30," but also the Service Organization and the many other sterling features that have done much in the United States to make the name "Gas Traction Company" truly one to conjure with.

Gas Traction Company

First and Largest Builder in the World of Four Cylinder Farm Tractors
Office and Show rooms, 172 Princess St., Winnipeg, Man. Factory: ELMWOOD
Gen'l Offices and Factories, Minneapolis, Minn., U.S.A.

This Self-Steering Device adds $1,000 to any Engine's Worth, an Exclusive Feature of THE BIG FOUR "30" and included with its regular equipment.



IMMEDIATE DELIVERY, IF YOU WISH IT

Acorn Quality GALVANIZED CORRUGATED SHEETS

Guaranteed Not to Rust

For building Garages, Barns and Outbuildings

Write for Booklet

CLARE & BROCKEST LTD. 246 Princess Street Winnipeg

CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY

SUMMER EXCURSIONS

You can purchase round trip excursion tickets at greatly reduced fares, every day until September 30, to places in

EASTERN CANADA

either via all rail or via steamer between Fort William and Owen Sound.

5 MAGNIFICENT STEAMSHIPS 5

sailing from Fort William every Sunday, Tuesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday

You can also purchase round trip excursion tickets at greatly reduced fares every day until September 30, to all principal places on the

PACIFIC COAST

giving you an opportunity to visit the world-renowned resorts in the Canadian Rockies,

Banff -- Lake Louise -- Field -- Glacier

Stopovers allowed at all points. No side trips necessary to view the scenery, it can be seen from the train.

Standard and Tourist Sleeping Cars and Dining Cars
on all trains, affording all the comforts of home.

For complete information, fares and tickets apply to any
CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY TICKET AGENT
or write to

C. B. FOSTER,
General Passenger Agent, C. P. R.

Scotch Column.

Conducted by William Wye Smith, Scottish expert on standard dictionary and Translator of "New Testament in Braid Scots," etc.

Church-Union. The Committees appointed respectively by the Established Kirk and the United Free Kirk, have each resumed their deliberations on church-union, and will present their reports to the Assemblies in May.

At Sir Walter Scott's table one day Lady Scott was speaking of someone who had met with great success in life, which she attributed to "good fortune." "Ah, Mamma," said Sir Walter, "you may say as you like, but take my word for it, 'tis skill leads on to fortune!"

"She has gien them green stockings," spoken when a girl is married before her older sisters.

A pleasant thing it is to mind
O' youthfu' days and things;
To pu' the fruit that on the tree
Of memory ripely brings!
To live again the happiest hours
Of happy days gone by;
To dream again, as I have dreamed,
When I was herdin' kye!
Robert Nicol.

Henry Bell, the British pioneer of steam navigation, launched the "Comet," the first commercially-successfully steamer in Europe, just a hundred years ago on the Clyde. And the Centenary of steam navigation is now being taken notice of in Scotland. Bell's birthplace in Torphichen is proposed to be repaired, and a memorial placed on it to his honor. Henry Bell was born in 1767; died 1830.

A Sculptor of considerable merit died lately at Partick, Mr. Charles B. Grassby. One of his works was the fine statue of Liberty in the Kay Park, Kilmarnock; also the sculpture on the Sailor's Home, Dundee, etc., etc. Mr. Grassby was 76 years of age.

Occassionally land comes into the market in Scotland, as other commodities do! A portion of the Westerhall estates of Sir Frederick Johnstone is to be offered for sale. The mansion of Westerhall, with over 11,000 acres, will be one lot. Then 16 farms, aggregating about 9,000 acres will be offered in separate lots. We are glad to see opportunities for acquiring land in fee simple. Lately an estate of 500 acres in Berwickshire was offered for sale by auction, and withdrawn, £18,000 being the final bid—£36 per acre.

I hae a wish I canna tine,
Thrang a' the rest that grieve me 'O:
I wish that thou wert ever mine,
And never mair to leave me, O!
Robert Tannahill.

The lost langsyne! O the lost langsyne!
The hopes that were yours, and the loves that were mine!
Hae shed a' their bloom like a flower i' the dwine,
Far, far awa' i' the lost langsyne!

Some Scotsmen pronounce "cheap" as "sheap." That was the way with old Tam Moffat who lived beside the Grand River, a mile or two below Galt, Ont. A Galt man used to tell this story: "Auld Tam Moffat saw a yoke of oxen at Galt Fair, and he said he thought they were sheep; and he bought them. But he wouldn't have bought them, only he thought they were sheep."

John Ewen was the author of one song, "The Boatie Rows." He was born at Montrose in 1741 and died in 1821. This song was a great favorite with Burns:

O weel may the boatie row,
And better may she speed;
And weel may the boatie row
That wins the bairns' breid!

The Gladstones are descended from Gladstane of Gladstane, near Biggar, in Lanarkshire. The last of the old family lands passed away from John Gladstane in 1688. The immediate father of the great William Ewart Gladstone was a merchant in Liverpool, where Gladstone was born in 1809. His son, Lord Gladstone, the present Governor of the "Union of South Africa," is officially described as "Of the County of Lanark," though he has no lands there.

Mining. The miners in Scotland urged long and vigorously for shorter hours. Now they have "eight hours," according to law. But many of them are dissatisfied. Probably both sides are disappointed in that both the amount of work and amount of wages are practically less than before.

We don't plough in winter, but they do in Scotland. Recently a ploughing match took place in Dumfriesshire, when 72 ploughs were going. Another match had 40 ploughs.

Uneasy lies a head that wears a crown." "Aye," said the Scotsman, "that was Wullie Shakspeare; Rabbie Burns wadna' hae said sic a foolish things as that. He kent vera weel that a king wadna gang to bed wi' his crown on! He wad hing it ower the back o' his chair!"

Insolvencies have sometimes a humorous side. A dairyman "failed" at Falkirk with liabilities of £40 and assets amounting to sixpence. He blamed the folk o' Falkirk for not paying up their little milk bills.

In several places in the Highlands they still keep the "old style" for New Year's Day. They hold it on the 13th. They are better chronologists than the Orangemen of Canada, who hold the Battle of the Boyne (1st July, O.S.) on the 12th.

Burns' father came from Forfarshire. And the people about Dundee claim the "Forfarshire" in his blood explains the genius of the man.

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door, and the chargers stood near,
So light to the croupe the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush and scaur.
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth Young Lochinvar.
Sir Walter Scott.

In spite o' a' I sing my sang,
And tho' I'm aften weary,
The better day to come ere lang
Aye keeps my courage cheery!
I look for mony a merry rant
Ere Death lets fling his arrow,
And not the least will be my jaunt
To see the braes o' Yarrow!
—James D Law.

Raggit folk and bonny folk are aye taen hand o'.

There's little to rue when traitors are true!

He that seeks trouble 'twere a pity he should miss it!

Hearts may 'gree, tho' heids may differ.

Everything has an end, and a 'puddin' has twa.

Mony a ane kens the gudefellow that dinna ken the guidfellow's wife!

"The man that kens na how till do gude, will never hae gude till ken."—Hately Waddell.

Facts are chiels that winna ding.

"There's less sand in your glass now than theer was yesternight!"—Samuel Rutherford.

Henry Brown was one of the original settlers in the Township of Arran, Co. Bruce, Ont. He played the violin, and entirely "by ear." He once instructed a young friend of mine thus: "Jack," said he, "when you're playing the fiddle, and you're afraid the tune's going to stick, just think of the words, and lay on the bow promiscuously!"

A village gravedigger on the Borders, appearing as an Italian, and in some flowing robe, had great success as a Fortune-teller; being able to tell both the past and the future of his patrons—and with much success financially—until he was found out.

O dear, dear Jeanie Morison,
The thochts o' bygane years
Still fling their shadows ower my path,
And blin' my een wi' tears.
They blin' my een wi' saut, saut tears,
And sair and sick I pine,
As memory idly summons up
The blythe blinks o' langsyne!
William Motherwell.

A Scotsman "fou." He was a ship returning from Jamaica, a precious cargo of spirits in its hold, and laboring heavily in the trough of the sea! R. E. Knowles.

Rev. Dr. Thomas Guthrie founded schools for poor boys and girls; and now Edinburgh is accused (in a Glasgow paper,) of not supporting them, while erecting a memorial to their founder.

Reforestation.

Some of the Scottish papers are discussing the question of "Reforestation." It is pointed out that large tracts of country were formerly covered with wood; and that planting them with timber would give more employment to men, and would "pay" the owners. If done on a large scale, and advance of funds by the Government might be necessary; as little income could be derived from "forest" land for the first twenty years.

Births, Deaths and Marriages. The "Glasgow Weekly Herald," which I take for the purpose of getting "Scotch items, contained by actual count, 161 of these announcements. And about othe same every week.

Our native Land—our native vale—
A long, a last adieu:
Farewell to bonnie Teviotdale,
And Cheviot's mountains blue!
We seek a wild and distant shore,
Beyond the western main.
We leave thee to return no more,
Nor view thy cliffs again!
Thomas Pringle.

A Glasgow "Notice." "No credit given here, except to those who pay down."

If neebody but wyss folk were to marry, the warld wad be ill peopled! Meg Dodds.

A' the corn's no shorn by Kempers. (Anglice: All the grain is not reaped by those who are striving!)

"Boy, does it always rain here?" impatiently demanded an American tourist, of a boy, from whom he was asking his direction, near Glasgow. "Na," encouragingly replied the boy—"whiles it snaws."

She did not know that goodness was only Nature. She regarded it a noble sort of disease.—George Macdonald.

How to win a Scotsman. I could never have won them back to church, had it not been that I abandoned argument, and adopted friendship.

The Florence Nightingale Memorial Committee propose (in addition, it is reported, to "the inevitable statue,") to raise a "Florence Nightingale Annuity Fund" for trained nurses. So Lord Haldane intimated in a speech.

"I see you are smiling at my jokes," said the hopeful contributor. "Yes" said the pawky Scottish Editor, "that courtesy is due to old friends!"

A Galloway owl, imitating the north, flew through an open window, and upset a parafine lamp, which set the house on fire. The house was burned, likewise the owl.

It is well-known that the Scottish people have from the beginning, (and very logically) objected to the late king being called "Seventh," seeing he was the first king of Great Britain of the name of "Edward." And now, a Conference in Edinburgh has decided not to support in any way any memorial associated with the numeral "VII."

I hae a wish I canna tine,
'Mang a' the rest that grieve me, O;
A wish that thou wert ever mine,
An' never mair to leave me, O:
Richard Gall.

It is exactly three hundred years since Glasgow became a "Royal Burgh." What the incorporated cities of Canada will be in three centuries, it is impossible to forecast. As to Glasgow itself, its population in 1708 was 12,766. In 1801 it was 83,769. At present it is as nearly as possible 800,000.

Our early bringing up on the Shorter Catechism still tells. "Sunday Golf" is allowed in 437 courses in England and Wales, 71 in Ireland, and only 10 in Scotland.—Glasgow Herald.

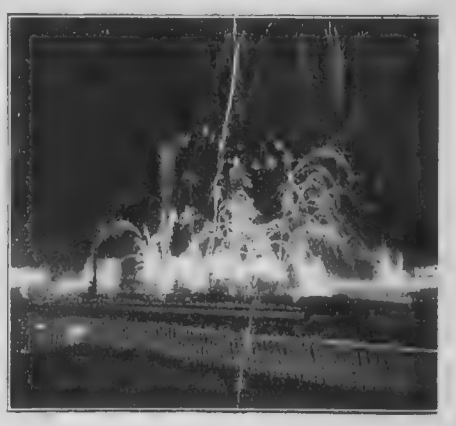
Richard Cameron was beheaded at Airsmoss, in Scotland; and the headless

Tractor Test Scene, Canadian Industrial Exhibition.

body was there buried. Shortly after, Alexander Peden sat on the grave, and, wayworn and weary, raised his eyes to Heaven, and exclaimed, "O to be wi' Ritchie!"—Robert Carter.

Some of this year's census returns give the following populations:

Edinburgh	320,239
Glasgow	763,401
Dundee	164,616
Coatbridge	43,287
Hamilton	38,644
Ayr	32,889
Dumfries	19,076
Rutherglen	24,411



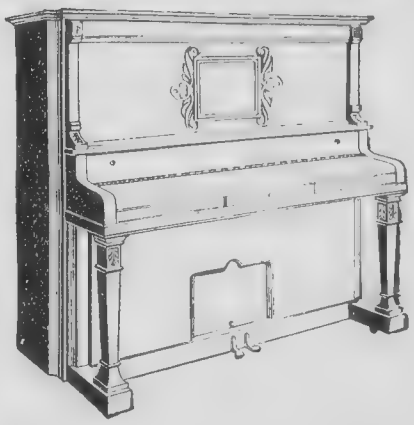
Fireworks Scene, Canadian Industrial Exhibition.

EXHIBITION PIANOS

WILL BE SHOWN IN THE MAIN BUILDING [NEXT STAND TO EATON'S]

TO out-of-town people, as well as city folk, whether in the market for a new piano or not, we extend a cordial invitation to examine these splendid new models—by far the most worthy and most beautiful pianos ever brought into Western Canada. These new instruments, which form a part of our exhibit, alone are well worth going miles to see. Just think of it—TEN different makes of high grade pianos, comprising 40 styles within easy access of your door. Your choice would surely be a

Chickering, Knabe, Gourlay, Bell, Haines, Sherlock, Etc.



Special Discounts during Exhibition Week

Pianos at $250, $300, $350, $400, $450, $500

Three Years to Pay if desired

Angelus Player Piano

[As Supplied to His Majesty the Late King Edward VII.]

We are exclusive agents for the Gourlay Angelus Player Piano, admitted to be the most perfect player piano, enabling anyone to play any music artistically. No other player piano save the Angelus offers the wonderful means of playing so artistically as is provided for you in the Melodant, the Phrasing Lever, the Artistyle Music Rolls and the Melody Buttons, for all of these are exclusive features of the Angelus Player Piano. Our magnificent exhibit of Grand and Upright Pianos, Player Pianos, etc. will be seen in the Main Building on the Fair Grounds, next exhibit to Eaton's. We have also a splendid showing of Pianos and Talking Machines at our City Warerooms, 295 Portage Avenue. Don't fail to look us up. Catalogue No. 41 and descriptive literature mailed free on application.

295 Portage Ave. **WINNIPEG PIANO CO.** Winnipeg, Man.

FARMERS' DAY AT EATON'S

(THURSDAY, JULY 20)

WHAT does this mean?

It means, that we are going to give our friends, who visit the Winnipeg Fair, an opportunity to save their expenses. We are going to give bargains, that will make the day memorable in the history of 1911 Exhibition, that will go far to make Farmers' Day at Eaton's an annual event of great importance.

We want everyone, who visits the Winnipeg Exhibition, to visit our store, frequently if possible, but certainly on July 20, as we are making elaborate preparations to have a record day in the history of our Western store.

We intend to make special values the great attraction. Already several of our buyers have secured splendid bargains, that will be reserved for July 20, and others are now busy among the world's great markets in quest of values, that will eclipse even those already secured.

We are not yet in the position to make any definite announcement because it is quite possible, very probable, in fact, that between now and then, we may be able to pick up some lines, that will represent greater savings than any we now have.

Besides attractive merchandise at attractive prices, there are the many store conveniences, that are at your disposal, even if you do not buy a dollar's worth of goods, even if you have never dealt with us.

First of all, is the Checking Room, where wraps and parcels can be checked at liberty, free of cost. Then there is the Information Bureau, where information regarding trains or the city can be obtained. There is, as well, the Writing, Waiting and Rest Room, a popular and convenient place to meet friends or make appointments. Though not free, our Grill and Lunch Rooms too, will be found of very great convenience. In them, at moderate cost, we serve light luncheons or substantial meals. The service is good and the surroundings cheerful.

A pleasant break can be made in the arduous task of shopping by visiting our roof. From it can be obtained one of the best possible views of Winnipeg and surrounding country. It is an unending source of interest to thousands daily.

And don't forget our mail Order Department. We want our Mail Order customers to see how we handle the orders we receive by mail,. We have a system as carefully thought out and as completely equipped as any in America. We want our customers to see it and we want to meet them personally. To this end, we have a Waiting Room right in our Mail Order department and we have also a staff of special buyers to assist any of our out-of-town friends in doing shopping while in town.

We want all visitors in Winnipeg to be visitors to our store. We want them to freely use our store conveniences; we want them to feel perfectly at home and our sincere hope is that we shall make their visits both pleasant and profitable.

The Winnipeg dailies of July 19 will contain full pages of announcements of Farmers' Day values and these values will be fully equal, to, or better than the best we ever before offered.

We will also, from time to time, between now and then announce in the Weeklies, some of our Farmers' Day special values.

ORDER YOUR BINDER TWINE NOW

THE wonderful crop conditions call for early attention, because we have now the assurance of a heavy yield of straw and heavy straw means much Binder Twine.

It is almost a safe prediction that this year's crop will require almost double as much twine to harvest, as last year's and it is a certainty that Binder Twine mills have not made preparation for anything like this increase. The only deduction that can be drawn is that there will be a very serious twine shortage, that will, of a certainty, be responsible for an enormous loss in crop.

Under these circumstances, the safe course is to place your order for twine with us at once. By doing so you have everything to gain and nothing to lose. You have the assurance of a twine supply and the further assurance that if your crops are damaged by hail, frost or excessive rain you have only to pay for the twine used. All that is not wanted, under these circumstances, can be returned to us at our expense and we will promptly refund the money together with all charges paid on the twine so returned.

It is hardly necessary to refer to the twine we handle. For three years we have sold twine in enormous quantities in this Country and the complaints we have received have been very few indeed. Our Twine, this year, is if anything, better than any we ever before offered while our prices are materially the lowest.

If you turn to page 227 of our Spring and Summer Catalogue you will see our prices and the terms on which we sell and in the table of Railway rates we give the cost laid down at your nearest station.

A WORD ABOUT OUR MID-SUMMER SALE

JULY 3, will inaugurate the greatest Mid-summer sale, we have conducted since coming to Winnipeg. The range of goods, we are offering is complete and our prices are distinctly lower than on any previous occasion.

We got liberal concessions for manufacturers on account of placing our orders far in advance, orders that kept mills busy at times that they would otherwise be dull. Then we, in our part sacrificed our profits so as to name prices low enough to make July and August busy months in our store.

Our Mid-summer Sale Catalogue has just been issued. If you have not received a copy let us know so that we may send one. Even if you don't intend to order, this catalogue will be found interesting.

E

THE T. EATON CO. LIMITED

WINNIPEG CANADA

E

THE PHILOSOPHER.

THE MEANING OF THE EMPIRE

The events of the past month in the capital of the Empire have been such as to bring vividly before the attention not only of the hundreds of millions throughout the whole world who live under the British flag, but also of all the rest of human kind, the meaning of the Empire, to which history affords no precedent or parallel. For not only is the British Empire vastly greater in extent than ever the Roman Empire was and also vastly more populous, British India alone covering an area more than one third as great as that of the Roman Empire and being more populous than the Roman Empire was in its palmiest days; but Great Britain has sent her language, her commerce, her laws and institutions forth from herself over an immensely greater portion of the world than the British Emipre itself. It is inconceivable that the Empire should dissolve. That would mean the disappearance of law and good government among many hundreds of millions of subject peoples, who are protected from war and oppression by nothing but the British flag.

The greatest glory of the Empire is the fact that it has produced the national freedom and individual liberty which the self-governing peoples within the Empire enjoy. Inconceivable, indeed is the thought of the dissolution of that great fabric which for a century has given peace and justice to one quarter of mankind and which is the greatest agency in the world for the promotion of the cause of civilization and the progress of humanity.

IN REGARD TO THE DOUKHOBORS

We hear very much less nowadays of the Doukhobors than we used to. There is an interesting discussion of the peculiarities of this peculiar people in a recent book by Mr. Aylmer Maude the friend and biographer of Count Tolstoi. Mr. Maude was concerned in the great experiment of locating these simple people on the fertile soil and in the free air of this country. He has studied their history carefully and finds in it chapters far from admirable; while the absurd vexations growing out of his own dealings with them has left him convinced that they are a peculiar people indeed. In point of fact, the virtues of the Doukhobors were such as could only shine to perfection against a dark Russian background. They bore oppression with a patience that could not have been excelled. They suffered for their principles "What could we not expect from such a people," exclaimed idealists, "if they were only free to follow out their pure and simple principles!" So they were brought to this favored land, and told to go ahead and create that heaven on earth for which they were longing. But, of course, they did not do it. They only made themselves ridiculous by such performances as wandering about without clothes. True, those pilgrimages in stark nakedness were resorted to only by some of their number but there were other ways in which they showed as plainly, if less sensationally, that certain qualities of theirs, which had been admirable in an oppressed people were out of place in a land where there is no oppression. Left to themselves they wearied of each other more or less, and had their divisions, missing the rough hand and the harsh voice of authority in the old land of their afflictions where persecution had kept them together and stimulated their adherence to their doctrines, including communism. In so far as they brought Russia with them in their minds, they were encumbered, and their proceedings served to furnish one more proof that the dreams of dreamers do not always work out entirely well in real life. These people as they become more enlightened and as the new generation of them resort to individualism and get more and more sifted into the life of this country will work out the betterment of their conditions of life in a manner not anticipated by Count Tolstoi and some others of the idealists who were active in bringing them from Russia.

THE NATURAL OUTLET

It cannot be said that the Dominion Government is proceeding without deliberation in regard to the Hudson Bay Railway undertaking. Deliberation is commendable, of course; no great undertaking should be entered upon without cautious consideration beforehand, with a view to making sure of the best way of going about it. But the people of Western Canada are entitled to expect that the construction of the highway to Hudson Bay will be pushed forward without any delay that can possibly be avoided. There have been too many delays already. It is satisfactory to know that the Pas Mission is decided upon as the southern terminus of the line, that one hundred and eighty-two miles of the line from the Pas towards the Bay have been located, and that the construction of that portion of it will soon be in progress.. Pending the completion of this part of the undertaking, which will form part of the completed railway, whichever of the two ports on the Bay, Nelson or Churchill, is decided upon for the salt water terminus, the Government has sent an expedition by sea to settle the question once for all, it is announced between Port Nelson and Port Churchill, by a hydrographic survey of the two harbors and their sea approaches. The importance of the economic advantages that will result to this country from the construction of the Hudson Bay Railway is now recognized as being beyond question. There should not be as much as one day of avoidable delay in bringing that great project to its long-awaited realization.

THE LACK OF A LICENSE

The arrest a fortnight ago of a missionary who was selling copies of the Bible in the suburbs of Hull, Que., across the river from Ottawa, because he had not provided himself with a peddler's license as required by the municipal by-laws, has occasioned much adverse criticism. There was a somewhat similar case at New York a few years ago, when a number of Bibles were confiscated by the custom officials and the man who who had brought them from England in his trunk was prosecuted as a smuggler. Though the Hull case was complicated by the suggestion of sectarian influence, the obstructive imposts in both cases rest on the same legal basis. In the Hull case the local municipal authorities, and in the New York case the federal officials of the United States were acting in accordance with laws designed to make the introduction of anything good or useful artificially difficult and costly. That the obstruction extended to the printed Word that has been and is the greatest agent for the betterment of humanity and is the basis of our civilization, made its absurdity glaringly evident. But if the Book had been some elevating or beneficial secular work, the course of the law would have been the same; the objections, however, would scarcely be noticeable, and the cases would not have attracted any general attention. Our modern governmental systems manifest wonderful ingenuity in the devising of a multitude of indirect and obstructive taxations which impose a maximum of burden on the public for a minimum of revenue.

ENGLAND'S POPULATION DENSITY

The British decennial census shows the present population of England and Wales to be 36,075,269. This compares with 32,527,843 in 1901, and represents an increase for the ten years of 3,547,426, or nearly 11 per cent, which compares with an increase of about 12½ per cent in the preceding ten years, with 11¾ per cent between 1881 and 1891, and with 14 per cent between 1871 and 1881. It is interesting to note that the advance in the population of Great Britain south of Scotland dates back hardly more than a hundred years. The population of England and Wales in 1801 was 8,892,536, or 153 per square mile. That was a population only about 1,500,000 more than the city of London contains to-day. By 1851 the population density had become 308 to the square mile; by 1871, 390; and by 1901 it was 558, while now it is 618. Here we have a new country, which is of immense vastness, and its population density will not for a great many years to come have any bearing on its capacity for sustaining human life. The great rise in Englands' population density during the past hundred years may rightly be regarded as measuring approximately the rise of the power of civilized mankind over the forces and resources of nature. The late Professor James E. Thorold Rogers, of Oxford, concluded from his researches into English economic history that the population of England and Wales practically stood still throughout the fourteenth, fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, and amounted during that time to only about 2,500,000. Agriculture, sanitation and the other arts and practical sciences were so far backward that when population under a high birth rate overstepped the usual bounds, food scarcity would develop and plagues would sweep off the people by thousands, when wars failed to do the same thing. Now, under incomparably higher standards of material life, that tight little country is supporting four times as many people to the square mile as a century ago; and this fairly measures the gain which man has made in that comparatively brief time in the knowledge and mastery of the powers of nature. It is unquestionably a greater advance than had previously been made in all human history; and the progress in the work of increasing its own well being has yet far to go.

AN APOSTLE AND ATHLETICS

In a recent sermon to young men a Winnipeg minister said that if St. Paul were living in Winnipeg he would be an enthusiast for athletics and would attend athletic contests and utilize the experience in his preaching. It is true that the Apostle makes a notable use of figures of speech drawn from athletic contests. Yet some careful students will be inclined to attribute Greek influence on Paul's mind. That he thought and wrote to some extent as a Greek has been the theory, at least, of Jewish scholars. And no man could think and write as a Greek without using just such figures of speech. Saul of Tarsus was unquestionably an enthusiast. He does not appear to have taken any active part in the stoning of Stephen, though "the witnesses laid down their clothes at a young man's feet whose name was Saul." Later he "made havoc of the church, entering into every house, and, haling men and women, committed them to prison." That he was not exactly of athletic physique is testified by II Corinthians, x: 10:—"For his letters, say they, are weighty and powerful, but his bodily presence is weak and his speech contemptible." Physically and temperamentally Paul was about as far as any human being could be from the modern bleachers enthusiast at a baseball game. But he knew Greek games, and he found figures of speech drawn from them valuable in writing for a world over which the Greek civilization exercised a dominant influence.

THE INCREASE OF GOLD IN THE WORLD

A fact of great economic meaning for the whole world is the continued increase in the gold output of the Rand district of South Africa, the most remarkable gold field in history. Many of the mines have been worked for from fifteen to twenty-five years, and they are still producing at increasing figures. The speedy exhaustion which has been the story of nearly all rich gold mines heretofore, and which was predicted for these mines, seems still to be as far away as ever. At the rate of production thus far this year, the Transvaal gold output of 1911 will exceed 8,000,000 ounces, or more than $160,000,000, as compared with 7,532,534 ounces in 1910, 7,280,542 in 1909, 7,052,617 in 1908 and 6,452,912 in 1907. Meantime the world's gold production outside of South Africa, including that of Canada, is holding its own. It is an entirely safe prediction that the total production of gold in the world will materially exceed that of last year and of any preceding year. There is no longer any question among economic authorities that the great rise in prices which has taken place throughout the world is directly related to this phenomenal production of new gold. The idea once so strongly held that gold furnishes a stable standard of value and never changes, whatever may happen to the values of other things as measured in gold, is no longer regarded as a dogma to be accepted without question, in view of the plain fact that the present generation first saw prices fall and fall under a growing relative scarcity of the yellow metal and has since seen prices rise and rise with the increase of its production.

THE MEDICAL PROFESSION

The Hippocratic oath which was taken by the young doctors who were given their degrees last month and admitted as duly qualified members of the medical profession represents an interesting survival from antiquity. The oath, as administered, includes the essential provisions of the solemn adjuration that is associated with the name of the great physician Hippocrates, the "Father of Medicine," who flourished in the fifth century before Christ, and was reputed descendant of Esculapius. The modern version of the ancient oath, to be sure does not invoke Apollo, Esculapius, Hygeia and Panacia neither does it pledge the young practitioner to hold his professor and his professor's children as dear as his own parents. But it does pledge him who practises the healing art not to stoop to any villainy either of commission or suggestion, and to hold sacred the confidences of the sick room and the trust reposed in him. The doctors of old in taking this oath solemnly called down maledictions upon their own heads in the event of their violating it, in language similar to that of the oath as it stands to-day. The spirit of the venerable formula has never been dissociated from the personal procedure of those who have worthily upheld the traditions of the medical profession. The doctor who has been held in the affectionate and deserved regard of the community has always been he who, mindful of the high responsibilities of his calling, has kept the faith alike of his patient and his profession and himself.

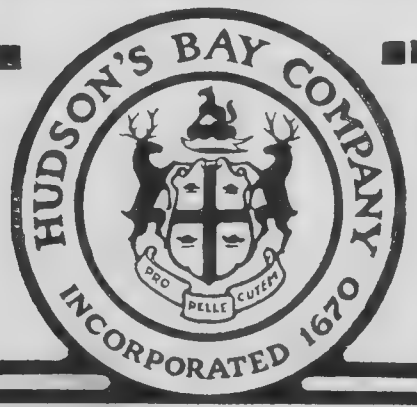
DUNCAN AND THE FLAG STATION.

Cheers for Duncan Munroe of Cornwall, who has a verdict of $50 damages against a railway company because a train did not stop at a flag station when flagged. Some of us have been there and did nothing. Mr. Munroe is one of the valuable sort who accomplish a lot for the public by taking much trouble and risking much expense to vindicate some personal right.—Kingston Whig.

The BUYERS GUI
HOME & FA

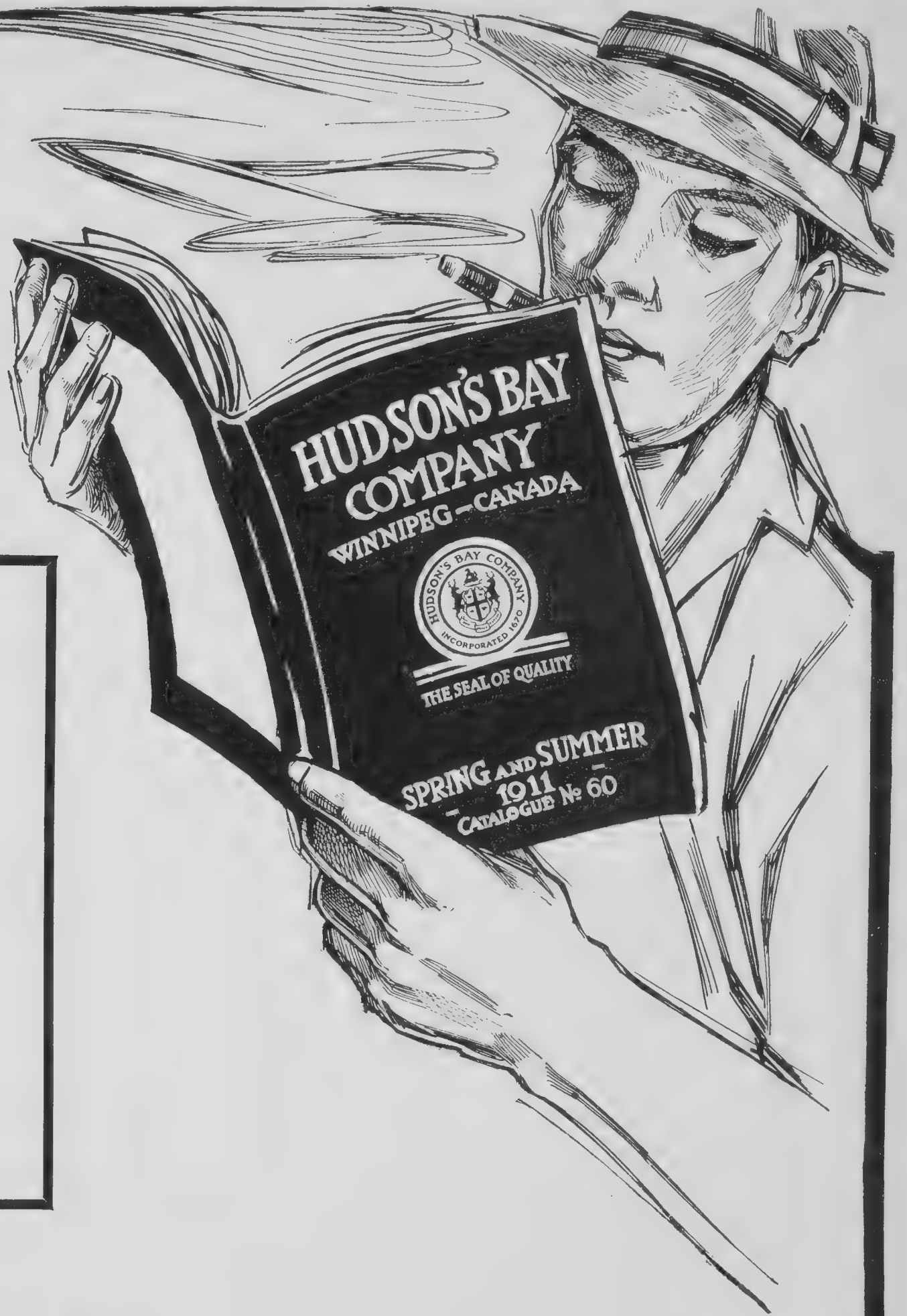
GET IT AT THE BAY

OUR Same-Day Mail Order Ser
you the promptest attention to
ing of your wants, and our corp
shoppers makes buying by mail
satisfactory as though you did i
Write for our beautifully illustrate
Samples cheerfuly sent upon rec
To have it right, "Get it at th



The Hudson's B
Incoporated 1670

UIDE *for*
ARM



Service assures
n to the supply-
corps of trained
nail as safe and
lid it in person.
rated catalogue.
request.
at the BAY."

Bay Company

HERBERT E. BURBIDGE, STORES COMMISSIONER

THE YOUNG MAN AND HIS PROBLEM.

By James L. Gordon, D.D. Central Congregational Church. Winnipeg.

BE YOURSELF

Be yourself. God has given you something which is characteristic of yourself. It is the divine signature stamped on your personality. Be true to the divine thought. Be true to yourself. Be not a duplicate. The historian remarks:—"In the court of Alexander the Great, every one affected to carry his head awry, because the mighty hero had a twist in his neck, which made it with him a grace of necessity. And it is reported of Plato, that, being crooked shouldered, his scholars, who so much admired him, would endeavor to be like him, by bolstering out their garments on that side, that so they might appear crooked too.

Let us be through with such nonsense.

PERFECTION

Perfection is not a human characteristic. You must take human nature just as you find it. Saints are not as sinless as we imagine and sinners are not as bad as they are painted. So strong is the human imagination that we can always see great virtues in people with whom our acquaintance is but slight. But wait! It was said concerning Joseph Jefferson, the famous actor:—"He was greatly admired and respected by his neighbors and worshipped by those in his employ. He did not expect to find in his farm employees all the cardinal virtues for twenty or thirty dollars a month. He possessed the rare quality of not seeing too much."

THE VALUE OF TIME

John Wesley knew the value of time. He was never in a hurry because he took time by the forelock." He worked hard but took things in the firm grasp of a perfect relaxation. He was never flurried. He reached his 88th year in perfect composure doing his work well to the very end of his pilgrimage. The historian remarks:—"On his birthday, that summer, as he enters his eighty-sixth year, he writes that he cannot run or walk quite so fast as once he did, that his sight is a little declining, and he has some twinges of rheumatism; but hearing, smell, taste, and appetite are as good as ever they were; he feels no such thing as weariness in travelling or preaching, and finds that he can write as readily and as correctly as ever. A week before this entry he had breakfasted in York with one of his ministers, Robert Spence, at three o'clock in the morning, and ordered his coachman to have his carriage at the door at four—"I don't mean a quarter, or five minutes, past, but four;" and as the clock was striking Wesley entered the chaise and drove off."

NEVER GIVE UP

The greatest men are the men who are never defeated by defeat. They simply go forward in all kinds of weather. When one method fails, they try another. They are resourceful. When one door after another closes against them, they avail themselves of the nearest window. They never imagine that a thing "can't be done," or that they "can't do it." If there is a way in, there must be a way out—and so they plod on.

Grant never knew when he was beaten. When told that he was surrounded by the enemy at Belmont, he quietly replied: "Well, then we must cut our way out."

HAVE TACT

My friend, make it easy for people. Instead of being amused at the awkwardness of your unpolished friend and neighbor—help him through his social difficulty. He may have brains, wealth and influence, even though his manners are not perfect in the drawing room and parlor. "A story is told in Washington of the wife of a senator. A plain man, a constituent of the senator, called, and was invited by the lady of the house to take a cup of coffee. The cups were of very delicate French china, and very fragile. The plain man, unaccustomed to such wares, broke a cup. It was an annoying incident and might have been quite embarrassing to him, but the lady with splendid tact instantly crushed another cup in her slight fingers, saying as she did so, "It is wonderful how easily this ware breaks." The plain man was heard to say afterwards, "Do you suppose that there is anything that I would not do for that woman or her husband?"

ON THE SQUARE

Act on the square with all men. Regard every word and act in the light of the judgment seat. Remember that any moment may bring a peculiar twist in the circumstances of life by which certain acts of yours may suddenly be thrown open for general inspection. A French cynic counsels us to always deal with a friend to-day on the possibility that he may be an enemy to-morrow.

WHAT'S THE USE?

What's the use? is a question which kills many an opportunity for improvement. My boy—You never read a good book, visited a noble building, stood by a sacred monument, or talked with a truly great man that you were not adding something to the sum total of your information, and thus enhancing your prospects of a successful career. When a father objected to Arnold's teaching his son Latin, because he did not see what the boy could do with it, Arnold replied that it was not for the sake of what the boy would do with the Latin, but for what the Latin would do with the boy.

TELL THE TRUTH

Get into the habit of telling the truth. It is a good habit. It is so much easier than lying and needs less attention after the deed is done. Then, too, you will get a reputation, by and by, for truthfulness which will give unusual quality power and influence to every sentence which you may utter. One writer says concerning Wellington:—"When troubled with deafness, Wellington consulted a celebrated physician, who put strong caustic into his ear, causing an inflammation which threatened his life. The doctor apologized, expressed great regrets, and said that the blunder would ruin him. "No", said Wellington, "I will never mention it." "But you will allow me to attend you, so people will not withdraw their confidence?" "No," said the Iron Duke, "that would be lying."

TEMPERAMENT

Your strong point may be your weak point. You may be tender and yet lack the persistence of love. You may be enthusiastic and yet lack stability of endeavor. You may have a sensitive conscience and yet be lacking in great convictions. You may be "whole-souled" and yet lack "back- bone". That was a fine tribute John Tyndall paid to his friend Micheal Faraday: "His nature was impulsive, but there was a force behind the impulse which did not permit it to retreat. If in his warm moments he formed a resolution, in his cool moments he made that resolution good. Thus his fire was that of a solid combustible, not that of gas, which blazes suddenly, and dies as suddenly away."

YOUR MOTTO

Have a motto! Write it in concise language. Work it into an epigram. Place it over your study desk. Live in the inspiration of it. See, too, that you give it a crystalization in your character. The following paragraph is to the point:—I knew one young man who was struggling in the preparatory school to fit himself for college, and to help himself over the rough places was doing some teaching in the same institution. When the day was done he told me he often went when alone to the blackboard and wrote his name and placed after it A.B., indicating Bachelor of Arts, and A.M., Master of Arts; and, as he was looking forward to taking a law course, he frequently would add LL.B. to the others, and then would look at what he had written, imagining a day to come when he would be entitled to these degrees."

PUBLIC SPEAKING

In a republic or a constitutional monarchy public speaking as a gift as a well cultivated talent is a necessity. There are times when a man should speak. There are emergencies when his voice ought to be heard. So be ready for the emergency—it is sure to come. A writer in T. P.'s Weekly remarks:—"Cui bono?" Why should the modern young man cultivate the art of speaking? He is modest. He cannot pretend to be young enough to know everything. He must not be bold as the proverbial fool where angels fear to tread. Of course not! But he must select his vocation and hew out his career. Public speakers are in demand. The democracy is led by the tongue of the orator, who need not necessaliry be either the sophist or the imposter For the ends of social, municipal, and Parliamentary reform—ends always reappearing and never completely attained—speakers are wanted by all schools of opinion, and by all party organizations. Clever speaking, too, will do much for the struggling barrister adrift in distress on his briefless sea. The primary essential for any person—man or woman—who assumes perpendicularity and a voice in public, is to have something to say; the next indispensable condition of success is to know how to say it. Good speaking will get an audience even where the speaker has nothing to say, but appears to the critical eye as vox et proeterea nihil."

TO THE MANNER BORN

Kindness belongs to a gentleman. Thoughtfulness is the velvet of character. No man can be a full-orbed christian without being considerate. Treat every person as though they represented the aristocracy Remember that every man is a son of God, and remembering—Be kind. The New York Outlook presents the following illustration:—In a well-known letter to his sons, William, Earl of Bedford, said some things which ought to be posted in every commercial school and every business house in the country, for manners, quite as much as character, talents, and ability, have to do with success: "Before you speak let your mind be full of courtesy; the civility of the hat, a kind look, or a word from a person of honor has brought that service which money could not. And he that can gain or preserve a friend and the opinion of civility, for the moving of the hat or a gentle look, and will not is sillily severe. Spare not to spend that which costs nothing; be liberal of them, but be not prodigal, lest they become cheap. I remember Sir Francis Bacon calls behavior the garment of the mind; it is well resembled, and rightly expresses the behavior I would have in proportion to a garment. It must be fit, plain, and rich, useful and fashionable. I should not have advised you to such a regard of your outside, the most trifling part of man, did I not know how much the greatest part of the world is guided by it, and what notable advantages are gained thereby, even upon some very wise men, the request of an acceptable person being seldom, or at least unwillingly, denied."

THE QUIET MAN

We have small use for noise. We dislike the man who talks in the street car in such a vigorous tone that both the motorman and conductor can keep "tab" on his conversation. We detest the man whose laughter is of such a boisterous, ringing sort that you can hear it in every corner of the banquet hall. Give us the quiet man. He has power in reserve and he will make a better friend in the trials and emergencies of life. Jenkins Lloyd Jones puts it after this fashion:—"Noise and bluster bespeak the dissipation and not the efficiency of the soul. The great forces of spirit, like those of matter, work silently. The tornado is weak compared to the sunshine. The fuss and fog of the engine are made by the worthless steam. The quiet tug of the moon bends the sea. The silent beckonng of the sun curves the sweep of the planets. It is so in life. The undemonstrative Grant was the invincible. The all-conquering Jesus was calm and serene."

ORIGINALITY

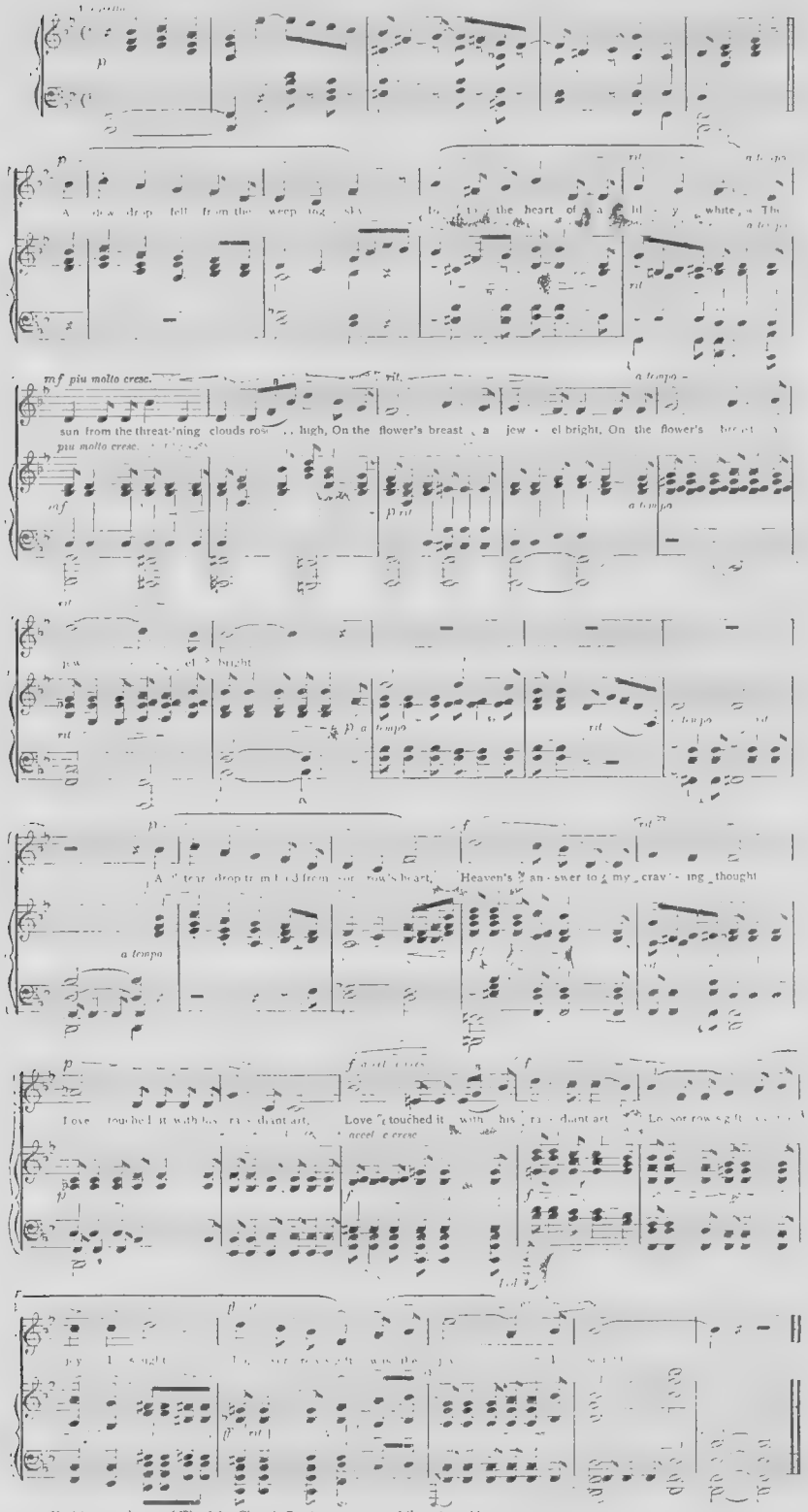
Do it your way. Don't let people talk you out of your gift. Be a nonconformist in character if not in ecclesiastical matters. Remember there are certain matters in which no person can instruct you. Be true to the instincts of your own soul. The Brooklyn Eagle, in a recent issue puts it straight:—Listen! "You'd think, to hear people talk, that a man could buy a book of rules and make up a fine brand of Success, just as a woman gets a pie out of a cook-book. But there's no rule for making success. The plodder is all right—sometimes; the hustler is all right—sometimes; the schemer is all right—sometimes. But more people have gone broke following other people's rules than you can count on an eight-column adding machine. And don't forget that there are all kinds of opportunities. What is an opportunity for one may in no sense be an opportunity for another. On a road to success that is dead easy for your neighbor you might stumble and break your neck, while he'd find his feet slipping on the road that suits you. You've got to hunt up your own road and make your own set of rules, and it's a practical certainty that you'll have a back-yard full of both rules and opportunities before you hit it right."

SHAM POPULARITY

It is nice to be popular but see to it that you do not pay too high a price for popularity. Stand true even though you lose a friend or two. Express your convictions even though a door or two be slammed in your face. Have the respect of your own conscience and the approval of your own soul. A new writer in the Westminster Gazette of London has developed an unusual vein of racy and pithy comment. The form is that of a letter from one "Bagshot" to his neice, and here are some specimens of his matter and manner: "If you are worth anything people will be angry with you, and you will do things to make them angry. I never knew anybody worth anything who didn't make people angry with them, and especially the people they like best. Friendships which can't stand anger are no friendships at all. * * * To bear heartache bravely is just as important as to bear toothache bravely. * * * Take men and women for what they are worth. Do this literally and you will find it to be the law of love. They are worth more than you know. * * * For the great mass of ordinary people the ingreients of happiness are mainly two, first to love and be loved, next to have a calling which enables them to do daily what they do best. A decent man will find happiness in any drudgery for wife and children, but the drudgery of the unloved is the most mournful thing in life."

C. B. Hawley's New Song
Love's Radiant Art

Words by Gertrude Rogers — Music by C. B. Hawley



Used by permission of The John Church Company, owners of the copyright

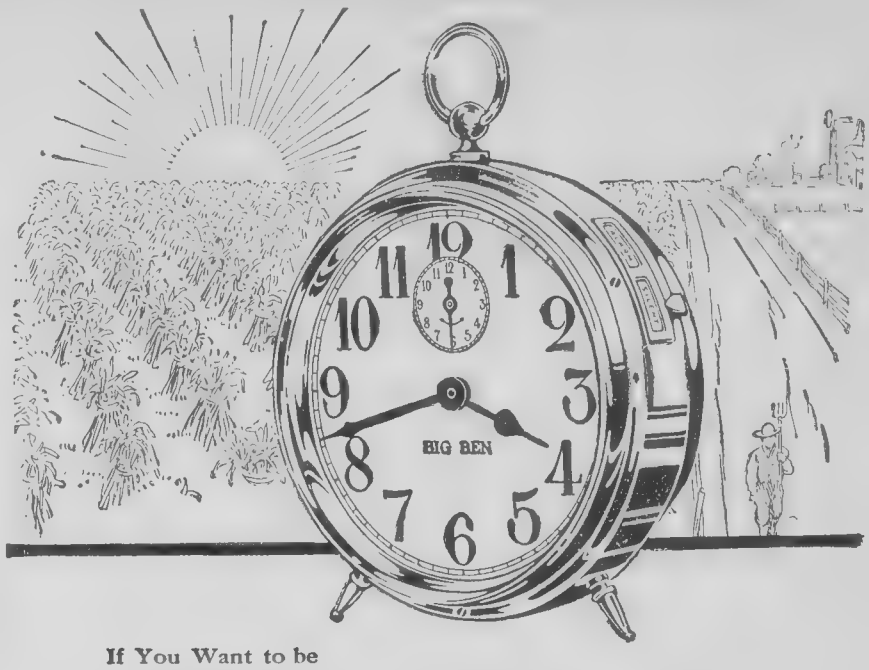
A NEW MORTGAGE COMPANY.

The attention of the readers of The Western Home Monthly is directed to the prospectus announcement of The Winnipeg Titles and Mortgage Co., Ltd., published on another page of this issue This organization has been incorporated with the object in view of affording a conservative means for people of comparatively small revenue for investing their surplus in City of Winnipeg property.' At the present moment it would be hard to find a more promising and safer field for investment. For such a company as this there is ample room, and indeed a great need in the Western provinces to-day. The directors of the company include such well known and successful business men as T. S. Matheson, grain broker, Winnipeg; T. Fleming, mayor of Brandon; F. C. Hamilton, financial agent; and N. J. Black, broker, of Winnipeg With such a directorate the company should stand for judicious and profitable deaings 500 shares 8% preferred stock, with which a bonus is given of one share of common for every four shares of preferred stock purchased, is offered to the pubic, and on terms to meet everybody's requirements. The proposition submitted by the company seems a safe and a very desirable one.

Dr. Grenfell: Never put off until tomorrow what you can do to-day—except worry.

Dr. J. W. Robertson: Every hamlet that has its shop, every village that holds a factory, every town with its mills, and every city with whirring machinery, employing thousands, with its stores, its banks, its railways; every port with its docks, and every sea with its vessel, are but dependent upon the products of the soil.

H. G. Wells: Men may smile superior and indulgent smiles at the impediments to which women submit at the dictates of fashion. But women do not surrender in summer to any fashion as burdensome as the masculine collar and tie. If women knew how men suffer by this slavery to fashion they would smile they would laugh.



If You Want to be

"First in the Field"

Have Me Wake You in the Morning

I'm BIG BEN—the "Big Watch with a Breakfast Bell."

People call me an alarm clock, but I'm more than that, Im a *timekeeper*.

I don't "alarm" you out of bed either. I wake you on the darkest, coldest mornings as pleasantly as sunlight does in summer. I have a big, jolly, smiling face, with large, black figures so you can read me easily. I'll ring at intervals for fifteen minutes or steadily, according to how you set me.

I come in a triple-plated nickel case—"thin model" style like the newest watches.

I'm *practically hand-made*, like a watch, and I have a regular *watch escapement*, which is the part of a watch that makes it a *good timekeeper*. They make me *run* as accurately as a watch for six solid days and nights *before they let me leave the factory*.

I even *tick* like a watch—*fast, evenly* and *lightly*, instead of slowly and heavily like common alarm clocks.

An inner casing of steel makes me strong and dust-proof, so I last for years.

Come and see me at your dealer's. Hear me ring "The National Call to Breakfast."

Decide if you don't think I'm about *four* dollars' worth for $3.00; being not merely an alarm clock but a *timekeeper* with an alarm attachment.

I can be had from any dealer.

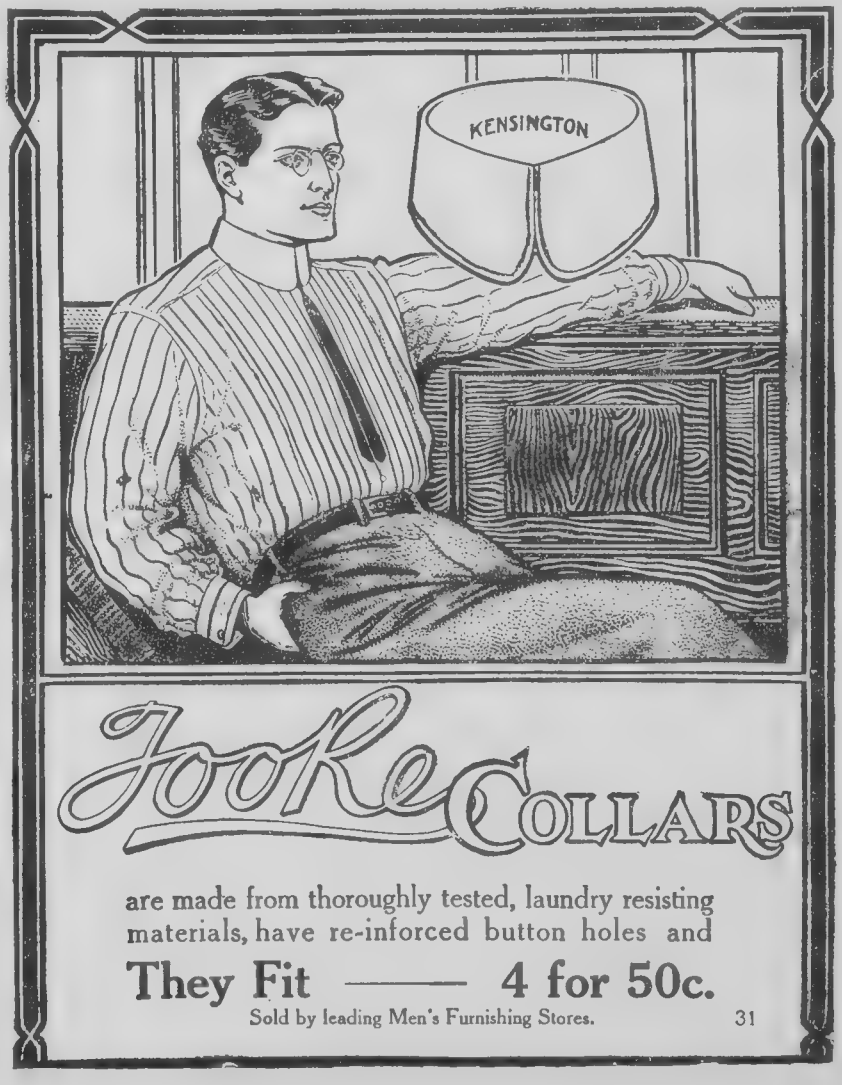
If you get me have the dealer oil me up every two years, that's all I ask.

If you want to be "first in the field" get me—Big Ben—to wake you in the morning.

BIG BEN

Care of WESTERN CLOCK CO., La Salle, Ill., U. S. A.

If your dealer doesn't sell me I'll come express prepaid on receipt of $3.00

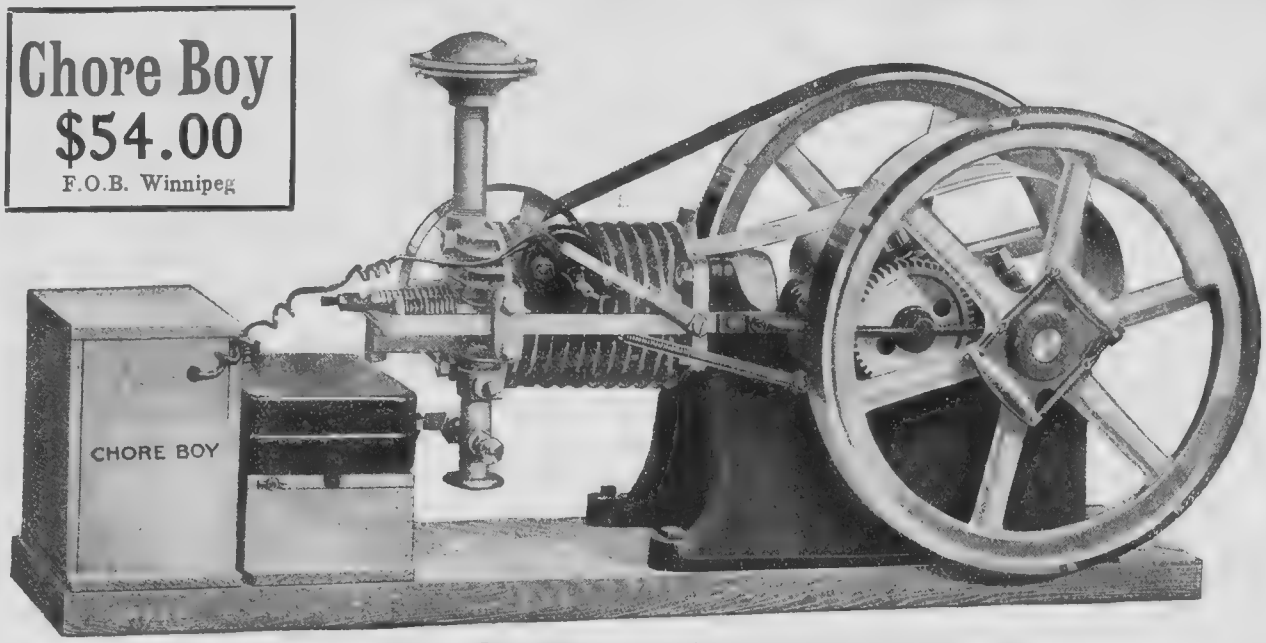


Important---The "Chore Boy" and "Hired Man" Gasoline Engines can NOW only be purchased through the Dealer

The Twin Wonders

(The Purchase Price Covers Engines Equipped Ready to Run)

Chore Boy
$54.00
F.O.B. Winnipeg



CHORE BOY

1½ H.P. Air Cooled

SPECIFICATIONS

Horse Power—1½
Weight—320 lbs.
Feed—Suction
Speed—450 revolutions per minute
Fly Wheels—Diameter 17 in., weight 40 lbs. Engine thoroughly bushed at all points where there is chance of friction
Cylinders—3¾ x 5
Ignition make and Break
Cooling—Air cooled (fan)
Cycle—Four
Lubrication—Sight feed oilers
Pulley—6 x 4
Color—Base green, Fly Wheels red

So Simple a Child Can Operate Them

HIRED MAN

2¼ H.P. Water Cooled

SPECIFICATIONS

Horse Power—2¼
Weight 370 lbs.
Feed—Suction
Speed—450 revolutions per minute
Ignition—Make and Break
Lubrication—Sight feed oilers
Cylinders—4 x 5
Fly Wheels—Diameter 18 in., weight 50 lbs.
Cycle—Four
Cooling—Water Cooler (hopper)
Pulley—6 x 4
Color—Base green, Fly Wheel red

Hired Man
$65.00
F.O.B. Winnipeg

ASK YOUR DEALER ABOUT

The Hired Hand, 2¼ h.p. Air Cooled..... $65.00 The Farm Hand, 4 h.p. Water Hopper Cooled 130.00
The 6 Mule Team, 6 h.p. Water Hopper Cooled $200.00

They cost you no more and you can see them at your hardware or implement store and know what you are buying—getting at the same time the dealer's guarantee as well as the manufacturer's

UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTEE

"If the Engine is not as represented in every way, easy to start, smoothest running, does not develop its rated H.P. and isn't satisfactory in every way, it may be returned, and purchase price as well as freight will be refunded.

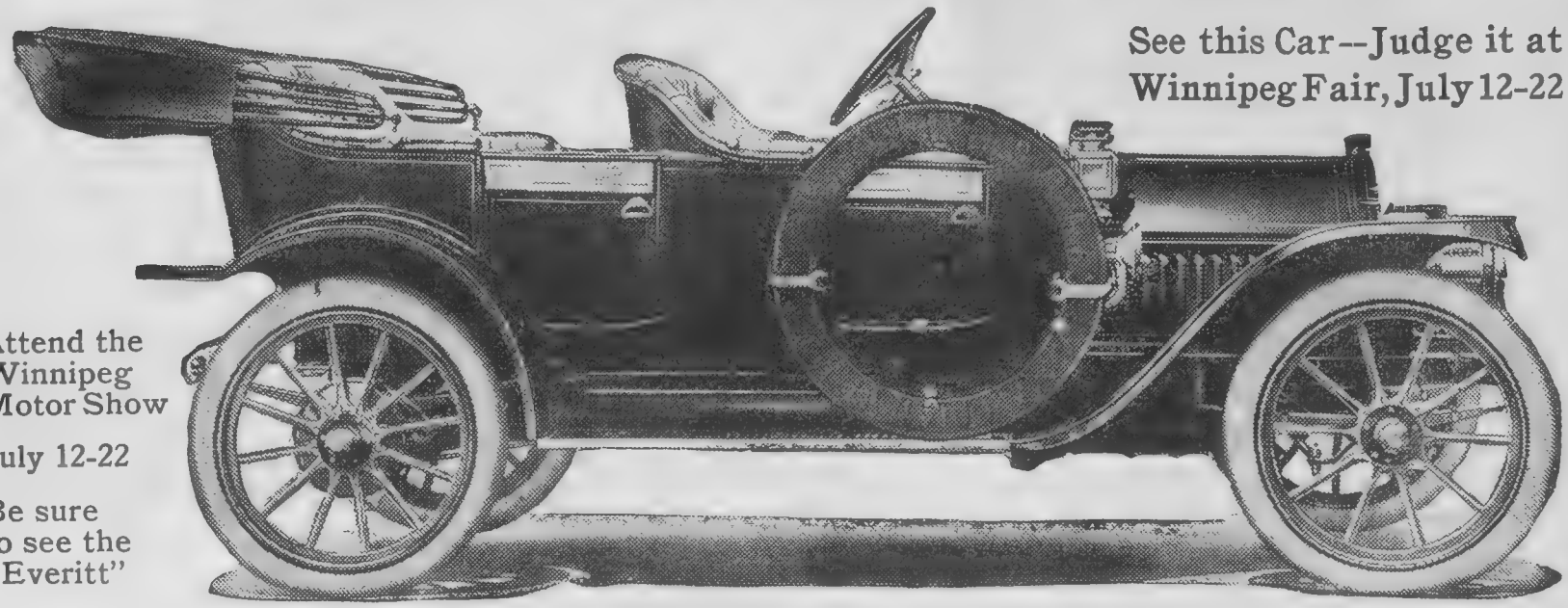
"At any time during the life of the Engine we will replace, free of charge, any repairs that become worn, if at that time it shows wear was caused by either defective material or workmanship."

See us at the Winnipeg Exhibition we will be glad to tell you more about the Engines
If the Dealer can't fill your order write us

CRANE & ORDWAY CO.
WINNIPEG, CANADA
SOLE CANADIAN DISTRIBUTORS FOR
Dept. A. **Associated Mfg. Co.** **Waterloo, Ia., U.S.A.**

REMEMBER No one else can sell you this same Engine

This Advertisement Will Tell You How to Buy Your Car Wisely. It Will Pay You to Read It



See this Car--Judge it at Winnipeg Fair, July 12-22

Attend the Winnipeg Motor Show

July 12-22

Be sure to see the "Everitt"

The Fore-door "EVERITT," $1,500 at Orillia (top and windshield extra), carries five passengers, and has extra wide and deep rear seat, giving exceptional comfort. Always ready for a speedy run of many miles to post office, market, or elsewhere. Guaranteed for two years, and all parts interchangeable.

Read this conversation. It shows how to judge any car. It may save you much money because car-buying errors are costly and are easy to make

"Hello, Tom, I see you've a car. How'd you buy it—guesswork or horse sense? One thing I don't understand is HOW people judge automobiles."

"Oh, its not hard. Here's the idea: What combination of machinery, design and material will wear longest with the least liability to break down from accident? Can't be easily injured by neglect or rough roads? Is it built to need the least gasoline, oil, attention and adjustment?

"Drop a traction engine five feet and it breaks — too heavy to be strong. Drop a driving sleigh five feet, it breaks — too light to be strong. Result avoid very heavy or light cars for country roads. One car racks itself to pieces from weight, and plays havoc with tires; the other breaks from lack of strength. To get a long-lasting automobile, select the MEDIUM WEIGHT car for country roads service.

"That was my first step. I cut out big, heavy cars and little light cars—couldn't get wear out of 'em—all right, of course, for certain users, but not for me. I'm after long wear and service.

"Next step was to take these medium-weight cars. Which promised the least need of adjusting? The simpler the design the better. The more parts, the more chances for things to go wrong. The fewer parts, the less work and the easier to locate any possible troubles.

"That cut out some complicated cars. I had three or four medium-weight cars left. The 'Everitt' had had only 2,500 parts in it, as aganist about 4,000 in the next car.

"I next compared motors. How solid were they? Some motors had four single cylinders, others cylinders in pairs. The 'Everitt' had all four cylinders in one casting—the whole motor was built like a big anvil. This principle was quite unlike the other cars.

"I argued that a solid casting motor would be easy to adjust. It would be rigid and unchanging, too. It would give greatest motor strength at minimum weight.

"The few car parts and the simple motor switched me towards the 'Everitt' more and more. The design appeared to be jolt-proof and shock-proof.

"Next, I looked over the three or four cars for accessibility of parts. Some were fairly easy to reach for oiling, others had one or more bad features. The 'Everitt' had only a few oil cups. Most of these fed by automatic oiling devices. This pleased me. It meant I could not forget to properly oil such a car. There were so few places to oil. The motor was practically self-oiling.

"N.B.—If I took the 'Everitt' this meant a lot of trouble saved and wear avoided as well.

"My next idea was to compare the parts on each of the three or four cars. Were they all well made? Were they good?

"Necessarily, a car with 4,000 parts, selling at the price of a car with 2,500 parts, will not have as good parts, and the parts not so well machined. This means liability to strain, loosen, spring, wear and break.

"I examined the 'Everitt' catalogue and found that parts were machined true to 1-1000th inch and interchangeable. This meant good work. By fewness of parts, MARGIN was given for better work on better material. I got better quality for the same money.

"I now went to the agent for the first time. He took me out in the 'Everitt' car. It ran smoothly. The motor didn't jar the car. I could scarcely feel any vibration. That meant power from the gasoline was not wasted.

"The agent showed how the few parts save weight, and how this weight saving also saved gasoline. It saved tires for it meant less wear on tires.

"The makers took advantage of the saving in weight by making larger wheels for easier and speedier running, with less road shock. Another part of the weight saving was used in making a deeper and stronger double drop side frame. This frame lowered the entire lines of the car but kept high-road clearance. Low cars ride easier.

"The agent showed me how some of the cost saved by having simple parts went into the very best material for the transmission gears—nickel steel—and for the clutch body—aluminum.

"These things all decided me in favor of the 'Everitt.' There was such a combined increase of quality and durability. There were so many safeguards to prevent breakages. I was protected against trouble and stops in the car service from all causes. You see, I stand the best chance for CONTINUOUS ENJOYMENT of my investment.

"I get a two-years' guarantee, an extra tire, Grey & Davis lamps and generator, shock-absorbers, high tension Bosch magneto, sight gasoline gauge, and other exclusive combined features that help me run my car with a free mind. I think I have made the surest possible investment in a car in getting my 'Everitt.'"

Hugh R. Tudhope, General Manager, and L. Logie, Sales Manager, of the Tudhope Motor Company, Limited, will be at the Winnipeg Fair during the Exhibition. Be sure to see the "Everitt!"

GET THE CATALOGUE, AND WE WILL ARRANGE DEMONSTRATION

Tudhope Motor Company, Limited

Tudhope service protects you after you buy—this means much!

Orillia, Ontario

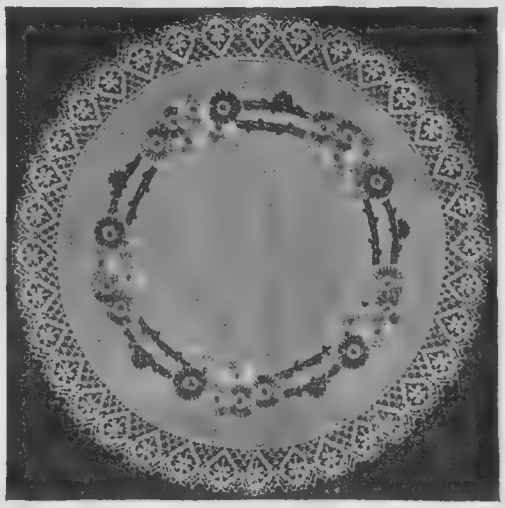
"Special Tudhope Equipment" includes extra tire and two years' guarantee

TUDHOPE ANDERSON COMPANY, LIMITED, Winnipeg, Regina, Saskatoon, Calgary, Lethbridge

TUDHOPE ALEXANDER COMPANY, Vancouver

A. C. CUMMINS, Victoria

Send At Once 35 Cents.



For eight skeins of ART EMBROIDERY SILK which is sufficient to embroider a 15 inch Cream Linen Centre Piece, stamped for the fashionable **Mille Fleur or Thousand Flower** Embroidery which we will give you **FREE**, and sufficient Cream Lace to edge this beautiful Centre Piece, also a diagram lesson which will enable any woman to do this embroidery which is simple but effective,

Send to-day, as this generous offer is good for a short time only.

This offer is made to convince every woman that Belding's Art Embroidery Silks are the best made.

Send ten cents for a copy of Belding's Needle and Hook Book which contains all the latest suggestions for Art Embroidery. Address

Belding Paul & Co., Limited,
Dept. L., Montreal, Quebec.

Crowned with Success

The crowning achievement of the well-known firm of piano builders, the house of Karn Morris, is the beautiful instrument, "The Karn Piano."

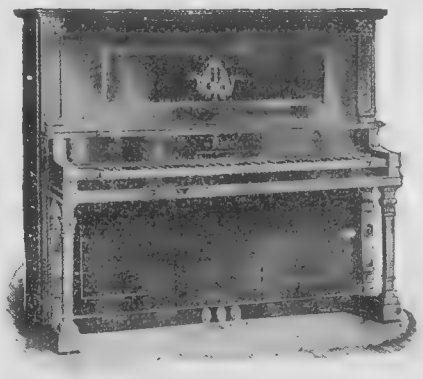
The War Cry of the Firm : **"No Standing Still"**

"Karn Is King"

Guaranteed in every particular, there can be no disappointment to any one owning a Karn Morris Piano.

Our Piano Players are Unexcelled

Match-less Tone



Superb Casing

Special discount of $50.00 off any new Karn or Morris piano from now until July 22nd.

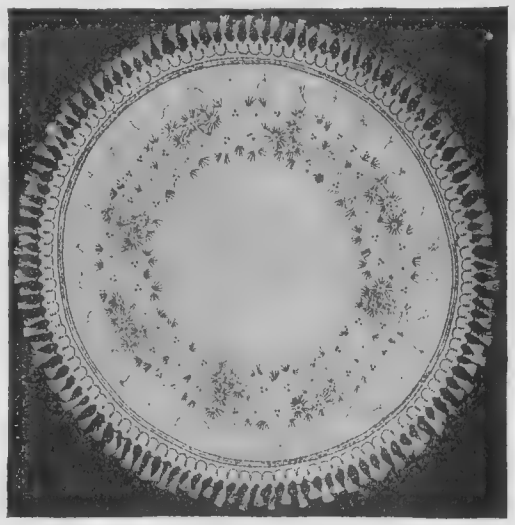
Terms of Payment made to suit purchaser's requirements.

Karn Morris Piano Company

337 PORTAGE AVE., Winnipeg E. J. MIRRELL, Manager of Western Branch

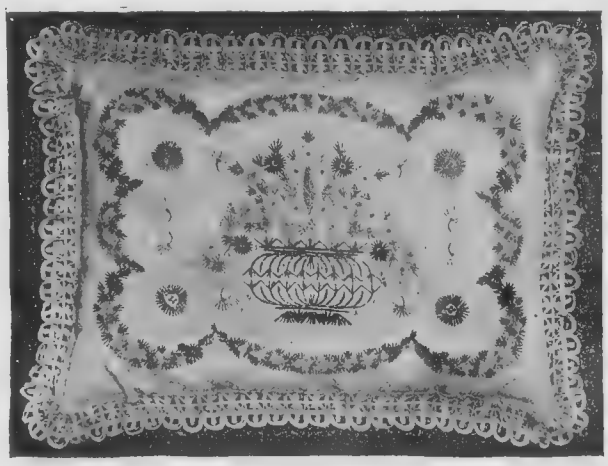
Fashionable Embroideries.

Something new in the art needle work art is always eagerly sought for, and every now and then some new idea comes along and is very quickly taken up and used on every imaginable article of household decoration. The tremendous vogue of the Wallichin, Shadow and Lazy Daisy embroideries are recent examples of such ideas, and now we are on the threshold of the "Mille Fleur or "Thousand Flowers" craze, as these designs are most popular at present. The general idea in these busy days when so many other things take up the time and attention of the house wife is to find some article of embroidery which when finished will prove attractive without spending too much time upon producing it, and we are sure our readers will appreciate the ideas suggested in this column.



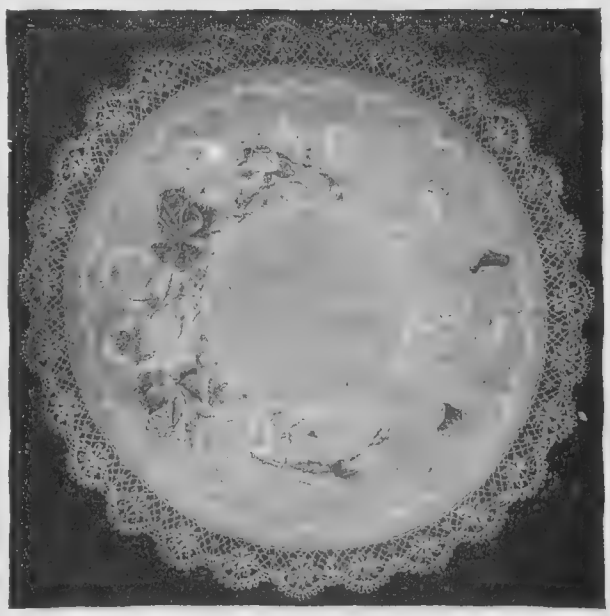
No. 5694—Mille Fleur
Stamped on linen, 27 inch, 55 cents; 20 inch, 35 cents.

The centrepiece and cushion pictured here are beautiful examples of the "Mille Fleur" embroidery. The color schemes are, of course, lost in the photographing, but with the description of the manner of work and shades used, our readers will be able to appreciate the effectiveness of these. Closely set groups of Daisy forms are used for these designs, each petal of which are made by one long straight stitch of embroidery silk, which fully cover the stamped line. Filo Floss is a favorite silk for this embroidery. A full strand consisting of six threads is used, and care must be taken not to draw the stitches too tightly. A better result is gained if each stitch is taken from the centre of the flower out, instead of carrying the thread from the outer edge to the next upper petal. Commence each petal from the centre and work out. This method rounds each petal distinctly. The centres of the flowers consist of three or four large French knots, for which black and gold are used. The beauty and variety of this embroidery consist in the color scheme, which is dainty and yet brilliant, as pinks mauves, greens, blues, yellows, etc., in fact all the rainbow colors may be used, keeping however each flower in one color.



No. 5693—Millefleur Cushion.
Stamped on linen, 50 cents.

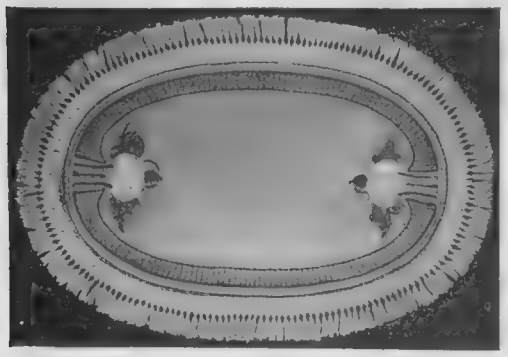
The centre piece illustrated has the flowers grouped thus. Three shades of pink are used close together, two of blue, two of mauve, one of pale yellow, and one of Terra Cotta. An occasion dark brown and black are introduced to bring out the light coloring.



No. 2163 Roses and Wild Carrot,
Tinted 36 inch. $1.10.

The border is couched with three rows of dark green rope silk, Japanese gold thread being sown in between, and fringe finishes this handsome centre piece. This embriodery looks effective on a cream linen background, and green is used for the little straight petals around the daisies, thus giving a leaf effect. These are worked in the same manner as the daisy petals.

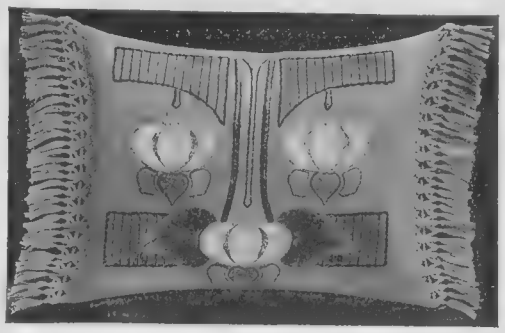
No. 2163. A very handsome centre piece is the rose and wild carrot, which is beautifully tinted on a dark linen back-ground. The roses are heavily embroidered in long and short stitch with royal floss, shades of pink and reds being used for these, and the wild carrot, which is effectively combined with the roses, is embroidered with the French knot stitch. Rope silk in shades of white and very pale green bring out the carrot beautifully. The leaves are tipped half solid using foliage greens with a touch of brown for the stemming, and wide ecru cluny lace finishes this handsome centre piece.



No. 2636A—Tinted Oblong Centre, 90 cents.

No. 2636. Oval centre-piece shows a beautiful mission design which is simple but most artistic, as the coloring is exquisite. The lily forms which are heavily padded and embroidered with the palest green rope silk, are worked in satin stitch, and the leaf forms are also done in the same manner, using dark foliage greens. The whole design after being embroidered is outlined with black rope silk, are worked in gold thread and black rope silk are used to bring out the band which edges the design. Handsome Russian fringe finishes this beautiful centre-piece, and the cushion illustrated has been designed to match this perfectly. It would be difficult to imagine a more beautiful set than this, as the embroidery is easily executed. Laces and fringe to finish these centre pieces, and cushion, can be supplied if required. Samples and prices will be sent on request.

Readers entrusting their orders to us will have them carefully and correctly filled. Allow about ten days from the time the order is sent to us for filling such orders. When ordering please mention the article required, as well as the design number, thus avoiding any possibility of mistake.



No. 2636—Tinted Cushion Top, 60 cents.

Silks to embroider any of these designs can be supplied at the following prices:—Royal Floss.....55c. per dozen Filo Floss.....55c. per dozen Rope Silk.....45c. per dozen

Household Notes.—Care of the Cellar.

A clear, dry, well-ventilated cellar is literally the foundation of much home comfort. Here compartments for heating apparatus, a room for fuel, and a cold storage room may be located. One of the requirements of a healthful cellar is freedom from dampness. If very damp, an artificial drain should be made. Slight dampness may be overcome by keeping a pailful of unslacked lime in the cellar, and as soon as it absorbs enough moisture to render it fine, like powder, replace it with fresh lime. To prevent sprouting and decaying of vegetables, the cellar must be cool and dry. Moisture is a producer of decay, and decay is one of the greatest enemies to be guarded against in the cellar. Make frequent examinations of all the vegetables, and remove at once any that show signs of decay. Decaying matter will vitiate the atmosphere of the whole house and cause sickness. It not infrequently happens that in summer closing of a cellar for a time is rendered necessary by absence of the family from home. During this time, everything in it, except the metal and the glass, is covered with mould fungi, and the air smells mouldy to the last degree. Such a condition is very unhealthful. Let in plenty of fresh air and all the sunshine possible to dry the place. After the cellar has been thoroughly dried, go over the walls and ceiling with a strong whitewash while it is still hot from the action of the making.

There should be windows enough to air the cellar, and screens for all of them are essential. If the sashes are left open from sunset until the next day's heat, then closed to keep in the fresh air, it will be much cooler than if open during the day; but to remain closed both day and night is to breed foulness and disease.

Cleaning the cellar before the winter vegetables and fruit are placed therein is a most important duty. Wash the windows and woodwork, and give the ceiling and walls a fresh coat of whitewash. Do not close the cellar windows in the fall until there is danger of freezing. When anything gets spilled in the cellar, clean it up thoroughly at once. No food should be put in the cellar unsealed or unless tightly covered. Even cans of fruit should be carefully washed before being opened for fear that some dangerous little germs may become mixed with the contents.

Fresh air in the upper house cannot offset the dangers of an unclean cellar. This under-house is literally our base of supply for pure air, and if, instead, we have dampness and impurities, the house is sure to become foully poisoned.

The gospel of good health cannot be preached too often, and the up-to-date woman of faculty knows that fresh air and cleanliness are the best enemies of disease.

Be as clean as possible, in the interests of health. If an unsanitary neighbor sends against us a whole army of foes to good health, we must barricade against this onslaught with vigilance and intelligence.

The whole future progress of the sanitary movement rests for permanent and executive support, not on city sanitary codes and active boards of health, but on the women, on the home-makers of the country, and may they prove themselves equal to the occasion.

When Cleaning your Gas Stove, you will find that a cloth moistened with kerosene oil will remove grease and dirt more easily than one wrung out in soap and water. It is essential to keep the air-mixers or "lungs" of the stove clean, for if they are clogged with bits of food or dust the fresh air cannot mingle freely with the gas. When the flame burns yellow or red instead of bright blue it is an indication that much heat is being lost for want of air. A bicycle pump will often clean out the burners quickly. When giving the stove a thorough cleaning, boil the grates and burners in a pan of water in which there is plenty of washing soda. If a clean newspaper is folded to fit the galvanized tray under the burners it will catch a great deal of refuse. The paper may be removed daily, and such a practice will save much scrubbing of the tray.

A Shelf Over a Gas Stove will prove very useful. Dishes may be kept warm, bread be placed on it to rise, tea bowls and tins be dried there. The shelf should be of heavy, woven wire suspended from the ceiling to a point about two feet above the stove. It should be fastened to the wall by wires to prevent it from swinging.

In Using a Gas Stove for Ironing, much fuel may be saved by buying a tin pan large enough to fit over the number of flatirons to be used. Make a hole in the middle of the bottom of the pan and fasten there, on the outside, one of the small wooden knobs to be found at five-cent stores. Use this pan to cover the irons and they will keep at the right heat, even with the gas turned much lower. It is easy to remove the cover, as the little handle does not get hot.

A Pill for Brain Workers.—The man who works with his brains is more liable to derangement of the digestive system than the man who works with his hands, because the one calls upon his nervous energy while the other applies only his muscular strength. Brain fag begets irregularities of the stomach and liver, and the best remedy that can be used is Parmelee's Vegetable Pills. They are specially compounded for scuh cases and all those who use them can certify to their superior power.

A THEATRE AT HOME

COLUMBIA

Seven days' free trial if desired.

This Columbia in beautiful modern cabinet with latest aluminum scientific tone arm and revolving horn, exactly as shown.

$29 Only Including 14 large selections (7 double discs) of your own choice.

PAY $5.00 DOWN

AND $4.00 Monthly

NORDICA, BONCI, MARY GARDEN, ALICE NIELSON, CAVALIERI, KUBELIC, etc. sing and play exclusively for the COLUMBIA."

Other Columbia Outfits $25.00, $50.00, $75.00, $100.00, etc. Easy payments.

Double Discs, 2 different selections, 85c. All languages. Imported British records now ready.

Gold Moulded Cylinder Records, 2 minute 25c.; 4 minute, 45c.

Columbia Indestructible Cylinder Records, 2 minute, 45c.; 4 minute, 65c.

Satisfaction guaranteed. We have all makes of second-hand machines at bargain prices. Old machines taken in trade; 40 styles of talking machines; 30,000 records; 40 styles of pianos.

Ask for interesting Graphophone History and Free Booklet No. 41 and, be sure to hear the Columbia Grafonola (the latest hornless.)

WINNIPEG PIANO CO.

Biggest Piano and Phonograph House in Canada. Wholesale and Retail.

295 PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG.

Boys and Girls

Send 10c. for our new Inkless Fountain Pen. "They write by simply dipping in water. Dandy for home and shool use."

And we pill send FREE and postpaid 6 beautiful high-grade postcards, also full particulars of our new Premium plan. Address

W. Stephens Co.
Norwood Grove, Winnipeg, Man.

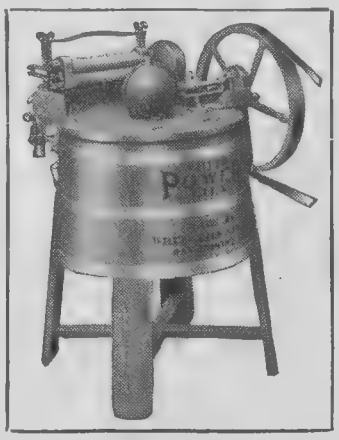
When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

Use Your Gasoline Engine

The White Lily Power Washer is the most complete, most durable Power Washer manufactured. It is the only genuine power machine you can buy. Read a few reasons why you should buy a White Lily Power Washer.

It is constructed of the very best material throughout, and is absolutely guaranteed for five years by one of the largest washing machine manufacturers in the United States.

The Wringer and Washer will both operate at the same time. While you are washing one tub full of clothes, another can be rinsed, blued and wrung out.



It is fitted with a special reversible wringer and drip board.

It is so constructed that the operator can feed the wringer with her right hand, nearly all others are left-handed.

All gears are absolutely covered.

The tub is made from a select grade of Louisiana Red Cypress.

The price of The White Lily Power Washer is within the reach of all.

Write for particulars and prices, it will surprise you how little this machine costs.

The White Lily Power Washer is guaranteed, and we will replace any defective parts free of all charges, for a period of **five years.**

THE GEM MOTOR CO.

Household Specialties. 419 PORTAGE AVE., WINNIPEG, MAN.

During June

The Great-West Life Assurance Company moved into the new Home Office on Lombard Street, Winnipeg—thus making the last of the many moves made necessary by the Company's rapid growth.

Less than 19 years old, the Company goes into its permanent home with a business in force of $60,000,000, representing over 33,000 Policies—with assets exceeding $8,500,000—writing a monthly Business verging upon $1,500,000—and with an Annual Income approaching $3,000,000.

This success has been built upon the solid foundation of unequalled

Results to Policyholders.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company

Head Office - - WINNIPEG

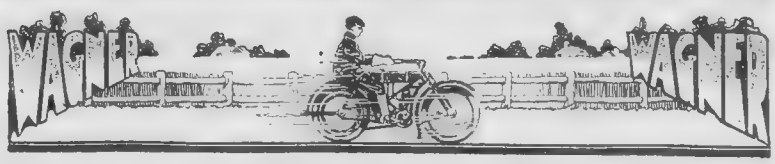
CUT OUT AND MAIL.

Without committing myself to any action I shall be pleased to have information regarding Life Insurance.

Name.....

Address.....

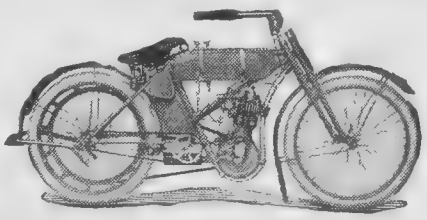
Date of Birth.....



Agents Wanted **WAGNER MOTOR CYCLE** Agents Wanted

If you know the economy, usefulness and pleasure of a good motorcycle and can afford to buy a sample machine to show to farmers, merchants, mechanics, and everybody in your locality who is waiting to see it, we will sell you one at agents' price, give you a territory and by our new plan, help you make sales. The machine will do the rest. If you mean business, write to-day.

WAGNER MOTOR CYCLES 4 Horse Power Goes Everywhere



SIMPLE EASY TO RUN ECONOMICAL AND SAFE

CANADIAN AGENCIES 188 MARKET STREET WINNIPEG, CANADA

ONLY 25 Cents

FOR THE

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY

from now to the end of the year. The Western Home Monthly—Canada's Greatest Household Magazine—represents truly marvellous value at its ordinary subscription price of $1.00 a year. Each issue contains between 80 and 100 pages of good reading matter, consisting of able articles specially written for us by men of prominence and authority, household and general departments under standard headings, illustrations depicting interesting western scenes taken by our own official photographers and original fiction by well-known authors.

New subscribers only are offered the exceptional opportunity of getting the Western Home Monthly for over half a year for the absurd sum of 25 cents, and it is an opportunity which should be taken advantage of promptly. Address all orders:

WESTERN HOME MONTHLY
WINNIPEG

Send in your order TO-DAY and receive a copy of our big Exhibition Number FREE.

Women's Quiet Hour.

By E. Cora Hind.

Women's Club.

The Saskatchewan Government is adding a new feature to a number of the larger local exhibitions this season. This is a tent in connec- with the University Extension work in the Agricultural Department. There will be demonstrations in connection with the noxious weed and various matters of this kind which are of mutual interest to men and women. But there will be another department, and that will be Homemaker's Clubs. This will be in charge of Miss Beynon (Lilian Laurie), who organized the first clubs last year. She will have a good supply of literature, copies of the constitution, etc., and will be in a position to give practical information about the organizing of these clubs. At present I know she will be at Battleford, Saskatoon, and Prince Albert, and, following these exhibitions, she will attend the convention of Homemaker's Clubs at Wolseley; later she will be at a number of the other fairs. I think this is a splendid idea, and I am sure it is one which will meet with hearty co-operation from the women all over the West. There is nothing so helpful as "the personal touch." Lilian Laurie has the exceptional gift of organization, which is so essential in connection with a new movement of this kind. At Wolseley and at Indian Head, during the excursions to the experimental farm, Lilian Laurie wil be assisted by Miss Mary S. Mantle (Margaret Freestone of the Nor'-West Farmer). Miss Mantle is doing some organization work in Homemaker's Clubs in new districts, and will have put in considerable time before the Wolseley convention. She is going into hitherto untouched territory and will no doubt have much that will be of interest to the women when they meet in convention.

What's in a name

The Manitoba clubs have decided on the name Home Ecomics, and while to me, personally, this title does not appeal as strongly as the Homemaker's Clubs of Saskatchewan, there is no doubt that equally good work can be done under that name. A great impetus has been given to the clubs in Manitoba through the work of the Domestic Science section of the Agricultural Special, which has been touring Manitoba for the past three weeks. Everywhere there is a growing interest in the organization of women on farms and in small towns, with a view to solving some of the problems that make farm life in the West so especially hard for the woman. I would like to urge each one of my readers to not only attend any of these meetings which may be within their reach, but to be willing to undertake some of the work in connection with such a club. Every little helps, and work of that kind not only helps the club but helps the woman who undertakes it. I think I can, in a measure, grasp how impossible it seems to the busy mother on a farm in July and August to add one iota to the enormous burden of work which she must necessarily do, but I think this is an occasion when it would be good housekeeping to neglect for a little time some of the manifold routine duties, and make a change. I know it seems like an impertinence for an outsider to suggest this, but there is an old saying that the looker-on sees most of the game, and as I go over the West year after year, I realize, perhaps almost more than some of you yourselves, that your salvation from a nervous break-down must come in the form of a change, even if that change is only a change of work and not a complete rest.

The Winnipeg Industrial

While on the subject of country fairs and women's clubs I would like to say a word about the new and beautiful building which the Winnipeg Industrial Exhibition is erecting in place of the old main building which fortunately, was last year destroyed by fire. A more barren and unsightly structure it would be difficult to imagine, and it is to be replaced by one which will have some beauty of architecture and, being erected for the special purpose, will be really suitable for an arts and science building; it will contain, in addition, comfortable, cool and cheerful resting places especially for women. The daily products, women's needle work and the school, manual training and art exhibits which will be located in this building will all have improved quarters—more room, better arrangement and better light. It will be one of the features of the Winnipeg Industrial for visiting women to look forward to this July.

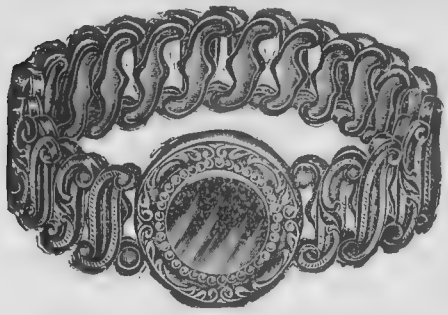
China

A complaint which has often been made to me when I have been in the country is the difficulty of getting pretty china at a reasonable price and of a pattern which can be supplemented when pieces are broken. The other day I was in the china department of one of Winnipeg's departmental stores and was shown the catalogue which this house is getting out. It contains a list and description, with illustrations, of a number of tasteful sets of china, at prices ranging from $10 to $175. These are all in open patterns, and not only can a piece be replaced, but any woman desiring to accumulate a really beautiful set of china can begin by buying a few plates and cups at a time and keep ordering more as her purse will permit. This is one of the best ideas of its kind that I have seen, and if any woman would like to get one of these catalogues, if she will write to me, I will see that one is forwarded to her. The house is only getting out a limited number, and as both the letterpress and the illustrations are costly, they are not mailing them broadcast. It was by the merest acident that I ran across this little piece of information, and I was not asked to say anything about it; but it struck me as one of the things in which many of my readers would be interested. Many a time would be interested. Many a time, when I have had to wait around a store in the country, I have looked at the dishes offered, and wondered how it was that they seemed to have an absolute genius for acquiring the ugliest possible patterns and the ones that it would be the most difficult to match in case of a piece being broken.

Farm Dairying

I have been reading this month Laura Rose's book on farm dairying, the first of its kind to be issued in Canada and by a Canadian author. Miss Rose, as many of my readers know, is demonstrator and lecturer in dairying at the Ontario Agricultural College, Guelph. She says in her foreword that it has been her earnest desire to present the dairy industry in a simple, practical manner, in the hope of benefitting those desirous of improving and succeeding in their chosen occupation, and I think that in this little book, for it has only 300 pages, she has admirably succeeded in her avowed object. I know Miss Rose well, personally. She is a woman of great charm and magnetism, and she has given dairy lectures and demonstrations, and inquired into the dairy industry at first hand in every province in Canada. Her book is like one of her talks—plain, clear and concise, but with sufficient humor and incident to make it very pleasant reading, even to one who is not going in for dairying. It is profusely illustrated, many of the photographs having been taken by Miss Rose herself, and there are a number of diagrams and tables which will be exceedingly useful to anybody engaging in home dairying. The book, I imagine, could be ordered through any bookseller. It is issued by A. C. McClurg and Co., of Chicago, but I understand that perhaps the best way is to order it direct from Miss Rose. She can be addressed at 16 Glasgow Street, Guelph.

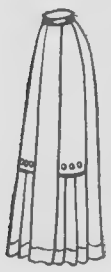
WATCH and BRACELET FREE



GIRLS, we will give you this handsome gold-plated Extension Bracelet FREE, for selling only $4.00 worth of our lovely cards at 8 for 10c.

BOYS, we will give you this handsome engraved nickel watch, new design, just out, open face, stem wind and set, carefully adjusted movement, fully guaranteed, for selling only $4.00 worth of our lovely cards at 8 for 10c. ORDER TODAY; be first in your vicinity.
FREE—Our beautifully illustrated catalogue sent postpaid with every order. Our cards sell on sight, as they are the latest designs in Canadian views, floral and birthday cards; all are beautifully colored and many are richly embossed on gold.

TORONTO PREMIUM CO.,
Dept H, Toronto, Can.



Send Us Only $2.25

Receive by return mail, postpaid, this beautiful skirt, made in the latest style, with foot pleats and trimming, buttons just as pictured. The material is either Fine Melton cloth or fine French luster, in dark red, dark green, pearl grey, medium brown, navy and black. Same skirt in fine French Panama all wool cloth, in same colors as above $3.50. Add 25c for postage, order skirt No 9. Order to-day.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.,
10 COOTE BLOCK,
LONDON, ONT.

I am sure that any woman who is interested in dairying will find this book not only interesting but exceedingly practical and helpful.

Routine Work.

I took up, the other day, "The Cabin," by Stewart Edward White. It is a book copiously illustrated, and shows life in a log cabin in the mountains of California. One of the characters in the book, California John, has this to say about routine work: "A man don't want to give "a cuss whether a thing gets done or "not, but just whether he keeps work-"ing along at it. If he does that it is "bound to get done without worrying "him. If you don't come to that way "of thinking sooner or later, you will "have this ere nervous prostration. The "world is plum full of tiresome jobs "that don't really mean nuthin'—"washin' clothes, sweepin' floors, chop-"pin' wood that you burn up—generally "millin' round in a circle that don't "get nowhere. A man gets a notion "that these jobs are wastin' his valuable "time. He begins to hustle to get "them behind him and out of the way, "and that means he does a poor job and "gets all wrought up and impatient and "tries to get in a week's work by sun-"down. We have got to make up our "minds that a lot of our life is taken "up with this routine work—same thing "over and over—work that don't make "nuthin', so we ought to have sense "enough to find real livin' in them "same as doin' real things. Any job's "got a lot of fun in it if you ain't in "too devil much of a hurry to finish it. "You have got to do the job anyhow, "so you might just as well get the fun.

. . . . . .

"You can't take up anythin'—I don't "care what it is or where it is—with-"out gettin' a whole heap of new know-"ledge about things in the world and "their nature and how cussed things "act. Anythin' looks simple and dead "easy to do, and it ain't. The Lord "scattered things to learn all over, "everywhere. I don't care what you "pick up, there's enough there to take "all the strength of your mind, for a "while anyway."

"What does count, then?" I asked, a "little bewildered."

"The man," returned California John, "sharply. "I don't know how, but that "is it. If he is the right sort, why he "helps the next fellow to do the right thing, whether he tries or not, and after "a few thousands of years of that sort "of thing, we get somewhere, and it "don't much matter whether we get "there through a Panama canal or go "by land."

"How about those fellows who don't "make anything of themselves?"

"California John pointed to a pile of "debris—the split and broken rails. "'Just culls,' he said. I reckon you "will find some use for them—firewood, stakes and the like."

"There are a lot of culls in the "world," I said."

"His patience is infinite," said the old "man, solemnly. "I have often noted "two things about trees. The stunted, "little' twisted fellows have a heap hard "time, what with the wind and snow "and poor soil; and they grow furthest "up on the big peaks."

I wonder if there is not some consolation in this philosophy for the women who are day after day doing routine work—getting meals, washing dishes, mending, starting the children for school—the endless weary round of every day. There is much in this book, which is quite unlike any of Stewart White's previous works, to delight the lover of trees and mountains and streams in quiet places. It is as wholesome and refreshing as a day spent in the woods themselves. The book is isued by the Musson Book Co., Toronto.

Another Book.

A charming story by Kate Langley Bosher is "Miss Gibbie Gault." The scene is laid in one of the small towns of the United States, and shows how much one woman, with courage and enthusiasm and a small amount of money may do to improve the conditions and beautify the streets of her native place. The book is saved from any sameness by the character of Mrs. McDougall, whose dissertations on men and things remind one quite forcibly of Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. This book is published by the Harper people, and is in some measure a sequel to Mary Cary, though it is quite interesting without any knowledge of the previous book.

The Way Out.

Mr Halle in his book, Notes from a Painter's Life, tells an amusing story of the celebrated caricaturist, Carlo Pellegrini, "Ape" of Vanity Fair. He borrowed five pounds from the author. "When he had got it and put it in his pocket he said these memorable words, in his broken English, 'Halle, my fellow, if I take dis five pounds as loan, every time I see you I say, "Dere dat tiresome Halle; I owe him five pound!" And you say, "Dere dat tiresome Pelican; he owe me five pound!" It make unpleasant between us. I take dis as gift!'"

A Good Combination

Experience, brains, skill and the latest improved mechanical methods have made our chemical dry process the perfection of cleaning. It gives the most satisfactory results on all kinds of garments, curtains, draperies, Oriental rugs, etc., etc., without injury to the most delicate colors and no ripping required.

Henry Bros. Dye House

Office—277-9 Smith Street
Branch—569 Ellice Avenue
Factory—217-9 Provencher Ave.
Phones, Main 1930, 1931, 7372
Special Attention to Mail Orders

Shave in Comfort

Do you want a quicke easier, pleasanter shave than you ever before experienced? Do you want to keep your face in the pink of condition, free from pimples, ingrowing hairs, scratches or cuts? Then hone your razor thirty days on the Perforated Razor Hone at my expense. Take your finest blade or your poorest, and give it six strokes, or hone all day—the result will be the same—A PERFECT SHAVE.

The Perforated Hone is the ONLY hone in the world that makes OVERHONING impossible. You don't have to be careful or experienced. The small, deftly-rounded holes in this hone absolutely dispose of that hacking, pulling, irritating edge, which no amount of old-fashioned honing could ever remove. The picture shows how. The holes make your razor edge keen, incisive and firm.

The Perforated Hone is made from a natural grit stone found only in British Columbia. It lasts a lifetime.

Pin a dollar bill to this advertisement, write your name and address on a slip of paper and mail to me. I will send you at once, all charges prepaid, a Perforated Hone packed in a neat pocket case. Try it Thirty Days FREE. Unless you find it leave a keen, smooth-cutting edge on your razor that will feel like silk on your face, return it at my expense and get your money back immediately. Send today.

Booklet, "The Secret of Easy Shaving," **FREE**

HONE SALES CO.
W. A. CAUNT, MGR.
POST OFFICE BOX 931 VANCOUVER, B.C.
REFERENCE: BANK OF TORONTO

Send Us $1.00

receive by return mail, postpaid, three beautiful wash dresses for girls from 2 to 8. One is of fine white lawn, one is of blue dotted muslin and the other is of blue checked gingham made just as pictured, trimmed with braid. Add 10c for postage. Single dress prepaid 38c.

STANDARD GARMENT CO.,
10 Coote Block, London, Canada

CASH for your real estate or business, no matter where located. If you desire a quick sale, send description and price.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY property, any kind, anywhere, let us know your wants.

Northwestern Business Agency

K11, Bank of Commerce Bldg, Minneapolis, Minn.

PICTURES FREE

A beautiful picture of King George and Queen Mary will be sent to any reader of the Western Home Monthly who sends us 15c., in stamps to pay postage and packing etc. Write at once, positively not more than two pictures to any reader.

Patriotic Picture Co., Dept 2 Toronto, Ont.

Send 50c and receive Five Pair of Hose Feet Post Paid. The part of a lady's stocking that wears out is the feet. When the feet are worn out the whole stocking is thrown away. This is not necessary. Simply cut off the feet and sew a pair of our hose feet to the leg of the stocking and you have a new pair of stockings at a low cost. Add 5c for postage. **N. Southcott & Co., London, Ont.**

15 Elegant colored Postcards 10c. Canadian views, Floral and Birthday cards, all are beautifully colored and many are richly embossed on gold.

TORONTO IMPORTING CO.,
Dept. 2, Toronto, Can.

The Show Ring at Brandon Exhibition.

Matchless Premiums

with subscriptions to the

Farmers' Weekly Telegram

The price of the Farmers' Weekly Telegram from now until December 31st, 1911, is

65 cents

and with every subscription we will give

ABSOLUTELY FREE

Your choice of any of the following premiums. This is undoubtedly the most sensational premium offer ever made by a newspaper, for anyone of the four premiums mentioned are goods of quality and leaders in their respective lines, and retail at $2.00 each. This phenomenal offer closes on the

FIRST DAY OF AUGUST

and orders must be booked before that date in order to assure delivery of any of these valuable premiums.

Four Record Breaking Premiums

THE GLOBE FOUNTAIN PEN.—This pen is made in England, and is of the very best quality. It is fitted with a guaranteed 14k gold nib, iridium tipped, and has a handsome chased barrel, standard size, of the best quality of hard rubber. In the construction of this pen is a deep ink channel, reinforced by two lateral slots, thereby keeping the ink always in contact with the point of the pen and always wet and ready to write. This pen is a bargain at $2.00

THE EVER-READY SAFETY RAZOR.—The Ever-Ready Safety Razor set consists of a razor, stropper and six blades. The whole outfit is packed in a neat leatherlette case, especially prepared for the Ever-Ready Safety Razor and its attachments. The blades in each set are made of the finest Sheffield hardened steel and so tempered that those who have hitherto been unable to shave themselves will find the process a daily luxury. The poise of the handle is carefully balanced and enables you to remove the hair without resistence. The outfit excels many that are sold for $5.00.

THE IDEAL FAMILY SHEAR SET.—This set is the ladies' work basket companion and is indispensable in every home. Consists of one pair of our 8-in.Patented Ball-Bearing Tension Shears. One pair of first class 4½ inch Adjustable Button Hole Scissors. One pair of 4½ inch Embroidery Scissors. This set is valued at $2.00, and is one of the best combinations ever offered as a premium, and will interest every houskeeper who sees it.

One lady writes: "If you were to look ten years for something that would please your lady friends, I am satisfied that you could not find anything more practical or useful."

THE CANADIAN FLAG.—The Canadian Flag is an innovation in newspaper premiums and the Flag we offer on this occasion has been especially manufactured for our Special Premium List. Our Premium Flag is 36 inches by 55 inches, and is made of soft special woven bunting silk-like finish, canvas heading, with brass eyelets for rope and strong hem on the bottom. The colors are guaranteed fast to both sun and rain. This flag sells in the usual way for $2.00, and every resident of Canada should fly one on the National Holidays.

Use this Coupon for your Order and state which one of the Big Four you want

CIRCULATION MANAGER,
Farmers' Weekly Telegram, Winnipeg, Man.

Dear Sir,—Enclosed please find the sum of sixty-five cents, for which send me The Farmers' Weekly Telegram from now until December 31st, 1911, and one of your..... (State Premium.)

NAME .....

POST OFFICE .....

PROVINCE .....

Subscribers who want two of these premiums will be supplied by remitting $1.65, and this amount will entitle them also to The Farmers' Weekly Telegram to December 31st, 1912.

Fifty Post Cards Free

Send 10c. for 8 of our beautiful Art Cards and Big Bargain offer, 2 cards free to all who answer this adv. promptly. Address:—
W. S. CO., BOX 36, Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

Free

An assortment of beautiful postcards will be sent postpaid to any person who sends us the names and correct addresses of five of their friends.
PATRIOTIC PICTURE CO. Dept. 3, Toronto, Ont.

The Home Doctor.

The Sickroom.

Sooner or later every one is required to take care of an invalid, and one cannot depend always upon nurses, and a few simple remedies and the employment of a little common sense (which is, after all, an uncommon endowment) often add greatly to the comfort of the patient and contribute no little to the rapidity of recovery. To anticipate the sick one's wants, to move gently, to bring the sense of comfort, rest and effectionate solicitude belongs not to hired nurses, but to members of the family. Old-fashioned ideas of nursing are often better than new-fangled ones, and they are within the reach of everybody. The few hints here will be found of use:

Well-ventilated bedrooms will prevent morning headaches and general lassitude. Close rooms generate disease. So the proper thing to do is to supply enough oxygen by dropping the window a few inches at the top, taking care that the current does not strike the patient.

In the morning bathe the patient with a soft sponge dipped in warm water and alcohol or whiskey (if this is not objeted to by the physician), and after this gentle and soothing ministration is over, and the hair is neatly brushed, rub a little alcohol upon the wrists and temples. It is a wonderful stimulant after the exhausting demands of the simple toilet.

Occasionally, freshen the room by means of removing the stopper of a bottle of fragrant lavender salts. If you have flowers as the invaid recovers never allow any, save the very freshest ones. to remain in the room.

Raise the invalid's head by slipping your hand under the upper pillow and lifting it with as much firmness as possible.

Raw oysters are recommended for all cases of impaired digestion. They are strengthening to the nervous organs, and their natural liquor is a valuable tonic. For those who do not like the flavor of milk, the addition of a little sugar and a wine-glassful of brandy will render the nutritious draught palatable. To produce sleep, drink a half pint of hot water or hot milk. This is a remedy simple enough, but it is nearly always successful. Complete darkness conduces to rest, and dark-green or dark-blue curtains or shades placed over the windows prevent the morning light from tiring the eyes.

In order to prevent a mustard plaster from blistering, mix the mustard with the white of an egg spread it on pieces of cheese cloth and lay it over a piece of flannel, in order to keep the air from reaching it.

To an invalid the frequent meals, slight as they are, are events of interest. Then take care that everything shall be daintily served. Always put fresh napkins on the tray, and select china which harmonizes with the broth or the broiled chicken or the milk toast. Always bring with the bowl or platter a little flower, if possible, a bit of scarlet geranium when the china is blue or green, a red rose with white china, or a few pansies; and cut the bread or toast in the shape of diamonds or tiny squares. The smallest attempts at decoration delight and amuse the patient.

Of course, there are certain ways of making the time pass pleasantly to the sick. Reading is a pleasure, if the books be light and the reader stops before the patient is fatigued.

If the invalid is young, there are many games that may be played with pencil and paper. Girls and women sometimes like to crochet, knit or arrange a scrapbook.

Simple things amuse men, women and children; for it must be remembered that the brain power is generally at low ebb, and consequently simple pastimes please which at other times would arouse no interest whatever.

In the matter of amusements, as well as in everything else, a good nurse will always be able to obtain the greatest benefit with the least expenditure of effort.

Do You Know How To Breathe ?

A gentleman gave good advice to a young lady who complained of sleeplessness. He said: "Learn to breathe, and darken your room completely, and you won't need any doctoring!"

"Learn how to breathe! I thought that was one thing we learned before coming into the world," the insomnic said, ruefully.

On the contrary, not one in ten adults knows how to breathe. To breathe perfectly is to draw the breath in long, deep inhalations, slowly and regularly, so as to relieve the lower lungs of a noxious accumulations. Shallow breathing won't do this.

I have overcome nausea, headache, sleeplessness, seasickness, and even more serious threatenings, by simply going through a breathing exercise, pumping from my lower lungs, as it were, all the malarial inhalations of the day by long, slow, ample breaths. Try it before going to bed, making sure of standing where you can inhale pure air, and then darken the room completely. We live too much in an electric glare by night. If you still suffer from sleeplessness after this experiment is fairly tried, I shall be surprised.

Iron.

A French physician has invented a method by which he says iron can be given in large doses. Hens, he noticed, have powerful internal organs. They can digest considerable quantities of iron, and then render it back, through the abumen of their eggs, in a form which is easily digested by the weaker stomach of mankind. So he feeds his hens with what he calls "a very absorbent salt of iron," mingled with grains of wheat, and they lay eggs extremely rich in iron already digested.

Weak Eyes.

When you send the nurse out with the baby, give her explict instructions not to let the sun shine in the child's face. There is no doubt that carelessness in this respect will account for many weak-eyed children. Not even a grown person should sit facing a glare of light, yet the nurses in the parks let their little charges lie looking up at the brassy sky, utterly oblivious to the torture it must be to them, or the after effects.

A Severe Scald.

If a child falls backward into a tub of water and is much scalded, carefully undress the child, lay it on a bed, on its breast if the back be scalded; then dust over the parts scalded with bicarbonate of soda; lay muslin over it; then make a tent by placing two boxes with a board over them in bed, to prevent the covering from pressing on the scald; cover up warm.

The Care of the Voice.

By Francis Hackett.

Hygiene and beauty go hand in hand. The beauty of regular, classic features is given only to a few, but the beauty of a clear complexion, of a graceful figure, of elasticity and vigor, the beauty of an eye sparkling with life and spirit, is what hygiene may bring to any one. Even characteristics contrary to any idea of beauty may be molded into pleasant harmony. "A graceful woman is never too tall." We forget deformity or ill-proportion very

quickly in the man or woman who is fresh, bright and vigorous. Thin hair, a dull eye, a harsh voice, stiff, awkward movements or a muddy complexion come from neglect of hygienic laws

Hygiene, which is in a way the science of health, is in no sense a modern fad. In the time of Moses the Jewish laws of health were clearly laid down and the fact realized that our health largely depends on our selves. The history of the Greeks and of the Romans later shows that the science of health was one of their greatest studies.

Health is not an outcome of chance. It is an effect of which the manner of our lives is the cause. Sometimes we fall ill through coming in contact with some diseased person or through eating infected food but even in this case our general habits are largely what decide. If we are careful about cleanliness and exercise good air, good food, good clothing and proper rest, we will escape many a disease which the lazy overfed, or nervous underfed, are bound to catch.

The body is a wonderful machine, and it adapts itself as no other machine can to a new environment. But there must be a strain occasionally when the machine, which was built for the open air, for unlimited exercise and a few kinds of food—nuts, wheat and water—is confined in a small space for hundreds and hundreds of days at a time, seldom fills its lungs with pure air and is fed, not on nuts, but on pastry, not on water, but on coffee. The body hastens to adapt itself, but does not always comply as quickly as we command it to. And when we are eating wrong food, taking little exercise, drawing in impure air, we must expect to be unhealthy. We do not always know by instinct what the body does need. It is the province of hygiene to tell us. If the consequences of our error is disease, hygiene alone may not be able to cure us; the physician may have to be called in. But hygiene removes the cause of most ills and prevents their recurring.

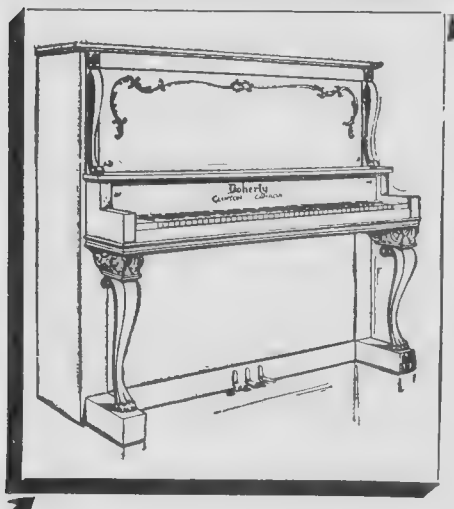
"THE PEOPLE ARE HALF THE SHOW"
The Promenade at the Canadian Industrial Exhibition

The influence of the emotions, passions, of mental and moral feelings on the body or on the involuntary muscles of the body, like the heart and the stomach, is in itself a subject of much importance and quite complicated. It is enough to realize that without mental and moral sanity health of the body is more difficult to attain. A cheerful well-balanced, fair-minded man who does not worry, suffers few of the trival ills of our flesh. A pevish, anxious, despondent person invites their visitation.

The laws of health are simple. What to do to keep healthy is far easier to say than to tell what not to do, for every day life is growing more complex, duties are multiplying. But the whole world does not and can not agree that to revert to primal conditions is necessary. The average boy of fifteen to-day has as many needs and as broad an outlook as his grandfather had at twenty. If he does not know as thoroughly about many things, he certainly knows about more things. To tell this boy of fifteen that he should go back and live as his grandfather did, because life was simpler and easier then, is to shirk the whole problem. To eat nuts and whole meat and drink water is a hygienic diet, but many wish to enjoy life as it is, and it is for them that the study of hygiene is most valuable. A French chef is not necessarily a servant of Satan, a Parisian gown is not necessarily wicked. Some laws that governed our grandfathers should govern our grandsons, but the simple life is not the only sensible life.

On the amount of oxygen supplied and on the way it is supplied, as well as on the food eaten, depends the health of our tissues, of our bone and flesh and blood. When we eat food it is liquefied and changed, as much of it as the laboratories of the body can utilize, into new blood. But without oxygen the latent force in food supplied by the blood to the tissues can not become active to generate heat and energy. This is the first great reason for considering deep breathing important.

On the correct method of breathing, and of course on a supply of pure, fresh air, depends largely the general health. From the correct method of breathing most of us depart in one way or another by breathing partially, that is, by using only part of our lung capacity, and so deriving only partial benefit from the exercise of our lungs. As there are three distinct manners of breathing, they are named by the part



All Aboard!

Of course you know that Winnipeg's Big Exhibition occurs on July 12th to 22nd, and of course you intend to be here.

Last year we put on the greatest show of Pianos and Organs ever seen in Canada and this year, with still greater space, our show will be bigger and better than ever.

The Doherty Piano and Organ Exhibit will occupy the entire west-end centre of the North Manufacturers' Building, and we now extend to you a hearty invitation to visit us and make our exhibit your headquarters. We will have a quiet room where you may meet your friends, write your letters and make yourself at home.

Doherty Dealers and Doherty Owners from all over this great Dominion will be with us and whether you own a Doherty instrument or not your welcome will be hearty.

In passing we will say that there will be some mighty interesting prices quoted during this Exhibition, and if it isn't possible for you to visit Winnipeg during the Big Fair, just drop us a line and we will tell you what we are going to do in the matter of prices to make this occasion memorable.

If you have a Doherty dealer near you tell him to pick out a Piano or Organ for you from our Exhibition stock. You can't go wrong if you buy a Doherty.

W. Doherty Piano and Organ Co. Ltd.

Long Distance Phone Main 9166 Western Branch: Winnipeg, Man.

of the chest cavity most used: Collar-bone, costal or lateral, and abdominal breathing. When we are children we naturally take deep breaths and breathe abdominally. This method sends the diaphragm (the muscle which goes across the abdomen) down, the abdomen out, but leaves the chest immovable. As we grow older the method changes, men as a rule breathing in the costal fashion, expanding the ribs and the side of the chest. Women change more radically, and nearly always come to breathe in a shallow way, moving only the upper part of the chest, hence the term collar-bone breathing. The harsh voice is a sign of this method. The muscles of the throat are strained to produce louder tones than the volume of air from the lungs is capable of aiding it to. The result is a derangement of the delicate voice cords, and the unpleasantest tone in the world.

Children should be taught to shut their mouths. The Indian mother never allows her baby to sleep with its mouth open. She presses its lips together, and very soon the infant learns to use its nostrils. A current of cold air dries the saliva, parches the throat, and chills the whole body.

To practice deep breathing, draw in the air slowly, easily and fully. When you have filled all your lungs, without straining, hold your breath in for a few seconds, then slowly and steadily breathe out through the nose, and keep your lungs empty for a few seconds before another inspiration. The muscles of the body which the will does not directly control, like the heart and the respiratory organs, work rhythmically. Therefore, in breathing, do not gasp and hurry and change your pace every minute. To practice the right method, hold yourself, sitting or standing, in a natural erect fashion, with your head raised, throat free and arms hanging loosely. Do not practice within an hour after meals, and if you get dizzy it is a sign that you should stop. Mouth breathing causes the nose to become eventually blocked up through disuse. This has its effect on the voice. Resonance and intensity are lost because the sound which should ordinarily pass through the nose is deadened.

Culture and character are indicated more clearly in the human voice than in the features or the bearing. The ideas expressed naturally affect our impression, but the pitch, intonation and strength of every utterance convey in a subtle way the innate spiritual tone and depth of the speaker.

Many children destroy the sweeter tones of their voices by screaming and shouting too much. It is perfectly natural for a child to wish to make itself heard and to have it use its lungs machine which was built for open air is excellent. But the vocal cords are delicately adjusted, and any straining injures them seriously. Nothing improves a child's voice as much as singing easily, quietly and sweetly. An imperfect ear can be trained by persistent effort and even if the child's singing voice is not perfect the benefit of its trying to vocalise pleasantly will be felt in the speaking voice. Neither children nor adults should sing higher or lower than nature intended them to. When a boy's or girl's voice is changing in pitch they should be advised not to sing.

The voice should be used sparingly when one is suffering from a cold in the head, sore throat, or weakness after illness. In such cases mascular action has to make up for lack of lung power and energy. The result is a thickening of the vocal cords and an added huskiness and harshness which may not pass away.

E. J. O'SULLIVAN, PRES.

WINNIPEG Business College

—Established 1882—

Is Canada's Leading School of Telegraphy, Shorthand and the Business Branches.

Awarded First Prize at St. Louis World's Exposition on Its Work and Methods

Day and Night School—Individual Instruction—Desirable positions secured for all graduates and worthy students—Visitors are always welcome.

WE ALSO GIVE INSTRUCTION BY MAIL.

Write us or Phone, Main **45** for Catalog and full particulars

Winnipeg Business College

Cor. Portage Ave. and Fort St., - Winnipeg, Can.

Health Fads.

There is much interest and occasionally some entertainment to be derived by the observer of things hygienic in watching the constant succession of health movements which pass over the world. They roll one after the other, like waves the sea, each gathering up some grain of wisdom from the bed of truth below, until they finally break upon the shore of practical hygiene, and then recede in foamy wavelets, leaving behind their little load of truth to be added to the firm white beach of verity.

To drop the metaphor, every one of the fads in medicine and healing, many of which are arrant quackery, contains a germ of truth. The troube with them is that they admit only one truth to the exclusion of the rest. These various one-sided systems of treatment are started by persons who have been benefitted or perhaps cured of some trouble by some single agent, and they at one jump to the illogical conclusion that what will cure one disease will cure all. Then they gather round them a band of followers, who apply the methods in all kinds of cases, and get well in spite of it—or die.

An example of this is the Kneipp cure. Father Kneipp experienced the benefits of hydrotherapy, or the water-cure,—which s a most powerful curative agent in many diseases,—and then began to preach its application to all diseases.

Cutting all meat out of the diet is useful in certain cases, but it does not follow that vegetatarians will be exempt from all human ills Abstention from starchy foods is advisable at all times, yet a raw-meat diet is not a cure-all. That the mind can exert a most powerful influence over the body is an incostestable fact, yet we cannot abolish all disease by mental healing.

The most recent of the fads,—that of which "back to nature" is the shibboleth,—like its predecessors, has its foundations on a truth. The nature movement in medicine, which has followed a similar tendency in art and literature, calls for the rejection of clothing, contact of the bare body with earth, air and water, a diet of nuts and raw fruits, and various other eccentricities—some excellent if practised in moderation, others harmful to the delicate or to sufferers from chronic disease. Here is the germ of truth. Fresh air, sunlight, simple food are good for man. This fact will remain; but the fad as a fad will die the death to which all exaggeration is doomed.

A Modern Bethesda

Winnipeg Titles and Mortgage Company, Limited

Authorized Capital - - $100,000.00

Divided into 800 shares 8 per cent preferred stock of par value of $50.00 each **$40,000.00**

1,200 shares common stock of par value of $50.00 each **60,000.00**

Public offering of 500 shares 8% preferred stock, with which a bonus is given of one share of common for every four shares of preferred stock purchased

Terms of Payment

$5.00 per share on application.
$15.00 per share on allotment.
$10.00 per share within two months.
$10 00 per share within four months.
$10.00 per share within six months.

Exceptional Opportunity to Small Investor

THE WINNIPEG TITLES AND MORTGAGE COMPANY, LIMITED, has been incorporated with the object in view to afford a conservative and easy means for the small investor to become interested and reap some benefit from the increasing values in City of Winnipeg property resulting from the rapid growth and expansion of the West.

All property purchased will bear revenue sufficient to meet demands of the preferred dividend, and will be subject first to the approval of the official valuator of the Company, and secondly to the approval of the Board of Directors.

Preferred Stock Retireable

As a further means of making this Company a popular one with the investor with a small capital, a by-law has been passed by the Company providing for the retirement of the preferred stock at par any time after the expiration of two years from the date of the organization.

When this is done the preferred shareholders will retain, of course, their common stock, but will be reimbursed to the extent of their original investment.

Directors

T. S. Matheson, Esq., Grain Broker, Winnipeg.
J. Fleming, Esq., Mayor of Brandon, Man.
F.C. Hamilton, Esq., Financial Agent, Winnipeg
N. J. Black, of W. Sanford Evans & Co., Winnipeg

Make all cheques payable to F. C. HAMILTON & Co., Financial Agents, Bank of Hamilton Chambers, Winnipeg

Winnipeg. .....

Messrs F. C. HAMILTON & CO.
Financial Agents, Winnipeg

I hereby agree to purchase from you.....

shares of 8% preferred stock and ..... shares of common stock in THE WINNIPEG TITLES AND MORTGAGE COMPANY, LIMITED, for which I agree to pay the sum of $ ....., payable $..... herewith, and balance as follows

Name..

Address..

The Beauty of a Clear Skin.—The condition of the liver regulates the condition of the blood. A disordered liver causes impurities in the blood and these show themselves in blemishes on the skin. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills in acting upon the liver act upon the blood and a clear, healthy skin will follow intelligent use of this standard medicine. Ladies, who will fully appreciate this prime quality of these pills, can use them with the certainty that the effect will be most gratifying.

The Young Woman and Her Problem.

By Pearl Richmond Hamilton.

THE MAY POLE FETE.

There is always a temptation for one to wander back to the campus of her old college days, and in the month of May I yielded to the temptation, just in time to see the merry "coeds" enjoying the annual May Pole Fete. For an hour it seemed as if a good fairy had led me into her enchanted land. The windows and roofs were crowded with noisy students who gave the yell of approval at the end of a rose drill. Then the dainty maidens in costumes of roses tripped happily to their respective places in delightful ecstasy over their success as they listened to the hearty applause of the "U—rah rah!" Following the rose drill was a Norse number in which young women dressed in quaint Norwegian costumes moved harmoniously over the lawn toward the May Pole, where they reached for the brightly colored ribbons that hung from the top. Then they danced prettily about the May Pole as they wave on it patterns of various designs. After this drill a very pretty apple blossom was gracefully performed. The girls in white gowns carried hoops of apple blossoms, and their dance on the green created another picture of fairyland. While the girls of the apple blossoms moved harmoniously to the strains of May time music a wily sophomore, carrying a tissue paper hat, picked his way through the crowd. Some fair "coed" had been robbed of part of her costume. Twilight fulfilled the promise of the intricate Japanese lantern drill. This required considerable skill in the preparation, as lanterns here and there caught fire in spite of extreme caution. Thus ended the programme of the fete of the May Pole. I stood a few minutes feasting on old familiar sights. The scene was not much changed. Funny Freshmen, each wearing a tiny bright green cap topped by a red button—the edict of the tyrannical sophomores—sauntered slowly down the hill. Jolly juniors, with pockets full of hands, walked behind their ever present pipes; while serious seniors in somber cap and gown wended their way in the direction of the stone "spoon holder" on the lake-shore. This reminded me of a little romance of my own among these same surroundings. Lost in beautiful reverie on the old College grounds, I turned to go, when my little daughter broke the spell by these questions: "Mother, did Daddy go to school right here?" "Yes, dear." "And did you?" "Yes, little one." "Mother, may I come here to school when I am a big girl?" Ah—beautiful are the blessings that are treasured from college associations!

* * * * *

USEFUL BRAINS

If you want to be a popular girl—be useful. If you would be a successful wife—be useful. Keep your brains busy with useful ideas. A woman confined to her room for years made $17,000 from book marks that she invented. A useful woman is never lonely or discontented. She never wants to kill time. Many of the labor-saving inventions of the world may be credited to women. The Chinese Empress, Tao, invented the spinning of silk, never dreaming of the immense industry that would grow from her creation. Mheorai Misi, a woman of Asia, discovered the attar or roses and invented the cashmere shawl. Two Italian women, the Cunio sisters, discovered wood engraving. It was the widow of Nathaniel Greene who made the suggestion of the cotton gin, which was perfected by Eli Whitney. Miss Knight invented the paper bag, and people wondered why so simple a contrivance had never been thought of before. When Mme. De Long had paralysis in her right arm and was forced to give up her trade of jewel worker, she invented metal-cutting machinery. This is worked by steam in France. From the solid metal it cuts gates and other architectural work without casting. She has cut plates of glass a foot thick into lattice work at a single operation. She has also made picture frames, crests and lace pins, turning them out of the metal fully finished, every operation being performed by the steam-driven machinery. The first laureate crown ever offered a woman has been bestowed upon Mme. De Long by the Society of the French Architects in Paris. Mrs. Barton Parnell, who has worked over forty years in the Australian gold mines, has made a fortune as an assayist. She discovered the secret of treating ore before roasting it, so that as much gold as brownstone could be obtained from it. Mrs. Parnell will found a college in England for women, where they will be trained to be practical miners. Women with busy brains live longest. Men have a serious purpose in life and they tire of the beautiful wife, but they grow more and more in love with the busy, useful wife as the years go on. After the novelty of marriage has worn off, he expects to discover behind all the loveliness of the wife, a woman of inspiration, of self-reliance, of independence of thought, he wants to share with his wife the big, fine, true things of life, and to feel that she has sympathy in his interests. These women mentioned, accomplished things because their brains were busy. They were useful.

* * * * *

WITH THE BLIND.

Do we ever stop to realize how much the expression of the face is indebted to the eyes? Last month I visited a town where there is a large institution for the blind, and a group of young people stood on the platform of the station to "see" some of their friends off—the school having been closed for the summer vacation. Some of the young men and women were discussing the work of the year, while others appeared intterested in personal affairs. In one little company, each young man seemed to have chosen a fair favorite and they were intensely interested in one another. But in all their faces their was lacking fascial expression. One very superior young man seemed unusually interested in a charming young woman who carried a music roll. I thought it pathetic that he could not see how sweetly attractive she was. But I am sure he felt the fascination of her loveliness. As he talked, his sightless eyes were turned in the direction of his cane. Her eyes, too, were turned away from him. How much is lost when lovers cannot read the expression of the soul in one another's eyes! Let discontented girls who have the sense of sight be thankful for their blessings. One young man, the son of blind parents who lived in my old home town, reached the train just in time. Guided by intuition and his cane, he walked into our car, wholly unconscious of the fact that a very dusty object had left its imprint on the side of his carefully pressed trousers. The fact that he was so well groomed made the accident more noticeable. When one is riding on the train there is opportunity for reflection, and the presence of this young man gave me food for thought. He was the son of blind parents. On another occasion, a deaf and dumb family attracted attention in a car. The mother, father and children—all were deaf and dumb.

* * * * *

MENTAL STIMULATORS.

New occupations for women are being developed every year. A re-

The First Artistic Player-Piano at a Moderate Price

The Everson

With 12 Rolls of Music and Bench

Price $550

$25.00 Down, $15.00 Per Month

Here is a new Player-Piano from the hands of the leading experts in the player industry. For more than four years the men whose genius produced the greatest instruments of modern times have been engaged in building the Everson player.

The instrument that has bridged the gap between the $550.00 price and the $800.00 quality

The manufacturers of the Everson Piano are recognized throughout Canada as the leading specialists in player construction. They know the player business as no one else. They know every instrument upon the market in Europe as well as in America—the good points of each, and its shortcomings.

Based on this knowledge they make the unequivocated statement—**That no other player-piano of popular price approaches the Everson Piano in musical quality or constructional soundness.**

The Opportunity the Everson Player Presents

The introduction of this splendid new moderate priced player-piano is doubly welcomed just at this time.

To those who have desired to purchase a player-piano either as a gift or for themselves, it represents a golden opportunity.

Think what the Everson Piano—manufactured, guaranteed and sold to you by one of the foremost houses in the music industry—means.

Here is a piano of the kind that everyone wants—a piano with every good feature of the ordinary instrument available for hand-playing and for practice, and in addition a piano which anyone can play.

Its moderate price and the low terms upon which it is sold, puts it within the reach of even the modest income.

The rich musical tone of the Everson, its even scale and perfect action, its dignified appearance, commend it to the most critical music lover, while all question as to its durability and the permanence of its fine features is set at rest by the reputation of its makers.

Briefly described, the Everson Piano presents the appearance of an upright piano of regular type. It has a keyboard which may be used in the ordinary way for hand-playing and practice. A few simple movements convert it into player-piano and it may then be played by anyone, wholly irrespective of musical knowledge, with the correctness and expression of a trained musician.

The payment of $25 places this superb instrument in your home. Monthly, quarterly or fall payments arranged on the balance.

A Complete Stock of Edison and Victor Talking Machines. Moderate Terms

We extend a cordial invitation to Exhibition visitors to come in and hear this Player

Cross, Goulding & Skinner, Ltd.

323 Portage Avenue

cognised trade for women who have to support themselves is being carried on successfully in London this year. It is that of coaching women of society. Intelligent young women go once a week, sometimes daily, and while their patrons are are in the hands of the hairdresser, their maid or even their dressmakers, they talk to them about the interesting affairs of the day, telling them just what is new in politics, art and literature. In this way, the woman of society is able to acquire sufficient information to appear with credit. Sometimes the coacher is employed to coach the employer for some particular function she will attend. Her duty it to make the subject whether it be politics or science or literature, as clear and comprehensible as she can in as short a time as possible. This new field of work has been so successful that the number of intelligent, well-informed girls who now earn a good living in this way has greatly increased during the year. If the women of society find that she needs to have decided opinions on any particular subject, the mental stimulator has to have these opinions on hand.

THE BORROWING GIRL.

"Where's Mary?" The question came in such a lazy tone that I looked up curiously to see the inquirer. Her face was absolutely expressionless. It was a warm morning and in place of a neat clean cotton dress she wore a heavy woolen suit that hung unevenly. The bottom was frinzed and soiled. Two crooked pins fastened a soiled collar and the belt revealed a brass safety pin in the back. "Mary is upstairs," I answered, where upon the caller turned languidly and climbed with noticeable effort, the stairs. "Say, can I borrow a dress waist for the pic-nic tomorrow?" I heard the request and Mary very quietly granted the request . The girl came down with the blouse over her arm. "Mary," I said, "you certainly are very neighborly." "Well, she replied, "I cannot very well refuse." "Does she borrow often?" "Oh, yes, she wore a coat of mine out." The next morning about an hour after the girls had gone to the pic-nic, "Tirred Tillie" came to the door and drawled out, "Has Mary gone?" Yes, Mary had gone and "Tired Tillie" had to remain at home. They told me that she had bluffed her way through school thus far. I pity the man whose home she will spoil. Young men should not be blind to the personal appearance of a girl.

THE GIRL WITH A GROUCH.

The most selfish girl in the whole world is the girl with a grouch. The most unhappy girl in the whole world is the the girl with a grouch. The effect would not be so disastrous if it ended with her own feelings; she not only injures herself, but she injures every one about her, because she seems to enjoy her grouch most when she sees those about her most unhappy. With some girls, this disposition is chronic—the attacks last from four days to four weeks. I once knew a severe case that lasted two months. Girls subject to the grouch, spend nearly all of their time thinking of themselves. They also spend much of their time smoothing out with cosmetics the wrinkles that these grouches plow into their faces. They cannot, however, change the facial expression that this disposition cultivates. Elsie Janie, who is famous for her youthful beauty, says: "A sweet disposition does more toward promoting good looks than any other thing. Never think unkind thoughts of anybody, never sulk, never get into a temper. You can't have a nice, frank expression half of the time, if, during the other half you are wearing a frown. Keep your temper and think kind thoughts. Temper is a great wrinkle producer, and a sour expression adds years to one's looks." It is considered as much an asset nowadays for a young lady to have a good disposition as beauty. Lady Diania Manners, who is a recent London debutante, has been named Lady Perfect Manners, because of her beautiful disposition.

* * * * *

AN OBJECT OF DISGUST.

To the woman with a moral sense, the girl who flirts with married men is extremely disgusting. Last summer a girl told me with a feeling of pride that she went out to luncheon with a married man who telephoned at the last moment to his tired wife that he was too busy to go home to the meal that she had cooked. Last month a young woman remarked in my hearing that she had four automobile rides a week with a married man. When I tried to explain to her the tragedy of such conduct she exclaimed: "Well, here I am in this pokey old town where nothing is going on and when a man comes along with an automobile I cannot resist the the temptation of a cool ride in the country." She further more said: "I like to go with married men better than with single men anyway." This girl lives in a beautiful home with every wish granted. There is a Divine Providence that metes out punishment to just such young women. Have I not seen them writhe in mental and physical anguish because of these very misdoings? Some day and that day will surely come, she will reap the harvest of her filthy flirtations. The girl who breaks the bonds apart and is the cause of a broken heart—in other words the girl who flirts with the married man will suffer according to the wrongs she has done that man's wife. I am proud of our good, clean Canadian homes. Everywhere I hear praises for the Canadian man's love of home life, and I sincerely trust that our own girls will keep the standard of womanhood so pure and holy that the evil of such flirtation will never spread over our bessed country with such blighting destruction as is being experienced across the line. Pure womanhood is a duty that we owe to our flag. If girls could only know how the honeyed words of the men who flirt with them are changed to expressions of disgust behind their backs, they would not feel as elated over the poisonous flatteries which they seem to enjoy. Some time I may write an article on "The Lure of the Automobile."

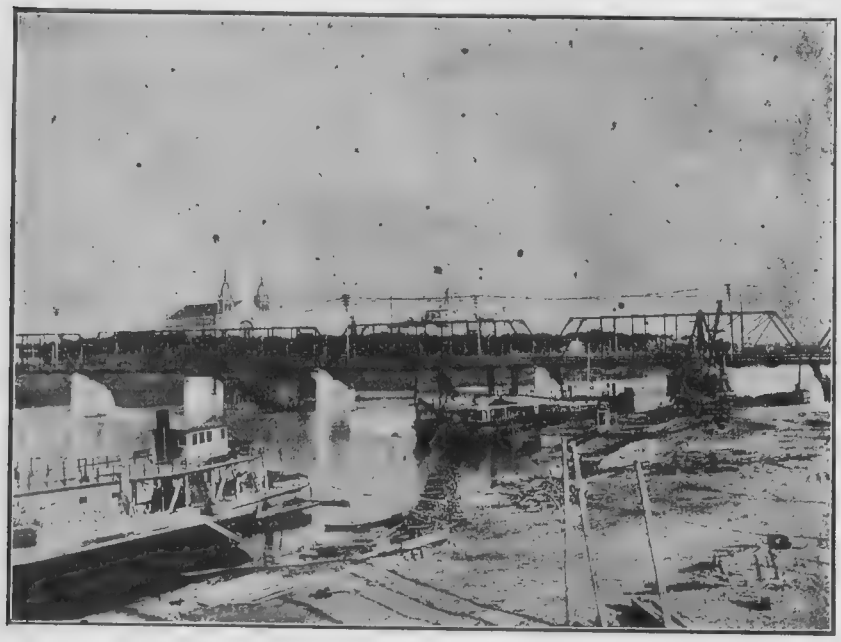
* * * * *

SINCERITY.

To live the right sort of story every day is to be a great author, whether we ever put a pen to paper or not. I trust that every young woman who reads this magazine is writing on the pages of her life's volume the story of sincerity. There is absolutely nothing that will live except truth. Deception, artificiality, trickery—all are crushed in the end by sincerity. Have a purpose in life and be sincere, and you ing better because of honest reformers. will be successful. The world is grow-Ellen Terry says: "Any one can interest people who is sincere in what she says. Fulness of information is a power. Language, appropriate and forcible, is necessary for effective speaking, but there is one thing to which all others must be subordinate and that is part of one's self. It is sincerity.

Dr. Stanley Hall: The children should be taught to read, write and work out problems in arithmetic, but at the same time they should be taught incidentally and practically all those factors that pertain to things that are kindly and considerate, things that are lovely and beautiful, things that are hygienic and cleanly, things that in any way make for the fuller and truer man and woman as lives have to be lived in this world.

Rev. Dr. Lyman Abbott: If you are looking for a fixed set of rules for making a home happy and attractive you are looking in vain. The government of no two homes is likely to be the same. Homes are as varied in disposition as the minds of men. What makes one laugh might cause tears to another. Have the making of home a place of joy, pleasure and profit. Do not save the frowns of business worry for your firesides.



Steamboat landing 1911, showing new St. Boniface Cathedral and Broadway Bridge Winnipeg.

Steamboat landing 30 years ago, showing Old St. Boniface Cathedral Winnipeg.

View taken from same place in 1911 showing Hudson Bay Mill, C.N.R. Roundhouse and three bridges spanning the River Winnipeg.

The H. B. Co. Warehouse, 1880, Winnipeg.

How Travelling in Canada compares with Travelling in England.

Car conductor tells reporter of his experiences and calls to mind a terrible train disaster. By John Richardson.

"Will you have soup, sir?" It was the way the man said it that attracted my attention. When he brought me the dish I asked him if he was from the Eastern Counties of England. Yes, he was an East Anglian, and he came from Bury St. Edmunds. He was now a dining car conductor on the Canadian Pacific Railway. We were travelling from Winnipeg to Toronto. As soon as I told him that I knew the district he came from, we became close friends.

He had been a rural postman in England It was a dreary existence on 15s. ($3.50) a week. He laughed as he told me that when he left his job to come to Canada some people said he was foolish for leaving such wealth behind him! He got work on the railway immediately he arrived here, rose to the position of a dining car conductor, and saves nearly as much money in a week now as he had been accustomed to earning in a month in the old land. What is more, he had dabbled in real estate. He bought a piece of land in a district which had attracted many new comers, and made money out of his investment.

A Midland Express. London to Manchester, England.

"Yes," he said, with a twinkle in his eye, "I've done well in this country. It pays me better to be wearing this uniform than the uniform I used to wear in Suffolk.

"When I landed in Montreal I was worth $15," he said. "Within six months I was able to get my widow mother out here. She is now in Winnipeg, and I dont' think she would like to go back."

"Yes," I like my work," he said. "I know nearly every inch of this country from coast to coast, and I never got tired of going over it. You want to know what difference I find in travelling here and travelling in England? Lor' bless you, the only time I travelled in England was when I carried the mails in the villages. I used to be out in all weathers and get sopping wet through. I smile at it now, but I didn't smile then. If I was going to the next town, Ipswich, only twenty miles away, I should be quite excited over it. Now I go from one end of the continent to the other, as far as from London to Constantinople, and look upon it as a matter of course

"The trains there are different from what they are here," he continued. "I remember there each coach is divided into about seven different compartments, and you can put your head out of the window of one compartment and speak to anybody who happens to be looking out of the window of the next. When I first saw the Canadian train I thought it was a giant. I expected to see the doors swing open at the sides, and I expected to see the guards with their green flags and hear them shout 'Right away.' I couldn't understand how people could walk from one end of the train to the other. If I went back to the old land now and travelled there I should feel pinned in, not being able to walk about the train. It would not be comfortable to have to huddle my feet under one seat and be forced to stay in one compartment till my journey was ended."

The dining car conductor spoke with some accuracy. I had been through it all myself and knew that what he said was true.

"Can you see this wreck?" he exclaimed as the train slowed up. An engine had fallen down the embankment, and the breakdown gang were getting the track into proper shape again. "There are a lot of these smashes here," said my friend. "For comfort I certainly prefer the Canadian railways, but for safety let me be on the English system."

The dining car conductor then began to question me. "Have you ever been in a train wreck?" he asked. I told him that I had not been so unfortunate, but I was called to the scene of the Cudworth disaster on the Midland Railway in England about six years ago. The Cudworth disaster! My Suffolk friend had been in many a wreck, but in none of such magnitude. He wanted to know all about it, and said it was now my turn to do the talking.

A Grand Trunk Pacific Train at Rivers, Man.

"I was a reporter on a Yorkshire paper at the time," I began, "and at two o'clock one morning a hammering at the door fetched me to the window. Who's there?" I shouted. A voice below cried out, 'It's me, constable —— The Scotch express is wrecked at Cudworth. A party of doctors are going down on a light engine, and I thought you would like to know!'

"I was downstairs in a twinkling. I boarded the light engine with the doctors. The fog prevented us from seeing a yard in front of us. We were rushed off to the scene with all possible speed. I shall never forget the sight. The Scotch express, travelling at sixty miles an hour, had dashed into a derailed fish

ART POST CARDS FREE

Send 10c., today for 8 of our Special Assorted Samples, and BIG BARGAIN offer. Send 2 names of Post card buyers and we will send you 4 Art Cards free. Address:—

W. STEPHENS CO., Norwood, Winnipeg, Man.

Robinson & Co., Limited, Winnipeg

Just Issued—a Handsome Illustrated

Dinner Service Catalog

EACH and every illustration is an exact picture of the goods themselves, and will enable those living at a distance to select a complete service just as accurately as if they visited our store. This booklet is an innovation that will be much appreciated, as heretofore it was almost impossible for out-of-town residents to make satisfactory crockery selections.

Catalog mailed on special request only and readers of the "W. H. M." are **invited to ask for it** either by letter, or when in Winnipeg attending the Exhibition.

ROBINSON'S GUARANTEE goes with EVERY PURCHASE

Plant Your Money Where Dollars Grow

Here is a rare chance in a superb spot in Winnipeg. Every lot you buy now will be worth Five Dollars a foot more before next Fall.

Southwood Park

is the most beautiful subdivision around Winnipeg—the fastest growing City on the Continent to-day. Only five minutes from the Park Line Car ; and a second line projected within ten minutes' walk. Prices are more reasonable, considering convenience and attractiveness, than in any subdivision in or near Winnipeg.

This is a sure money-maker. **The city is growing fast in this direction,** and these lots are cheap, "dirt cheap." On the Red River, above and away from all Sewage, only a few hundred yards from the City limits, next to River Park, opposite Elm Park. This property is well known to Winnipegers, beautifully treed. **First time on the market.** Buy now at first cost **where the city is built up solid.** We control a few thousand feet and recommend this to everybody.

Visitors to the Exhibition call and see us. Our motor is at your service. We are reliable.

W. J. Christie & Co.

Phone, Main 6782 200 Union Bank Building, Winnipeg

UNION BANK OF CANADA

HEAD OFFICE, QUEBEC — ESTABLISHED 1865

Capital paid-up, $4,630,000 — Reserve and Undivided Profits, $3,000,000

TOTAL ASSETS OVER $49,000,000

HON. JOHN SHARPLES, President. — G. H. BALFOUR, General Manager

H. B. SHAW, Assistant General Manager

WESTERN HEAD OFFICE STAFF, WINNIPEG

F. W. S. CRISPO, Superintendent Western Branches
F. W. SMITH, Western Inspector
P. VIBERT, Supervisor Alberta Branches
J. S. HIAM, Supervisor Saskatchewan Branches
THOS. McCAFFREY, Sup't British Columbia Branches
F. J. BOULTON, Asst. Insp'r Man. Branches, Winnipeg
O. F. SEEBER, Asst. Insp'r Sask. Branches, Saskatoon
R. H. BAIRD, Asst. Insp'r Alberta Branches, Calgary

WESTERN BRANCHES OF UNION BANK OF CANADA

MANITOBA. — Baldur, Birtle, Boissevain, Brandon, Carberry, Carman, Carroll, Clearwater, Crystal City, Cypress River, Dauphin, Deloraine, Glenboro, Hamiota, Hartney, Holland, Killarney, Manitou, Melita, Minnedosa, Minto, Morden, Neepawa, Newdale, Ninga, Rapid City, Roblin, Russell, Shoal Lake, Souris, Strathclair, Virden, Waskada, Wawanesa, Wellwood, Winnipeg, Winnipeg (N. E. Br.), Winnipeg (Sargent Ave. Br.), Winnipeg (Logan Ave. Br.), Winnipeg (Selkirk and Salter Sts.)

SASKATCHEWAN. — Adanac, Alaska, Arcola, Asquith, Bounty, Buchanan, Canora, Carlyle, Clark, Cupar, Esterhazy, Eyebrow, Fillmore, Gull Lake, Humboldt, Indian Head, Lanigan, Kindersley, Kerrobert, Landis, Langham, Lang, Lemberg, Lumsden, Lusbland, Macklin, Maple Creek, Maryfield, Milestone, Moose Jaw, Moosomin, Neudorf, Netherhill, Ogema, Outlook, Oxbow, Pense, Perdue, Plenty, Qu'Appelle, Regina, Rocanville, Rosetown, Saskatoon, Strassburg, Swift Current, Simpson, Sintaluta, Southey, Tessler, Theodore, Togo, Wapella, Watrous, Webb, Weyburn, Wilkie, Windthorst, Wolseley, Yorkton, Zealandia.

ALBERTA. — Airdrie, Alix, Barons, Basnaw, Bassano, Blackie, Blairmore, Bowden, Brooks, Calgary, Carbon, Cardston, Carlstadt, Carstairs, Chauvin, Chesterholm, Cochrane, Cowley, Didsbury, Edmonton, Fort Saskatchewan, Frank, Grassy Lake, High River, Innisfail, Irvine, Lacombe, Langdon, Lethbridge, Lethbridge (North Ward Branch), Macleod, Medicine Hat, Okotoks, Pincher Creek, Seven Persons, Stirling, Strathmore, Three Hills, Wainwright.

BRITISH COLUMBIA. — Hazelton, Prince Rupert, Vancouver, Vancouver (Mount Pleasant), Vancouver (Abbott and Cordova Sts.), Vancouver (South Main St.), Victoria

Union Bank Building, Winnipeg

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO FARMERS' BUSINESS. GRAIN DRAFTS NEGOTIATED.
INTEREST ALLOWED ON DEPOSITS.

Agents and Correspondents at all important centres in Great Britain and the United States

A General Banking Business Transacted.

Winnipeg Branch - - R. S. BARROW, Manager.

When You Come to

Winnipeg's Great Exhibition

Make it Your Special Business to

See the Exhibit of

Henry Birks & Sons, Ltd.

the only JEWELLERS and SILVERSMITHS
represented in this great Exposition

You will find the exhibit at entrance to North Building.

Every department of our business will be fully represented and you are cordially invited to the use of our facilities for writing to your friends from the exhibit.

While in town don't fail to pay us a friendly visit of inspection at our great city store. Note address

Henry Birks & Sons Limited,

Jewelers and Silversmiths Portage Ave. and Smith St.

GRAND TRUNK PACIFIC

TOWNSITE LOTS

will make money for you. Buy lots in Divisional Points between Winnipeg and Edmonton, and let them grow into money. Melville, Watrous, Biggar, Wainwright, Tofield and Scott Townsite lots should in time prove equally as good an investment as though you had purchased lots in the beginning in Canadian Pacific Towns similarly located, such as Brandon, Medicine Hat, Regina, Moose Jaw, Lethbridge and Calgary. You can buy lots in these Grand Trunk Pacific Towns on a cash payment of $10, and the same amount each month. Prices of lots average about $100 each. Corners $125. In case you desire further particulars, address: **INTERNATIONAL SECURITIES CO. LTD., Somerset Bldg., Winnipeg, Man** Make all remittances directly to

Land Commissioner, Grand Trunk Pacific Ry., Winnipeg, Man.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

truck. The crash had been terrific. The train was splintered into matchwood, and the gas which had been used for lighting purposes set fire to it. The engine and three coaches had rolled down the steep embankment, and, when we arrived, the flames showed where the dead were. The moans of the dying were heartrending. Some of the passengers had gone to sleep as soon as the train steamed out of Sheffield. They had never awakened.

"We found one little fellow battered under a seat. The first words he said as we laid him on the stretcher were, 'Where's Joe?' Joe was his brother. They were both Scotch laddies on their way to Carlisle. Joe had been killed on the spot. He was under a heap of debris which caught fire, and when we found him he was charred almost beyond recognition.

"Both lads had been looking forward to their homecoming. Father and mother were to have met them at the station the next day. The first intimation they got of what had happened was my despatch, already on its way to the morning papers."

The conductor was interested. He said, "Go on."

"We passed from this little Scotch boy," I continued, "and saw the engine driver pinned underneath the engine. Its weight had crushed the life out of him the moment it overturned. In order to get him out it was necessary to dig a hole in the track under the engine. A newspaper man sees some horrible things in his time, but there could be nothing more horrible than the sight of that engine driver.

"And so we went in and out among the dead and dying. Those Yorkshiremen did the work of rescue with a will which I have never seen equalled. Some of them were colliers who had just left the mine and were on the way home when they heard the news. The scene was so firmly impressed upon my mind that I could have written pages of it. The nearest station was two miles away. I jumped on a light engine and told the driver to go to the station. He couldn't go without orders, he said, so I gave him orders myself. I knew the whole of England would be thirsting for information, so after the signalman signaled the line clear I took the responsibility of getting that light engine down the line.

"I wrote out my despatches in a little waiting room. Some of the bodies had already been carried there, and there they were lying on the floor in front of me. A policeman whose blood-covered hands indicated that he had been washing the bodies, ordered me out, but when he saw me handing page after page of news through the wicket to a telegraph operator, who, by the way, made me pay heavily for his services, he calmed down."

"How many people were killed?" asked the conductor. I told him about fifteen. "For months after the Cudworth smash I felt nervous at stepping into a train."

The conductor had to rush away. As he went he said, "I wouldn't like to be a newspaper man. I think I would sooner be—well, a rural postman in Suffolk again!"

Willing to Pay.

The Right Rev. Bishop of Delaware tells the following story:

"A young man came to me one day and said: 'Bishop, I want you to marry me on next Wednesday.'

"'All right, young man; I'll marry you,' I assured him.

"'Well, I want the bell to ring,' he continued.

"'Very well, you can have the bell rung.'

"'Well, I want the organ to play.'

"'All right; you can have the organ played.'

"'And I want everything else that anybody ever had at a church wedding.'

"'Certainly; you shall have it.'

"Well, the night came, the bell rang, the organ played, the church was crowded, and everything went off as the young man wanted it. When the ceremony was over the young couple waited, instead of leaving the chancel. So I held out my hand, shook hands with the bride, and then held out my hand to the bridegroom. He had his hand deep in his trousers pocket, and as I stood with my hand out he said, somewhat impatiently, and in a tone that could be heard all over the church:

"'Now, don't be in such an all-fired hurry, Bishop; I'm getting the money out just as fast as I can.'

"And everybody in the church giggled."
—R. M. Winans.

Loser's Call.

Such an exchange of courtesy as was chronicled in a German paper not long ago would hardly suit the taste of brisk Americans.

The exchange was in the form of two advertisements.

"The gentleman who found a purse with money in the Blumenstrasse is requested to forward it to the address of the loser, as he is recognized."

A day or two later appeared the response, which, although so courteous, had an elusive air, to say the least.

"The recognized gentleman who picked up a purse in the Blumenstrasse requests the loser to call at his house at a convenient day."

Rondeau Redouble.

Say! what d'yer t'ink I've been an' gone an' done?
I've fixed meself fer keeps, I guess, all right.
I heard dat two could live as cheap as one,
An' Mame got wise to dat de oder night.

Pal, wus it easy? Say! it wus a fright!
I don't exactly know how I begun;
I says to her, though—an' turned down de light
"Say! what d'yer t'ink I've been an' gone an' done?

"I bought a ring. Let's try it on, fer fun."
We done so, an' it fit a little tight.
Says Mame, "Oh, gee! my finger's a'most skun.
I've fixed meself fer keeps, I guess, all right."

"Why not?" says I. "I'm willin'; honor bright!
I guess dere's some way I kin raise de mon."
An' Mame, she gurgles, "Well, maybe we might.
I heard dat two could live as cheap as one."

The Quiet Answer.

In his capacity of dramatic critic Mr. J. Comyns Carr wrote a notice of Charles the First, in which Irving played under the management of Mr. Bateman. His criticism deeply incensed the manager. In order, perhaps, to find the opportunity of informing the critic of his disapproval, the manager invited him to a supper at the Westminster Club. When he thought the fitting moment had arrived, Mr. Bateman led the conversation to the point at issue, and, banging the table emphatically with his fist, declared in the loudest of tones that he did not produce his plays to please Mr. Comyns Carr. There was a moment's awkward silence, put an end to by a wit of the company. "In that case, Bateman," he said, "you can't be surprised if they don't please him!"

The Way of a Women.

The suffragette was practising her address for the woman's rights club at her own little home. Her words were defiant. "Women are the real rulers," she orated. "Men are marionettes. Since the beginning of time woman has been the real power behind the throne; now she fearlessly demands her place on the throne. She is triumphant; she defies the world; she——"

The doorbell rang. The man with the book-agent manners bowed. "May I see the head of the house a moment?"

"He is not at home," said the suffragette, slamming the door and resuming her oratory. "Let me see, where was I?"—Homer Croy.

Boys and Girls.

The Animal School.

Did you ever hear of the animal school? No? Then I will tell you about it.

Miss Willow was the teacher, and the reason she was chosen was—why do you suppose? Because she had so many switches about. If anybody didn't behave, she would reach out one of her long arms and get a switch, and then—um-m-m-m-M-M!

The scholars were the donkey with his long ears, the owl, always half asleep, and the stamping horse; the woolly sheep, the billy-goat, the black cat, and the curly dog; the goose, long of neck, the turkey gobbler, the duck, and the little red hen. Then there was a row of birds on the top rail of a fence. And, oh, yes, there was the frog. I almost forgot the frog. He sat in a puddle.

When it was time to begin, Miss Willow snapped all her switches. It was quiet in an instant. "Now," said she, "who is absent?"

The owl cried out, "Whoo-oo, whoo-oo, whoo-oo!"

Miss Willow turned angrily to the horse. "Was that you who mimicked me?" she asked.

The horse, trembling very much, answered quickly, "Neigh, neigh!"

"Attention!" said Miss Willow. "What does B-A spell?"

The woolly sheep answered, "Baa!"

But just then the billy-goat stepped on the little red hen's toe. A bird on the fence behind saw it and cried out, "Whip-poor-Will!" And Miss Willow wept at the billy-goat's badness.

"We will now have our lesson in manners." said Miss Willow. "What does a man do when he meets a lady?"

The curly dog cried, "Bow!" and was patted for giving the right answer.

"And how should we eat at the table?"

The turkey answered, "Gobble, gobble, gobble!" Miss Willow reached for a switch. And the prim goose said in a shocked voice, "Hs-s, hs-s!"

"Do we eat with our knives?" asked Miss Willow.

"Neigh," said the horse; and the little red hen put in, "Cut, cut, cut!"

"Who is that new scholar on the fence?" Miss Willow then asked.

A brown bird answered, "Bob White!"

"And who came in late?"

The black cat cried, "Me-ow!"

But the donkey wouldn't answer any of the questions, and had to be put on the dunce-stool, with a dunce-cap over his long ears. And the duck always read through her nose, like this, "Quack, quack!" And one little greenish bird had to have a handkerchief tied over his bill, because he would interrupt by shouting, "Teacher—teacher—TEACHER!"

"And what shall we do next?" Miss Willow asked at last.

All this time the frog had sat in his puddle and said nothing. Now he put his head out, and muttered in a deep voice, "Better-go-home, better-go-home, better-go-home!"

So the wind whistled a march, and away home they went.

The Little Red Fox who Wasn't Brave.

By Dorothy Cedric.

"Now, then, come along! whose turn is it this evening?" and Father Fox shook himself awake cheerily and trotted to the door of the earth where he lived, to take a look at the weather.

It was a night full of scents, misty and damp, but very still; nothing could be heard but the dripping of the autumn mist from the branches, and now and then the distant call of the cock pheasant.

"A capital night," barked Father Fox; "rouse up, you youngsters, it's time we were off."

A small, sharp nose poked itself up beside him.

"I'll go with you, father," said his eldest son.

"Humph! seems to me I'm always taking you. Where's that lazy little Reddy?"

Hearing his name, the little red fox tucked his head down more firmly, and snuggling close to his mother, pretended to be very fast asleep.

"My dear," said Mrs. Fox, routing him out with her soft nose, "you must be trained as all good foxes are to run well, or else the hounds will get you at once."

"But I don't want to run," whined Reddy, sitting up and rubbing his eyes. "I won't go out when those hounds are anywhere near."

"You're a coward," scoffed his elder brother; "why, it's glorious out on an evening like this; you can smell chickens a mile off, and I do like a nice spring chicken for supper."

"I don't want——" Reddy was beginning, when his father lost patience with him; and, trotting back into the burrow, he seized Reddy by the scruff of his neck and carried him out to the door, where he cuffed him soundly for his cowardice.

"Now, come along at once, and let's have no more nonsense," cried Mr. Fox sternly, and marched off, Reddy trotting whimpering by his side, the most unhappy little fox that ever was.

He jumped at every sound and pressed so close to his father that he stopped at last to ask him what he was afraid of.

"Don't you know, you foolish little creature, that nothing can hurt us, no other animal, I mean, except the hounds, and that they are all in bed now?"

"They—they might get up and come out," faltered Reddy.

"Bless my brush and whiskers," exclaimed Mr. Fox, "don't you know they're shut up at night in places called kennels, with great iron-bound doors?"

"Oh!" said Reddy, and trotted on a little more boldly.

Presently they came to another earth, where an old dog-fox was hard at work making his door larger.

"It slopes too much the wrong way," he said as they came up; "here, youngster, you've sharp claws; take a turn at this, will you, while I have a talk with your father. Seen the hounds yet?"

Reddy went white to his whisker-tips at the sound of the dreaded name, but he turned away hastily to hide it, and was soon sending showers of earth out between his hind legs.

Mr. Fox laughed.

"I'm afraid we shall never make anything out of him," he said; "he's a terrible little coward."

"Patience, patience," answered the old dog-fox, who bore scars of many a narrow escape on him; "the most unpromising youngster sometimes turns out the best, you know."

They chatted for a while, and then Reddy's father said they must be going, if they meant to visit Farmer Dubbins' poultry yard before it was shut up for the night, and the old fox patted Reddy on the shoulder and told him not to despair, for anyhow he could dig very well for a young un', and the little fox went off again by his father's side, thinking evening strolls were not so bad after all.

But when they came to the yard and Mr. Fox crept in through a hole in the fence, leaving him alone outside, his heart began to fail him. He sat quite still, his ears cocked and his hair on end, listening intently.

From within came the sleepy chirp of the chickens, suddenly choked off, as his father seized one after another, and the sound of the dead leaves falling made him jump.

"Are you just coming, father?" he whispered; "it's dreadful out here by myself."

"Yes, I think I've got enough," Mr. Fox was saying, when his voice was drowned by a chorus of barking and yelping not far off. That finished Reddy; with a frantic yell of terror he turned and fled for home as fast as he could go, and his father, just coming through the gap, a chicken in his mouth, watched his tail disappearing.

"Breast-bones and drum-sticks!" he cried, "and I said he couldn't run!"

* * * * *

Reddy was out and by himself, too, but he thought nothing evil could be abroad this lovely morning. It was so warm, lying in the sun at the edge of the gorse patch, the birds were singing so gaily, the wind whispered softly to the budding

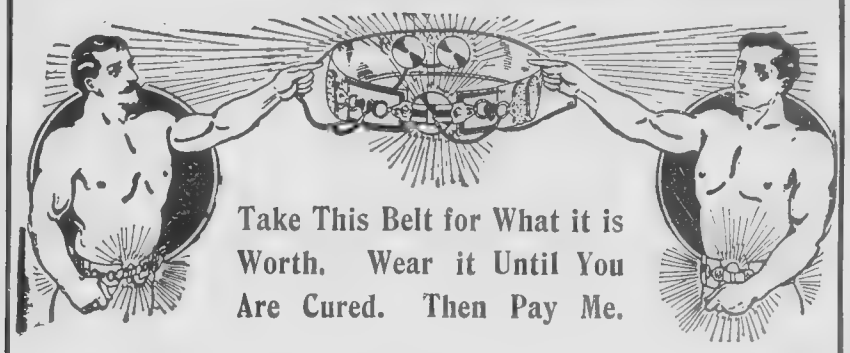
ORANGE MEAT

IS MADE FROM THE WHOLE WHEAT

No other cereal contains and furnishes more nutriment to the human system

Orange Meat and Milk is a Perfect Food

Pumps Vim Into Worn-Out Men



To men who are run down, weak and puny, and who have lost the force of vitality, who feel gloomy, despondent and unable to battle with the affairs of life; who have Rheumatism, Back Pains, Weak Stomach and Kidneys and feel generally as if they needed to be made over. If that means you, come to me, and if I say that I can cure you I will give my Electric Belt on trial

Until You Are Cured.

I don't want money that I don't earn. I don't need it, and am not after it. But I am after the dollars that are now going wrong in the quest of health. Look at all these poor wrecks of humanity that are spending all they earn on drugs—dope that is paralyzing their vital organs; that have spent all they have earned for years without gaining a pound of strength for the hundreds of dollars wasted.

That is the money that I am after, because for every dollar I take I can give a thousand per cent interest and I don't want it at all until I have cured you if you secure me. I have cured so many cases right here that I can prove my claims to you, but if that proof is not enough, I'll give you the names of men right near you—where you are. Is that fair?

If you would believe the thousands of men whom I have already treated, my Belt is worth its weight in gold.

Rheumatism—Sleeplessness.

Manitou, Man.

Dr. McLaughlin:—

Dear Sir—I have now worn your Belt about a month and am pleased to report that I am feeling a great deal better than before. My Rheumatism has nearly all gone and I can now get 6 or 7 hours' unbroken sleep every night and consequently am in good condition for the work next day instead of getting up tired and weary, thanks to your wonderful Belt. I shall certainly recommend it to any one I know suffering as I did. Yours truly,

F. H. Clarkson,
Care of Mr. F. McIntosh.

But some men don't believe anything until they see it. That's why I make this offer. I want to let you see it, and feel it, and know it by your own experience before I get a cent.

If I don't cure you, my Belt comes back to me and we quit friends. You are out the time you spent on it--wearing it while you sleep—nothing more.

But I expect to cure you if I take your case. If I think I can't cure you I'll tell you so, and not waste your time. Anyway, try me, at my expense. Come and see me and let me show you what I have, or if you can't then cut out this ad. and send it in. It will bring you a description of my Belt and a book that will inspire you to be a man among men; all free.

Cut out this coupon now and mail it. I'll send the book without delay, absolutely free. Call if you can. Consultation free.

DR. E. M. McLAUGHLIN, 237 Yonge St., Toronto, Can.

Dear Sir,—Please forward me one of your Books, as advertised

NAME. .....

ADDRESS. .....

Office Hours—9 a.m. to 6 p.m. Wednesday and Saturdays until 8.30 p.m. Write plainly

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

branches, and, although Reddy did not know it, the hunting season was nearly over. He had grown a good deal since we last saw him, and now was a really fine young fox, with such a bushy tail, but he was as much of a coward as ever, and always hid in his earth at the first faint whisper of the hounds.

So he lay quite still, one lazy eye a little way open, thinking if that juicy little rabbit grown so bold by his stillness would only come a wee bit nearer he would have her for lunch, when on his view the dreaded hounds burst suddenly. He saw them tearing down the slope beyond him, a stream of brown and white, he saw the horsemen in their red coats, but what was that familiar brown streak going before them wearily?

Why, his own father! Reddy was horror-struck. He stood with his hair bristling and his teeth bared; he was angry, dreadfully angry; he knew there was a safe refuge just behind him, but he did not run in and hide. Instead he stood snarling for a moment, and then dashed down the hill to meet his father.

"Get up to the gorse," he barked. "I'll cross your track and lead 'em off."

The old fox, who was nearly tired out, turned gratefully, made a final dash up the slope into the gorse, while Reddy flew off in the opposite direction. He heard a great shouting and yapping and cracking of whips, and glanced back. Yes, they were after him all right, and Reddy felt wildly excited. He had no idea hunting was like this! What had happened? He wasn't a bit frightened; he was glad! He would show them how to run, and with a flirt of his tail he was over a high bank and away, away across the fields beyond.

What a run he gave them, up hill and down dale, never seeming tired. He led them through swamps and over rivers, across fields, and through woods, till the day was nearly over, and still fleeting away into the sunset on the hill from which they had started went the little red fox.

He stopped a moment on the top to look down at the tired hounds panting up, then turning, with a taunting whisk of his tail he plunged into the gorse.

Gone! The hounds stood round dejectedly as the huntsmen pulled up their tired horses.

"Got clean away, by Jove! bad luck to him!" said someone.

"Come, come, sir, don't grudge him his life; he's done splendidly and given us the best run of the season, be it how't will," cried the master. "Now, gentlemen, we'll wish him good-day and go home.

They rode off, and the little red fox actually blushed when his father, turning to Mrs. Fox, said:

"Yes, we've called him a coward, but if it hadn't been for Reddy I should have been going home inside those dogs to-night!"

Scottish Music for his Majesty: The King's Piper playing under the Windows of the Royal Apartments.

On most mornings, when the King is taking his breakfast at about eight o'clock, his Majesty's piper, Mr. Forsyth, plays the bagpipes, under the windows of the royal apartments at Buckingham Palace, marching up and down the while. Both the King and the Queen love the music of the pipes, and Mr. Forsyth is permanently attached to the Royal Household staff. The pipes, which belong to his Majesty, are mounted in silver; the bag is covered with royal blue velvet.—Illustrated London News.

Aunt Margaret's Story.

By Alice M. Greenleafe, Halcyonia, Sask.

In a Manitoba farmhouse a group of five persons was gathered one chilly evening in December. Mr. Currie was reading, Mrs. Currie was sewing, Myrtle Currie crocheting, Robert Currie, commonly known as "Bob," sharpening a pair of skates while he whistled vigor-

ously a tune of unknown authorship, and Aunt Margaret Currie, "just visiting," as Bob said.

The aunt had married Mr. Currie's eldest brother James soon after the younger had come to Manitoba, and none of the family had ever seen or heard anything from Aunt Margaret until she wrote, some two months previously, stating her intention of visiting her western relatives. Since her arrival, however, she had endeared herself to them all.

Outside, the wind whistled and the Storm King laughed with delight as he threw coverlets of fleecy whiteness over the level, frost-bound country. Inside, all was warmth and brightness. A picture worth the painting was presented in that fireside group. The robust father, the gentle, tranquil mother, the pretty, dark-eyed daughter, now at the romantic age of sixteen, the twelve-year-old, mischievous son, and, "last but not least," the stately, sweet-faced aunt whom even reckless Bob viewed with respectful reverence.

"Tell us a story, please, auntie," said Myrtle, as she settled herself comfortably by her aunt's side and commenced operations on the shawl of dainty crochet which this same wise aunt had taught her young niece, and which was designed as a Christmas gift for the unsuspecting mother. "A story, my dear," said that lady, "and what shall it be about?" "Oh, about a girl of my age, auntie," answered girlish Myrtle.

Anxious Moments!

"Myrt wants a silly love story, aunt," said Bob; "but don't you listen to her. Give us a lively yarn about robbers or pirates or bears." "Well," answered their aunt, smiling at the girl and boy nature displayed in the respective answers, "I will tell you a true tale of what happened about thirty years ago in the Highlands of Scotland."

"Bully for you," shouted Bob, "sure to be something wild in that."

"Robert, don't interrupt your aunt," interposed the mother, and "May I listen too, Margaret?" said the father, laying aside his paper.

"I'm not a professional story-teller," laughingly returned that lady, "but if you wish to listen I am quite willing."

"Start her up," said the irrepressible Bob, and Aunt Margaret began:

"Once upon a time in Glenkirk, Scotland, there lived a worthy gentleman by the name of Dr. MacDugald. This doctor was beloved by all who knew him, and his wife was the truest helpmate ever man had. One afternoon, while sitting by their peat fire, listening to the moaning of the wind and the gentle swish of rain upon the windows, they heard the door open, and, looking up, were startled to see a stalwart Highlander, dressed in tattered, yet true, imitation of an eighteenth century clansman."

"Heigh ho! Enter the robber!" exclaimed Bob excitedly.

"Bob, do keep quiet and listen," said his sister, while his mother shook her head reprovingly.

"This personage," continued the aunt, "beckoned mysteriously with his hand, while he uttered these words in a loud whisper, 'Come awa', mon, dinna ye ken Ivan Vich Alvor is nae weel?'"

"Gaelic," whispered Myrtle, delightedly.

"Now, as it happened, Dr. MacDugald had never seen this strange man before, but he recognized the name whispered as belonging to the chief of a clan which had fought under the banner of the young Chevalier in 1745. The ancients of the village told many strange tales concerning this indomitable chief, who, after defeat, had shut himself up in the fastness of his own native mountains, and, rumor had it, that his descendants still lived somewhere in the Highlands above Glenkirk.

"Thoughts of what he had heard raced through the brain of our doctor as he gazed at the sturdy Scot in front of him. Seemingly impatient of delay, the visitor spoke again, 'Com' awa', com' awa', Malcolm himself will tak' ye. Yon's ta cove!' As he uttered the last words he pointed to a rocky eminence north of the village, and started for the door, beckoning all the while.

"At this, Dr. MacDugald, who never could resist a call of duty, rose, put on his coat and hat of oiled skins, and prepared to follow his guide.

"Mrs. MacDugald, in an undertone, implored him to remain at home and not follow such an uncanny visitor, but her husband assured her of his perfect safety, and so, without further remonstrance, but with secret uneasiness, she hastened the good man's departure. Malcolm, nodding and beckoning, started at a rapid rate along the winding road leading through Glenkirk to the mountains, and our medical friend followed as quickly as he could.

"They soon left the village behind and entered a tremendous pass."

"What a jolly lark," here interrupted Bob, who could not have kept still very long if his life had depended on silence.

"Not so, thought the doctor," returned Aunt Margaret, "as with difficulty he climbed the steep and rugged path. After this ascent the travellers followed a winding stream which led to a great black bog filled with large pitholes. 'Tak' tat,' said Malcolm, holding out a rope to his companion. He then tied one end securely to himself, and motioned for the doctor to do the same. Thus fastened together to insure safety, they sprang from hillock to hillock. Next they went through a thick wood, and, as night approached, found themselves on the edge of a small lake or loch, where Malcolm whistled shrilly three times.

"Almost immediately lights were seen to twinkle in the distance, and before long a boat pushed up to the place where they were standing, and Dr. MacDugald was told to 'Gang in ta curragh' by one of the stout mountaineers who manned the little skiff."

"Excuse me, auntie, but what is a curragh?" asked Myrtle.

"A curragh," replied Aunt Margaret, "is a small boat so called in Gaelic.

"But to continue. Reaching the other side, the bewildered doctor was conduc-

SUMMER CATARRH

FREE ADVICE ON ITS CURE

CATARRH SPECIALIST SPROULE

Graduate in Medicine and Surgery, Dublin University, Ireland, formerly Surgeon British Royal Mail Naval Service.

Who Will Give Free Advice on Curing Catarrh to All Who Ask For It.

Now is the season of Summer Catarrh—the most dangerous form of Catarrh because it's the most deceptive.

Perhaps you have it and are making the great mistake of thinking it only a stubborn, sneezing, nose-running, head-cold—an ailment that comes with midsummer and that you'll be rid of a while later on.

Don't deceive yourself about Summer Catarrh. It's far more than a simple ailment—it's a dangerous one. The very fact it troubles you at all in warm weather proves it's deepseated Catarrh of the worst kind.

Don't take any chances with such a treacherous disease. Start to cure it at once! It's the best season of all the year to get rid of it—the season when you can clear it out of your system with the least time and trouble.

Take your Catarrh in hand now for what seems to-day a harmless ailment may be a very dangerous one when Winter sets in. Remember, neglected Summer Catarrh is too often the cause of that run-down, diseased and weakened condition that opens the gate to Consumption.

Don't neglect your Catarrh any longer. Don't meet the cold weather with your system undermined by this insidious, poisonous trouble. Write to me to-day and let me give you the most helpful and valuable

MEDICAL ADVICE FREE

on just what to do for it. It shall not cost you a penny and you'll find my counsel and information of genuine aid and benefit.

Don't hesitate to ask for my help. For twenty five years I've been studying and curing Catarrh and I know it in every form. My advice has already cured thousands who now are free from Catarrh. I'll send you names and addresses of people living right near you, who'll willingly tell you of all that I did for them.

CURE YOUR CATARRH NOW — DON'T DELAY ANY LONGER! Tell me about your trouble and without any charge whatever, I'll send you, after careful study, a complete diagnosis of it and a friendly helpful letter that will show you how Catarrh can be cured.

Answer the questions yes or no, write your name and address plainly on the dotted lines, cut out the Free Medical Advice Coupon and mail it to me without delay. Address

Catarrh Specialist Sproule
117 Trade Bldg., Boston, Mass.

Free Medical Advice Coupon

This coupon entitles you to medical advice free on curing Catarrh.

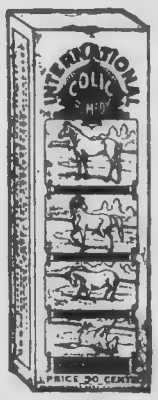
Does your nose run?
Do your eyes run water?
Is your nose stopped up?
Do you have to spit often?
Does your nose feel swollen?
Do you feel "all stuffed up"?
Do you have fits of sneezing?
Are you losing your sense of smell?
Are you losing your sense of taste?
Do you sometimes wheeze or cough?
Does the dust make you sneeze very badly?
Do you have pains across your forehead?
Do you sometimes have bad headache?
Do you blow your nose a good deal?
Is there a tickling in your throat?
Does the mucus drop in back of your throat?

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
.....

INTERNATIONAL COLIC REMEDY

SOLD ON A SPOT CASH GUARANTEE

We Refund Your Money If It Ever Fails.



COLIC MAY KILL YOUR HORSE or Cow within one hour unless you have this remedy ready for instant use. Colic kills more horses than all other diseases combined, and when you need a remedy you must have it at once, for if you wait for a veterinary or make a trip to town you may find the animal dead when you return. If International Colic Remedy ever fails we will refund your money. It is the only Colic Remedy ever sold on such a strong guarantee. Put up in a regular drenching bottle.

SAVED HIS FILLY

St. Jovite, Que, March 3rd, 1911.

International Stock Food Co., Limited.

Gentlemen,—I am glad to say I used International Colic Remedy on what seemed to be a hopeless case and saved a beautiful filly—she was cured in a few minutes. (Signed) CHARLES ST. AUBIN.

PRICE 50c. AND $1.00 PER BOTTLE. FOR SALE BY DEALERS EVERYWHERE

INTERNATIONAL STOCK FOOD CO., Limited, TORONTO, CAN.

Something New in a

Scrub Cutting Machine

THE EAGLE Steel Scrub-Cutter cuts thick willow and poplar scrub with four to six horses, with a possible saving of 75 per cent. in cost of clearing land. For descriptive matter and price apply to

The Eagle Scrub Cutter Co.
Gilbert Plains, Manitoba

Ottawa Ladies' College

One of the best Residential Schools in Canada for Girls & Young Ladies.

Fully equipped, Efficient Staff. Excellent Accommodation; Ample grounds; Beautiful Situation.

WRITE FOR CALENDAR AND PARTICULARS.

Rev. W. D. ARMSTRONG, M.A., Ph.D. D.D., President. 15

Pimples and Blackheads

Why suffer with these unsightly blemishes when they can be completely cured and the skin left clean and pure as before. My Ideal Acne Cure has cured hundreds of cases and I can cure YOU. Write for booklet or call for free consultation.

MRS E. COATES COLEMAN
224 Smith Street, Winnipeg
Phone Main 996

Take a Kodak with you.

Make the most of every outing by taking pictures of the people and places you are interested in. It will add to the joy of all the party at the time and give the added pleasure of pictures that you and your friends will always cherish.

And it is all simpler than you think. There's no dark room required by the Kodak system of photography, and every step has been made so easy that the mere beginner can readily grasp every essential.

You can do every part of the work yourself or, if you prefer, may simply "press the button" and let some one else "do the rest."

And picture making is not expensive now-a-days. Kodaks from five dollars up and Brownie Cameras, (they work like Kodaks) at one to twelve dollars, offer a wide variety from which to choose. The Kodak catalogue, free at the dealers or by mail, tells all about them.

If it isn't an Eastman, it isn't a Kodak.

CANADIAN KODAK CO., LIMITED, TORONTO, CAN.

SUPERFLUOUS HAIR
permanently removed by
Electrolysis

also Moles, Warts, etc. completely eradicated. The only safe method. Correspondence invited.

C. E. GRADUATE, Box 1676
Saskatoon, Sask.

SALESMEN WANTED

Trained Salesmen earn from $1,200.00 to $10,000.00 a year and expenses. Hundreds of good positions now open. No experience needed to get one of them. We will assist you to secure a position where you can get Practical Experience as a Salesman and earn a good salary while you are learning. Write today for full particulars, list of good positions we now have open and testimonials from hundreds of men recently placed in good positions.

Address Nearest Office, Dept. 146

National Salesmen's Training Association
Chicago New York Kansas City Seattle New Orleans

ted by Malcolm into a low-vaulted cave."

"Just like the 'Arabian Nights,' and was there an Evil Genius, auntie?" asked Bob, springing up in such excitement as to overturn his chair.

"Listen, dear," said the patient narrator, smiling, "and you shall hear all about it."

"In the centre of this cavern a fire crackled. Not far from this, on a pallet of heath, the figure of a man was stretched, at which sight the doctor recovered his self-possession. Advancing, he was met by a young girl in Highland dress, who conducted him to the bedside."

"There's your girl, sis," said Bob, sotto voce, but no one heeded the interruption, and the story was proceeded with.

"The emaciated face of the sufferer yet showed signs of former beauty, and the tossing limbs were of huge yet graceful proportion.

"'This is Ivan Vich Alvor?' asked Dr. MacDugald, turning to the girl, who stood near, conversing in low-toned Gaelic with the former guide.

"'Yes, sir,' answered the Highland maid, 'the last male descendant of the famous chieftain, Ivan Vich Alvor.' Then her voice trembled as she added, 'Oh, sir, save him, for he is my father and last living relative!'"

"But, Margaret," interposed Mrs. Currie, "did you not say she spoke Gaelic to the servant? Could she then converse in two different languages?"

"Most assuredly," answered the elder Mrs. Currie. "Gaelic is the local dialect of the Highlanders, but the educated and well-bred can also speak the purest of English.

"But to resume our tale. The doctor lost no time in examining his patient, but found that nothing could be done except to ease his dying moments.

"'Is there no hope?' whispered the girl. The physician shook his head sorrowfully, and the daughter, sitting down by that rude bed, caressed her dying parent's hand while she with difficulty suppressed the grief which threatened to overcome her. Dr. MacDugald administered a soothing draught, and then he, too, sat down by the pallet. Thus through the long hours of that dreary night the doctor and maid watched for the end.

"Towards morning the sufferer seemed to breathe easier. Presently he opened his eyes and pressed his daughter's hand. Then, seeing the doctor, he beckoned him nearer and spoke in a low yet clear voice. 'You are Dr. MacDugald?' he asked, and when the doctor nodded he continued, 'You are a good man and true. Care for my daughter when I am gone.' Then, as the daughter, no longer able to control herself, broke into passionate weeping, the father turned to her and said, 'I am a wee taiglit, lassie, an' maun e'en gang to ta mither in yonner bonny warl. Yon's meukle siller,' pointing feebly to a large box. 'Tak' it, bairn ye maunna greet - we'll—sune—pairt—nae mair'

"These were his last words." Aunt Margaret's eyes looked unusually bright, but after a few moments she resumed.

"After the usual lamenting of the coronach, and when the bagpipes had wailed their last message over the grave of Ivan Vich Alvor, Dr. MacDugald took his young charge to his own home in Glenkirk."

"And I suppose he married her for his second wife and they lived happily ever after," grumbled Bob.

"No," answered his aunt, wiping her eyes, although the rest were laughing at young Hopeful's remark, "she lived with the doctor and his wife until they died within a few months of each other, and learned to love them dearly. Homeless once more, this Scotch lass left her native land and came to Canada, where she met, loved, and wedded a young man named James Currie, and now she has told her story to a dear niece in Manitoba."

"Why, was that Highland girl really you, auntie?" cried Myrtle.

"You, Margaret?" exclaimed Mr. and Mrs. Currie in unison, while Master Bob for once simply stared at his aunt in bewilderment. So funny did he look with his hair on end, his eyes staring, and his mouth open, that the rest could not refrain from laughter, and so heartily did they laugh that Bob ran off to bed in high displeasure, only stopping, when half-way upstairs, to exclaim, "Aunt Margaret, you're a cracker-jack to tell a story, and I vote for one every night you're here."

A New Birth.

The experience which Mary Fenlon had gone through had left her bitter toward the whole world, and especially toward that part of it which is engaged in works of charity. When her one baby was three days old her husband was killed by the fall of a staging. Her whole heart was from that moment centered on the baby boy, and she worked all day long at her washtub and her ironing table, cheered by the sight of his happy face and plump limbs, as he played or slept in the single room, which she kept spotlessly clean in his honor.

One day he fell ill. With a sinking heart she gave her consent to having him carried to the hospital. The doctor said that the steam from the washing and the heat from the ironing fire were dangerous for him. What could she do but let him go? But every evening found her at the hospital, begging for news of him. On the third day there was a blinding snowstorm, but Mary was at the door as usual at seven o'clock, to be met by the terrible news that her baby had just died.

She did not cry out or faint. She said quietly, "Let me see him." Almost before the nurse and the young doctor knew what she was doing, she had snatched the little dead form in her arms and was gone—out into the bitter storm. She walked two miles to her desolate home—the cold in her arms freezing her heart—and from that day, now two years ago, she had hated all those whom she had been used to call "good folks." Doctors, nurses, district visitors had been in league to rob her of her baby. She hated them in silent misery.

One Saturday night she went to carry home Mrs. Carter's fine laundry work. The Carter house was one of the most beautiful in the city, and Mary had long been employed to do up the dainty laces. She went upstairs with them, as usual. The pretty nursery was all confusion. Mrs. Carter was kneeling beside the crib in haggard misery, and her one baby was gasping out its life in the last agony of membranous croup.

Nurses and doctors, wealth and power were helpless in the conflict. The last moment came, the struggle was over, and this mother in her turn was left desolate.

No one knew how it happened, but in that terrible instant Mary Fenlon found herself in charge of the stricken mother. All that night the two women were together. Mary did not speak many words, but she understood the anguish of the mother's heart as no one else could understand it. She comforted and steadied the woman who, in spite of all differences of education and position, was her sister in the bonds of pain.

Meantime the laundress was herself learning a great lesson. Loss was not hers alone. The laws of the universe were not crushing her only in their resistless grasp. The rich, by their wealth, could no more command happiness than she in her poverty. At sight of another's loss her bitterness and hatred melted, and before morning she was praying to the God she had forgotten—praying that He would forgive her selfish passion, so that by the grace of forgiveness she might dare pray for comfort for this other suffering woman.

So, out of service and sympathy was born for Mary Fenlon a new heart—fit to pity and to love. She never talked about the spiritual experience of that night. Indeed, she could scarcely have found words for it, for she was unused to introspection, and still more unused to putting her innermost thoughts into words. But to-day she is the one friend to be sent for by any neighbor in trouble, and there is not a child on the street who has not a warm place in the heart which, for a bitter year, was closed to all love and all compassion.

About the Farm.

Weeds and their Eradication.

Simpson Rennie, in the course of an address at a seed meeting, reported in Lindsay Watchman's Warder, declared that the Canadian thistle is still our most injurious weed, but the perennial sow thistle is spreading rapidly, and will soon be a close second. For these he advocated the same method of treatment. If for one season the leaves are kept down the roots will be literally starved out, he said. This is first accomplished by the cultivation of hoe crops, as roots and corn. Mr. Rennie does not advocate bare fallow as he believes it is a very costly and unnecessary method. For almost all biennial weeds, and for any of the annuals, the seed of which ripens early and remains in the ground after harvest, he advocates after-harvest cultivation. Have the plow shares sharp and the plough in readiness, and just as early as possible after the grain is cut, turn the soil over about three inches deep. This, he states, is the best remedy for rag weed, mustard, false flax, wild oat, and red root or pigeon weed. In urging his hearers to try this method, Mr. Rennie added that it would not only destroy these bad weeds, but, also many, the presence of which was not noticed; it would render the ground soft for the fall ploughing, and would, by catching all the fall rains and by the increased nitrification in the soil increase the next year's crops from 10 to 25 per cent. His own success as a farmer, he believed, was due to the adoption of this after-harvest cultivation. It had cleared his farm of weeds and had wonderfully increased his crop yields.

"Try it, if only for one season," urged Mr. Rennie.

Poultry Experimets in Kansas.

The poultry department of the Kansas State Agricultural College recently conducted experiments to determine the cost of feeding and the number of eggs produced by each hen. Two pens of pullets were selected with the idea of heavy egg production. One of these contained White Leghorns and the other White Plymouth Rocks. These two pens were selected from the young stock raised in 1908, and no one had the least knowledge as to the breeding of the parents, their originality, or their egg records. One Plymouth Rock pullet laid forty-eight eggs in succession without missing a day. This same hen produced 174 eggs between February 1 and October 1, and is still laying. No. 129—the above hen—had a companion, No. 136, which laid 181 eggs in the same length of time, and still keeps it up. This is at the rate of three-fourths of an egg a day. Both of these hens are now molting and laying at the same time. In the same pen are nine other hens that in the last eight months have put into the egg basket 1,499 eggs, or an average of more than 136 eggs each. The total cost of feed, with grain at the prevailing high prices, was $8.81, or approximately 10 cents a month for each fowl. The eggs brought $25.56, leaving a profit over the cost of feed of $17.75, or $1.61 a hen for the eight months. In the pen of nineteen White Leghorns there is not found as high an individual record, 172 eggs being the highest, but the average is greater, 152 eggs each. The total value of the eggs was $34.45. The cost of feeding was $14.75, or a little more than 9 cents a fowl a month. The total profit over feed was $35.69, or $1.87 a hen.

The age Limit.

At this season of the year every up-to-date poultryman will see to the culling of his flock of chickens, and of course the hens that have outlived their period of usefulness as egg producers will be culled out, but as to what age that is there may be a difference of opinion. Usually a hen will lay well until three or four years old, if she ever was a good layer, and then the cost of growing a hen until she begins laying must be considered when we set the age limit. Then there will be some members of the flock that have fallen considerably short of the standard in weight for the breed, so the smallest ones must be culled out, for a hen of dwarfish size must lack in vitality or else she would have grown to near the standard weight. For the sake of uniformity the ones that are badly off in color must be culled out. Then the overgrown ones should be culled out, for why should a hen be kept that has grown very much heavier than is usual for the breed? She is not likely to be an extra good egg producer and it will require more food to keep up a very large body than it does one of the standard size. All hens that have deformities should be culled out. The size of the flock and the accommodations provided for the hens in winter of course should have their influence in determining how close we shall cull the flock. Then provision should be made for an occasional hen for home use. A small flock may be kept pretty well culled by selecting the hens that are a little off in color or size for home use, so that the usual fall culling will be a matter of little importance. One reason for the low average of egg production on the farm is neglect to cull properly. A. J. Legg.

Manure and Potato Rot.

Slowy but surely we are learning to fight the potato rot and one of the things we have learned is that a soil well filled with humus gives us trouble when we attempt to grow potatoes, particularly if it is a soil inclined to be heavy. To get around this it has been found an excellent plan to use commercial fertilizers entirely on the potatoes and never to use the same ground for potatoes two years in succession. We plow under clover, follow it with a corn crop and the third year with potatoes. By this time the humus supplied by the clover crop has been largely used by the corn crop and only what the soil actually needs is left by the time the potatoes come along. Sometimes, if the plowed-under clover crop was a heavy one we find it necessary to spray for rot once and sometimes twice more than would ordinarily be the case but it pays to do this. We cultivate thoroughly whether the season be wet or dry and usually find that four, five and often six sprayings are necessary for proper results. Do not be fearful of over-doing the spraying.

A few Incubator Rules.

Every incubator has with it a book of instructions, written by the manufacturers, to whose interest it is to help the purchasers of their machines to make a success. These directions should be most carefully followed. But there are some rules learned by long experience, which are not usually incorporated in any book of instructions. Here are a few of them:

It is better to begin to turn the eggs twenty-four hours after they are put in the machine. To keep the germ from sticking to the shell. Some say do not turn until the third day, but unless the room in which the machine is set is very cold, the twenty-four hour limit is the safer one.

In a cold room, turn the eggs twice a day, as quickly as possible. In a room above 60 degrees, the eggs should be turned three times a day at regular hours.

Eschew all turning devices. The eggs need the careful touch of the human hand. One can either take out the eggs in centre of tray, rolling balance of eggs gently toward the centre, placing eggs that were removed around the edges, or remove the eggs on the outside of the tray, rolling those in the centre toward the edges, and putting those taken out in centre of tray, In this way it is not

OWNERS ARE PROUD OF I H C WAGONS

There is a certain pride in owning a wagon that you know is built of the highest quality materials obtainable—a wagon that is not only attractively finished with the best paint and varnish, but which also gives satisfactory service, day after day, and year after year. That's why I H C owners are so proud of their wagons.

If you want to be proud of your next wagon—choose one of these two in the I H C line—

Hamilton or Old Dominion

Both are standards of wagon value—the most you can get for your money. The wood stock used in the construction of I H C wagons is the finest air-dried, seasoned, and inspected at every step.

Every *Hamilton* wagon has box sides of box board lumber. It does not warp. Hamilton bottoms are reinforced over the front and rear bolsters. Every Hamilton wagon box has four binder rods on each side, and the bottom is reinforced by six cross sills which are riveted at each end. Other features of construction are bent oak rims, oak hubs, heavily tired wheels, oak bolsters, oak sand boards, and full clipped gears.

Old Dominion Wagons have first grade oak running gear and wheels and exceptionally heavy tires. Sides of box board, reinforced bottom, stake wear irons, four binder rods on each side, and three box rods at each end, metal grain cleats, and two pairs of spreader chains.

A considerable sum would have to be added to the selling price of any other wagons that had the features to be found in Hamilton and Old Dominion Wagons.

Why not see the I H C local agent at once about the wagon you want. If you prefer, write for folder or any other information you want to the International Harvester Company of America at nearest branch house.

IHC Service Bureau

The Bureau is a clearing house of agricultural data. It aims to learn the best ways of doing things on the farm, and then distributes the information. Your individual experience may help others. Send your problems to the IHC Servic Bureau.

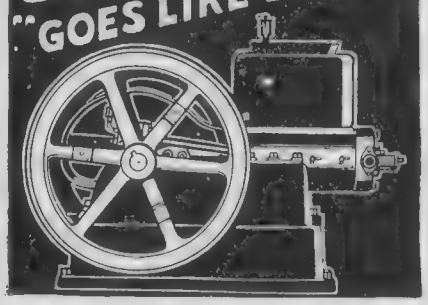
WESTERN CANADIAN BRANCH HOUSES: — International Harvester Company of America at Brandon, Man.; Calgary, Alta.; Edmonton, Alta.; Lethbridge, Alta.; North Battleford, Sask.; Regina, Sask.; Saskatoon, Sask.; Weyburn, Sask.; Winnipeg, Man.; Yorkton, Sask.

International Harvester Company of America (Incorporated) Chicago USA

A quiet dependable Gasoline Engine of mighty power. Improved cooling, and ignition systems. Perfect, economical carburetor. The Gilson Engine is approved by the foremost authorities and mechanical engineers. All sizes. Write for catalogue. Founded 1850.

GILSON MFG. CO. LTD.
54 York St., Guelph.
C44

GILSON ENGINE "GOES LIKE SIXTY"



EMPIRE CREAM SEPARATOR CO., WINNIPEG
General Agents

10 IN ONE—Most useful small tool made. Nickelled Key Ring, Nail Cutter, Cleaner, Eraser, Pencil Sharpener, Watch Case Opener, Pipe Cleaner, Cigar Clipper, Bottle Opener, Screw Driver. Sample 15 cts. Desk A.
THE CONTINENTAL AGENCY
Montreal.

$3.50 Recipe FREE For Weak Men

Send Name and Address Today—You Gan Have it Free and Be Strong and vigorous.

I have in my possession a prescription for nervous debility, lack of vigor, weakened manhood, failing memory and lame back, brought on by excesses, unnatural drains, or the follies of youth, that has cured so many worn and nervous men right in their own homes—with out any additional help or medicine—that I think every man who wishes to regain his manly power and virility, quickly and quietly, should have a copy. So I have determined to send a copy of the prescription free of charge, in a plain, ordinary sealed envelope to any man who will write me for it.

This prescription comes from a physician who has made a special study of men and I am convinced it is the surest-acting combination for the cure of deficient manhood and vigor failure ever put together.

I think I owe it to my fellow man to send them a copy in confidence so that any man anywhere who is weak, and discouraged with repeated failures may stop drugging himself with harmful patent medicines, secure what I believe is the quickest acting restorative, up-building, SPOT-TOUCHING remedy ever devised, and so cure himself at home quietly and quickly. Just drop me a line like this: Dr. A. E. Robinson, 4215 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send you a copy of this splendid recipe in a plain, ordinary envelope free of charge. A great many doctors would charge $3.00 to $5.00 for merely writing out a prescription like this—but I send it entirely free.

Quality Butter

That's the kind you make with Maxwell's "Favorite" Churn.—

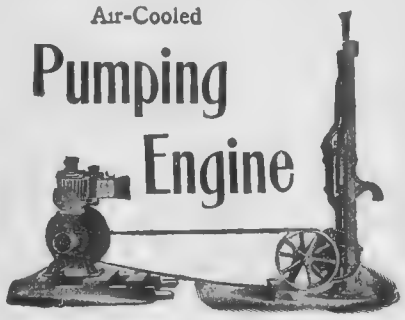
Maxwell's "Favorite" is used all over the world—in Denmark, the butter country of the world—in the United States, in spite of high tariffs—and in every Section of Canada. Our Agricultural Colleges and Govt. Inspectors recommend it, because it is the finest butter-maker in the world.

Write for catalogue if your dealer does not handle it.

DAVID MAXWELL & SONS, ST. MARY'S, ONT. 94

Western Representative—John A. McEwan, 603 Union Bank Building, Winnipeg

THE Manitoba Air-Cooled Pumping Engine



Is a Marvel for Power!

Will pump any well up to 300 ft.
Will run any hand power machine such as cream separator, churn, fanning mill, grindstone, etc.
Guaranteed to start easy in winter or summer.

Cannot Freeze up or Overheat

Has enclosed crank case, with perfect splash lubrication.

A complete High Grade Power Plant

Weighs only 225 lbs.

Sold under an absolute guarantee to give satisfaction.

Write to-day for descriptive literature and price.

We manufacture all sizes of Gasoline Engines up to 25 h.p. If interested in the large sizes, write for complete catalog.

The Manitoba Windmill and Pump Co. Limited

Brandon, Man., Calgary, Alta.

Films Developed

10 CENTS PER ROLL

All Sizes of 6 exposure, 10 or 12 exposure, 20c.
VELOX PRINTS, BROWNIES, 3c; 3½x3½, 3¼x4¼, 4c.; 4x5, 3a, 5c.
Cash with order, including postage. All work finished the day it is received. We are film specialists and give you better results than you ever had.

GIBSON PHOTO SUPPLY, WINNIPEG

When Purchasing from Western Home Monthly Advertisers, be sure and mention the paper.

necessary to mark the eggs to be sure they are turned exactly over each time. The handing insures sufficient change of position.

When turning in this way two or three times a day according to temperature of room, no further cooling or airing is necessary for the first week if the thermometer outside registers below seventy degrees, unless the eggs have been overheated. If this has been the case, cool the eggs in tray outside of machine until sufficiently cool.

During the second week of incubation cool and air the eggs from ten to fifteen minutes at last night turning, according to the warmth of the incubator room. During the third week allow a little longer time, if the outside temperature is suitable. Stop turning and close machine as soon as eggs show signs of pipping.

If at any time the temperature of the eggs is too low, below 101 degrees at turning time, do not turn the eggs. Find out the reason for the deficient temperature and correct it. Do not turn until temperature has been right for some hours. On testing day do not turn or cool eggs as they get sufficient handling and cooling during the test.

I have recently found a new suggestion, which I am trying this spring. To quote the writer's own words:

"Do not place the eggs directly on the wire bottom of the egg tray. Nature never intended eggs to hatch on wire netting with a big, cool air space beneath them. Provide a piece of coarse-weave muslin or open-mesh canton flannel to cover the bottom of the tray and place eggs on this soft cloth. Practical men have learned that this means better hatches and fewer chicks dead in the shell. Keep the cloth clean and scald it three or four times during the hatch. In a moist location keep the cloth moist after the first week. In a very dry location keep the cloth moist with boiled water at about 103 degrees, wetting the cloth at turning time from the first of the hatch. When machine is closed for hatching make the cloth quite wet with lukewarm water, and also sprinkle the eggs."

The little time I have experimented with this idea. I have found that some means must be used to moisten the cloth beside wetting it and placing the eggs upon it. It gets quite too cold in the operation. I believe that the use of the garden sprinkler will obviate this trouble. After the eggs are turned, sprinkle both cloth and eggs with water of the right temperature, and quickly close the machine. The idea is passed along for others to experiment upon.

It is better never to crowd the egg tray, but put in only as many eggs as can be comfortably handled. Set only well-formed, medium-sized eggs. Be sure they are clean when put in the incubator. They will not be injured by washing.

Darkness at hatching time is best. If the machine has only a single glass door, cover it with thick cloth or paper. This is necessary to keep the chicks quiet, and prevent crowding toward the light. The wee babies need rest and perfect quiet for the first twenty-four hours.

Fresh air to breathe is their most imperative need. If they pant and blow, it is not because they are too warm, but because they need more fresh air. Have all the ventilators open, and if necessary, open the incubator door the merest trifle, inserting a match to hold it in the desired position. Unless enough fresh air is provided, bad results and an unnecessary chick mortality will follow.

Have you never noticed the dry hen-hatched chick with its head peeping out through the feathers where the warmth is to be found, and fresh air plentiful? Since we all concede that Nature knows her business, we will do well to heed her object-lessons.

A Goose Question.

A Nobles County, Minnesota, subscriber writes: "How many eggs can a goose sit on to advantage? What should little goslings be fed immediately after they are hatched? Why is it that goslings often eat heartily for a few days and appear to be in good health, and then suddenly fall over and die? Should the goslings be shut up in a small yard for a few days after hatching? Any other information that you can give me on the general subject of raising geese will be greatly appreciated."

In cool weather, say in March or early April, give a common sized goose 9 or 10 goose eggs; later on in warmer weather you can give her 13. For some reason a goose cannot successfully cover as many of her own eggs as most other fowls can. We give a hen about seven goose eggs, and have given them nine with good success. It is slow work to have to depend on hens to hatch goose eggs, unless one has an unlimited number of sitting hens. It pays better to keep the geese laying, and then hatch the eggs in an incubator. In such a case set one goose at the same time as the machine is started and let her mother the goslings when they come. Geese differ from other fowls; as soon as a flock of goslings comes off, each individual goose and gander in the whole flock feels responsible for their safety. They all run with the little ones and ward off any danger that may threaten. They also lead the little ones into some rather dangerous situations at times, and for this reason it is better to tether the mother goose in some isolated situation where no other geese but her mate can get to her till the goslings are a week or so old and fully able to travel.

Another way is to make a large pen on the grass and place the goslings in with them and her mate will hover near. The mother goose could, of course, get out if she chose, but she will not leave the goslings that cannot get out. A goose is more contented if she feels she is at liberty. It is a poor plan to confine her in a coop and let the goslings run. In fact, one cannot let the goslings run as the other geese will coax them away from the mother. Never coop a goose; tether her if you must confine her, but putting her and the little ones in a large pen, which can be changed to fresh grass from day to day, is much more satisfactory.

Young geese need fresh grass all the time to do well. After they are large enough to run nicely, they may go with the old geese if there is no running stream for them to get into. Do not feed goslings anything immediately after they are hatched. Wait 48 hours, at least; then feed just as you would young chicks. Gravel first, then a hard boiled egg, and some finely minced onion tops, grass or other green stuff. Greens are important for young geese. If the grass is green when your goslings hatch, and it is dry, turn them on it for a few moments. After you have given them the first feed they will help themselves to green and grit as they see fit. Cracked corn, oats, wheat, etc., should form the first feed of goslings, but they will soon find most of their own feed when you let them have their liberty.

As to your goslings falling over and dying after eating well for a few days, this may be due to any one of a variety of troubles. It may be that you give them improper feed while they are young; it may be you keep them too warm or let them chill. Goslings hatched from the eggs of young, immature geese often seem all right at first, then dwindle and die for no apparent reason than immaturity. Remember that young geese must not be allowed in wet grass or rain until they are well along. Do not let them paddle in water for six weeks. They are tender little things at first, but when well started they soon become very hardy. Under ordinary circumstances every gosling that reaches the age of one week in good shape is practically raised.

Rear your little geese on the same food that you give your chicks for a few weeks. Water them in covered fountains and keep them dry. If your goose mother has three times as many goslings as she can care for at night, don't worry; let her be responsible for them during the day time, but gather them into a flannel lined basket at night and keep them covered. They will thrive just as well in that way. A fireless brooder for goslings is better than a heated one. The goslings furnish heat enough with their own little bodies, if you cover them over with flannel and

No Corns

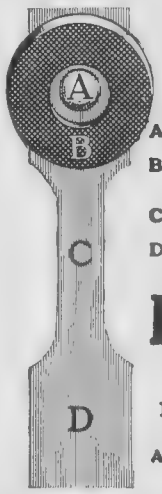
in 48 Hours. Pain Stops Instantly

To end a corn apply a Blue-jay plaster. It is done in five seconds.

The pain stops instantly, and the snug-fitting plaster lets you forget the corn.

In two days the corn comes out without soreness or pain or harm. It is so simple, so sure, so effective that everybody who knows Blue-jay uses nothing else.

Corns are utterly needless since the discovery of this wonderful Blue-jay plaster.



Note the Picture

A is the harmless red B&B wax that removes the corn.
B is soft felt to protect the corn and keep the wax from spreading.
C is the toe band, narrowed to be comfortable.
D is rubber adhesive. It fastens the plaster on.

Blue-jay Corn Plasters

15c and 25c per Package
Sample mailed free.
Also Blue-jay Bunion Plasters.
Sold by all Druggists.

Bauer & Black, Chicago and New York
Makers of Surgical Dressings, Etc. (79)

There is Health and Strength

in every Cup of

EPPS'S COCOA

Its fine invigorating qualities suit people of all ages.

Rich in cocoa butter, and FREE FROM CHEMICALS

Epps's Cocoa is the favourite cocoa of a million homes.

Children thrive on "EPPS'S."

Queen's University

Kingston, Ontario.

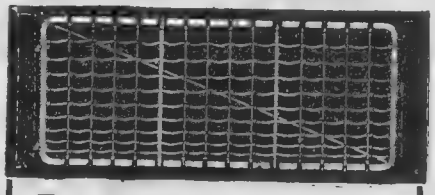
ARTS, EDUCATION, THEOLOGY, MEDICINE, SCIENCE, including ENGINEERING.

The Arts course may be taken by correspondence, but students desiring to graduate must attend one session.

ARTS SUMMER SESSION

July 3rd to August 11th.

For Calendars write the Registrar,
G. Y. CHOWN, Kingston, Ont.



GATES at Factory Prices

Why pay three or four profits when you can get gates from Dyer "The Low Price Fence Man" at factory prices, and get the BEST in gates.

Small Gates $2.25 up, Large Gates $4.00 up.

Write to-day for free catalogue.

DYER—THE FENCE MAN
Mgr. Crown Fence and Supply Co., Toronto
He saves you money—buy direct. 8

Get the roofing that lasts, for every building on the farm—

Genasco

the Trinidad-Lake-Asphalt Roofing

And get the **Kant-leak Kleet**—the approved roof-fastening. Write for descriptive Genasco book and samples.

The Barber Asphalt Paving Company
Largest producers of asphalt, and largest manufacturers of ready roofing in the world.
Philadelphia
New York San Francisco Chicago

Warranted to Give Satisfaction.

Gombault's Caustic Balsam

Has Imitators But No Competitors.

A Safe, Speedy and Positive Cure for Curb, Splint, Sweeny, Capped Hock, Strained Tendons, Founder, Wind Puffs, and all lameness from Spavin, Ringbone and other bony tumors. Cures all skin diseases or Parasites, Thrush, Diphtheria. Removes all Bunches from Horses or Cattle.

As a Human Remedy for Rheumatism, Sprains, Sore Throat, etc., it is invaluable.

Every bottle of Caustic Balsam sold is Warranted to give satisfaction. Price $1.50 per bottle. Sold by druggists, or sent by express, charges paid, with full directions for its use. ☞Send for descriptive circulars, testimonials, etc. Address

The Lawrence-Williams Co., Cleveland, O.

CANCER Old Sores, Lumps in Breast, Growths removed and healed by a simple **Home Treatment**

No pain. Describe the trouble, we will send book and tesimonials free.

THE CANADA CANCER INSTITUTE, Limited
10 Churchill Ave., Toronto

Music Lessons Free

AT YOUR HOME. Write today for our Booklet. It tells how to learn to play any instrument Piano, Organ, Violin, etc. Address **American School of Music, 1 Lakeside Bldg., Chicago, Ill.**

Are You Fat?

You know you can not stay fat, don't you? That is, you can not be fat and be in style. The day when a fat women was tolerated is passed. Nowadays all women must be in proportion or be ridiculous. This does not mean you should become skinney, however. You should not get below the hard flesh line. All you ought to lose is the bulky fat. That done you will find yourself to be a well formed and therefore handsome woman.

Now, how can this be done? By exercising and dieting? Yes, and no. These two means will bring some results, but not easily nor soon. One is very hard work; the other is torture besides, neither can be depened upon to cause a uniform reduction. They may take off fleshy shoulder, for example, and leave the double chin untouched. What you need, you see, is something pleasant to take that without injury to your health will take the fat off uniformly and quickly, say, at the rate of a pound a day or so until it is all gone where you want it to go.

For this purpose nothing is less expensive, safer or simpler than Marmola Prescription Tablets. Inexpensive because one large case, costing 75c only, will produce results; safe, because they cause no wrinkles or stomach trouble, but rather improve the health and complexion, if anything; and simple because they do all the work without asking thought or effort on the part of the taker. In short, they are the ANSWER if you are fat and wish to be thinner. If your druggist is of the better kind he will have them. If not, write the licensees, The Marmola Company, 1412 Farmer Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

set the box or basket in a warm place. Geese seldom hatch till the weather is quite warm, say in April. The young geese after a month do well on hog pasture and can then eat oats or corn, but they will need very little feed. It is best to feed but little corn till after hot weather is past, but let them get most of their living on the range. Alfalfa is excellent for them. Bran, too, may be fed, moistened a trifle with skim milk either sweet or clabbered.

Just before the holidays when you want to fatten your geese, pen them much like you would hogs. Three or four weeks' feeding is sufficient. Chop feed is the best fattener and can be fed rather wet, since it is for so short a time that digestive disorders do not have time to develop. Grass and pasture are almost a necessity in geese culture, but running water is not, as many suppose. Geese enjoy a stream, of course, just as a small boy does in hot weather, but they can grow and thrive without it. Provide a tub or basin of some sort where the water can be changed often in warm weather, if no stream or pond is at hand. Better give them a fresh tub every few days. Don't let water stand around to become stagnant. Geese need clean, fresh water to drink at all times. Don't neglect their occasional bath if you want a prime quality of feathers.

A hen will rear little geese very successfully, and really take better care of them, especially if there are animals of prey about. She will also be more apt to keep them in during rainy weather. Don't allow young geese to be trailed about through tall wet grass. There is one more thing it might be well to mention, as it is a source of many losses among young geese, and that is this: Look about after every rain for holes and basins of rain water. If any happen to be about some of the young geese are

Prize winning White Shorthorn at the Canadian Industrial Exhibition, Winnipeg.

sure to be found in them. You may find as many as four in one old post hole of water. The foolish little things seem to have a natural affinity for just such traps and are sure to drown every time. It pays to keep an eye open for these places, or else keep the goslings in after rain which is not easily done.

A Book of Interest to Horse Owners.

Every horse owner worthy of the name takes a natural and commendable pride in keeping his horse in prime condition. With sensible feeding, proper care and a reasonable amount of work there is no trouble in doing this. Under such conditions a sound horse looks fine and feels well—is always ready for service and brings the top price when sold.

But accidents will happen, a slight wrench, a sprain, a cut or some unknown cause may result in lameness. Spavins, ringbones, curbs or splints come sooner or later to every stable.

Taken promptly and treated properly, none of these troubles are serious. But if neglected or given the wrong treatment, they quickly decrease a horse's ability for work as well as his cash value. It is most important, therefore, that every horse owner should have a good knowledge of the horse, his ailments and diseases, and the remedies to be applied. He should know just how to treat all ordinary ailments, and just when it is necessary to call in the greater skill of the veterinary.

One of the quickest and best ways to get posted on this matter is to read the little book, "A Treatise on the Horse and His Disease," published by the Dr. B. J. Kendall Co., Enosbury Falls, Vermont. The information which it gives is simple, accurate and easy to find—a valuable point in a book of reference.

This book can be had free of charge by simply writing the publisher or by asking for it at any drug store where Kendall's Spavin Cure is sold. That means almost any drug store, for Kendall's Spavin Cure is sold by almost every druggist in the country.

Raise Your Calves Without Milk.

Experience has shown that it is impossible to make a satisfactory substitute for milk out of cereals, hay-tea, oat meal porridge, etc. A satisfactory substitute for milk must, as a matter of course, resemble new milk as nearly as possible in chemical composition, it must be well balanced, it should be a complete food, and most of all it must be easily digested and assimilated by the tender stomach of the young animal.

Blatchford's Calf Meal has now been on the market a very long time, it has been thoroughly tested and tried. We understand it is well cooked and prepared for digestion and from the extent of the business and from the testimonials received showing the satisfactory results obtained from feeding it, we recommend our readers to give it a trial.

Letters or postals addressed to the Steele, Briggs Seed Co., Ltd., Winnipeg, Man., will procure a valuable pamphlet for the farmer entitled "How to Raise Calves Cheaply and Successfully without Milk" and every farmer should have one. It tells how to raise 3 calves at the cost of 1, avoid scours and keep calves healthy and fat. Tells how to veal calves at about one-half the usual cost, how to save the milk and in fact how to make more money out of calves than you ever thought possible.

The manufacturers have been selling to and dealing with the farmers, stock owners and poultry raisers for over 100 years and their business must be well established in the good opinion of their customers.

Facts and Figures About Red Polled Cattle.

Mr. H. A. Martin, of Gotham, Wis., secretary of the Red Polled Angus Cattle Club of America, has recently prepared a revised edition of a circular relating to Red Polled cattle and to the affairs of the club. The circular has been prepared with the thought in mind that it will be distributed free by Secretary Martin to those who make application for same. In addition to giving a brief history of the Red Polled cattle in the old country as well as in America, the breed is favored with some exceedingly strong endorsement for its beef-making qualities and its strong dairy tendencies. The record of a number of official tests are given which indicate that the breed is duel purpose in fact as well as in name.

We believe that the cause of useful cattle will be aided by a somewhat wide distribution of this booklet.

Starting the Boy on the Farm.

By Rex Beresford.

The December sun was lingering on the western horizon. The crisp stillness of an ideal winter night was fast approaching as a farm boy hurried home from school. His thoughts were not driven hither and thither by every chance expression of his school-mates. He had a purpose. A pony "all his own" was waiting to be tended for the night—a calf was bawling for its evening meal.

When the chores were done that evening and the men went up to the house for supper, "the boy's pony" was the most comfortable horse on all the farm. He had taken a run through the back pasture for exercise. He'd had a supper of oats and corn and he stood in bright straw to his knees contentedly munching the cleanest of timothy hay. The "boy's calf" too, shared the pony's luxury. Skim-milk and hay alone were not

Woman's Beauty

is impossible without good health. To bring back the brightnsss of eye, the rosiness of cheek, the springy step of buoyant health, no tonic is better than

BOVRIL

It is the concentrated goodness of Beef.

Desk Weary? Get a Gun

From breakfast to the office and from the office back to supper, day after day—a monotonous grind. Get back to nature—back where the air is 100 per cent. pure and fairly reeks with health. Get away out where you can watch the sun rise over the marsh—where you can spend glorious, healthful hours punting slowly through the reeds in a bit of a flat boat for some shots at a bunch of fat mallards.

To reach Nature's wild things you must get where civilization isn't—and when you lose yourself in such a place with mind and eye constantly on the alert, and every muscle in play, you'll forget that you were ever in an office—you'll be nearer to the original man animal—nearer physical betterment and mental rest. This, a gun will do for you; and the best for solid satisfaction you can get is the

Tobin Simplex Gun

Made right here in Canada—every bit of it, from muzzle to butt-plate—it leads all others and we give you this added advantage: because we know what goes into the making of a Tobin Simplex, we guarantee it with a positive "money-back" guarantee that places us under an obligation to return you the full purchase price, if we cannot give you satisfaction in every way. Priced from $20.00 to $210.00. Let us send you our new catalogue. It contains good news for sportsmen.

The Tobin Arms Mfg. Co., Limited
Woodstock Ontario

From Maker to Wearer

Shoes, Shoes, Shoes

A full line of first-class, latest styles. Newest lasts, solid leather throughout, most perfect fitting, Mackay and Goodyear Welt. Mens, Ladies, and Childrens. Boots and Shoes, also a full line of working and high cuts boots and shoes.

At a saving of from 30 to 40 cts on the dollar.

All goods shipped by express or mail prepaid to destination to any part of the Dominion. Write for free Illustrated catalogue and be convinced.

The Anne Shoe Co.
333 Portage Ave., Winnipeg, Man.

BETTER THAN SPANKING.

Spanking does not cure children of bed-wetting. There is a constitutional cause for this trouble. Mrs. M. Summers, Box W. 86, Windsor, Ont., will send free to any mother her successful home treatment with full instructions. Send no money but write her today if your children trouble you in this way. Don't blame the child, the chances are it can't help it. This treatment also cures adults and aged persons troubled with urine difficulties by day or night.

Traction Test Scene at the Canadian Industrial Exhibition.

enough for it. A little oats and corn ground finely accounted for its fat and smooth appearance. A few handfuls of oilmeal each day had kept it sleek and healthy. No one on that farm took greater pride in the stock than did the boy. No one tried harder to keep it healthy and attractive in appearance.

But this boy was not entering the live stock business alone. His brother had also an interest in the stock of the farm. At this time he owned three of the best hogs, besides an old cow and two of her calves. His start in raising livestock came from money made by a single broken legged pig. A quick move of the horses in haying time had rolled a wheel over the little porker's leg. The injury was severe and the chance for recovery seemed slight. The boy's father gave him the pig and told him it might be his if he would be responsible for its care. Days, weeks, and months went by. The pig gradually became stronger and finally grew into a valuable hog. It was hardly more than a year old when it became the mother of six little porkers, all strong and healthy. The boy watched them carefully, kept them growing as fast as possible, and finally sold them. A bank account was started with the proceeds. The next year another litter came. They were also raised and sold.

It took only three years of raising hogs to get money to start in cattle. The boy paid the profits of the "broken-legged" sow to his father for an old cow with a bright little calf at her side. The cow was not as fat as some he had seen, nor was she as smooth and symmetrical as some that had been shown at the country fair. She was, however, the mother of several good calves and she proved a money-maker for the farmer. Before she died, this old cow had raised for the boy four calves, two of which were sold. With the money from these sales, the boy then bought the best heifer calf on his father's farm. He fed its himself, took it to the country fair, and won with it over his father's stock.

This is only one example of many farms in this country where the boys are taking an interest in their father's business. While some boys are hunting ing rabbits or sliding down hill, these fellows are finding amusement with their live stock. At this, they can have just as much fun for a part of the time, at least, and their bank accounts will be far ahead of those of the boys who do not care to work.

Aside from the amusement and money which the boys get, they are about the raising and selling of live stock. Whenever these boys had stock to sell, they would watch the market daily. They became interested in the market conditions. They visited the nearest packing house and saw the cuts of beef and pork were made. They took the greatest care in preparing their stock for market. In this, they were aided by the more mature judgment of their father. They read the best farm papers. From them, they found what feeds were best to make the quickest and cheapest gains on market hogs. They learned what ration would be best for the old cow, the calf, and the pony. Instead of spending all their winter evenings in simple amusement, they were combining fun with the getting of some knowledge of agriculture that would help them to become more thrifty farmers.

What these boys tried should be attempted by every boy who lives on a farm. No gift could be more valuable to the average boy than that of a pig or a calf that would be his to feed and raise and sell. If it does not come as a Christmas gift, he should get it in some other way. To him, it will mean the start of an education and a bank account. Every real boy must be busy at something. If he choose to turn his attention to the raising of stock, he may fulfill the triple purpose of amusement, education and profits.

Method of Feeding Calves.

The calf should be allowed to take the first milk from its dam as nature requires this and if her rules are violated there will surely be trouble. After the calf has once nursed, it should be removed from its mother but fed its mother's milk for a few days, depending on the vigor of the calf. Commence to add skim-milk after a week or ten days, adding a small amount at first and increasing it daily until the calf is on an entire skim-milk diet.

There are a few simple rules to follow in growing calves on skim-milk. The milk must be sweet; it must be as warm as the mother's milk and care must be exercised not to feed too much of it. There are many more calves injured by being fed too much skim-milk than there are by not having enough. Four quarts at a feed twice per day is sufficient for the average size calf for the first month. Add a spoonful of ground flax seed to each feed and teach the calf to eat a little corn meal as soon as possible. Corn is the most economical food to balance a ration containing so much skim-milk. Feed shelled corn as soon as the young calf will digest it well.

At the Indiana experiment station in Bulletin No. 47 a record of work is given to show the relative cost of calves grown on skim-milk and on whole milk. The skim-milk calves cost less than 4 cents per pound and the whole milk calves cost 10 cents per pound and the calves fed skim-milk make as good growth as the ones fed whole milk.

Substitutes for Milk in Calf Feeding

To meet the annual sacrifice of good dairy calves because of milk being considered too valuable for food, Prof. D. H. Ottis has lately discussed the subject of substitutes for milk as feed. A recent letter in Hoard's Dairyman contains the following:

An increasing number of cows are being used to supply milk for large cities. Many good calves from good cows are sent to the butcher annually because the milk is considered too valuable to feed to calves. These conditions offer no incentive to keep good sires that would be constantly improving the dairy blood. The cows are usually fed heavily to produce the maximum yield of milk, and consequently are apt to be short-lived. This results in cows becoming scarcer and scarcer in the dairy districts, prices are high, and the ability to replenish is greatly reduced because the dairy heifers are not raised, all of which make the

GOOD HEALTH FOR 1c

Will you let one cent stand between you and health? Send us a one cent postal with your name and address, and we will send you, free, a little book that tells how health is regained without drugs or medicine.

No fads, faith cure, brace, exerciser, battery or health food. The means employed to regain health are scientific, therefore natural. No matter what the disease you suffer from, send for the book. ONE CENT may save you years of suffering. Address:

Dr. H. SANCHE & Co., 358 St. Catherine St. W., Montreal, Canada.

Bargain Clubbing Offer

The Western Home Monthly

Western Canada's Representative Home Magazine, Illustrated and

The Winnipeg Weekly Free Press

Western Canada's Representative Newspaper.

THE TWO from now till January 1st, 1912

FOR 50 CENTS

This offer is open only to those whose names are not now on our subscription list.

If already a subscriber, send both papers to friends in the Old Country or Eastern Canada who are hungry for news and illustrations of the West and to whom you are too busy to write regularly.

This offer is good for a limited time only.

USE THIS BLANK IN REMITTING.

Address—*THE WESTERN HOME MONTHLY, WINNIPEG, MAN.*

Enclosed please find Fifty Cents to pay for subscription to the Western Home Monthly and Weekly Free Press from this date until Jan. 1st, 1912

Date ....

Name .....

Address .....

Province.....

M. R. Blake, M.D.

M.R.C.S. (Eng.,) L.R.C.P. (Lond.)

Four years post graduate course in London and Dublin. Speciality:

Surgery and Diseases of Women

Office--530½ Main St., Winnipeg.

Bed Bug Chaser

Drive the Rascals Out. Bed Bugs, Fleas, Ants, Chicken Lice, Cockroaches and all **Insects.** No matter how many other kinds you have tried and failed. "Try **This.**" We guarantee it to rid a house of insects or money refunded. One package will kill **1,000,000 bugs.** Leaves no **stain, dust, dirt** or disagreeable **smell.** Appreciated by every good housekeeper. One pkg. in plain wrapper by mail prepaid 25c. (Wholesale price to agents and drugtrade $1 per dozen.)
DOMESTIC MFG CO. Dept W.H.M MINNEAPOLIS, MINN

BOYS MAKE YOUR OWN TOYS!

Learn how to make 500 different articles with the use of a pen knife and scissors. Learn how to make an electric telegraph, a telephone, windmills, baloons, boats and hundreds of other things. Will send you a complete book of instructions [regular price 25c] for only - - - **15c.**
The Continental Agency - Montreal

Lump Jaw

The first remedy to cure Lump Jaw was

Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure

and it remains today the standard treatment, with years of success back of it, known to be a cure and guaranteed to cure. Don't experiment with substitutes or imitations. Use it, no matter how old or bad the case or what else you may have tried—your money back if Fleming's Lump Jaw Cure ever fails. Our fair plan of selling, together with exhaustive information on Lump Jaw and its treatment, is given in

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Most complete veterinary book ever printed to be given away. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Write us for a free copy.

FLEMING BROS., Chemists,
53 Church St., Toronto, Ontario

TRY THE SMITH FREE

We want a SMITH STUMP PULLER on every stump or timbered farm in the country. It has a cost record of 5¢ a stump where the stumps run from 1 to 3 feet through; it will clear from 1 to 3 acres a day, doing the work of 20 men. Write today for our catalogue and FREE TRIAL OFFER.

W. SMITH GRUBBER CO., Smith Sta. La Crescent, Minn.

need for some substitute for milk almost imperative.

Hay tea.—Where milk is scarce or high-priced and skim-milk is not available, resort is sometimes made to hay tea. The results, however, are not satisfactory. The tea must be made two or three times per week. It is loosening in its effect on the calf. Tea made from alfalfa is less desirable than that made from mixed hay. The gains of calves fed hay tea are small, ranging from one-third to less than a pound daily per head.

Several experiences of those who have raised calves with very little milk are more successful and are given below:

Gruel.—Mr. Hugh Van Pelt, formerly of the Iowa Experiment Station, recommends the calf to be kept on warm whole milk for two weeks. During the second week make a mixture of one-fourth linseed meal and one-fourth wheat shorts (or better oats shorts and oat meal) and two tablespoons of soluble blood flour; divide in two parts, feeding one in the morning and the other in the evening. Put one of the feeds in a bucket, pour in hot water (110 deg. F.) and form a thick gruel, free from lumps; add enough milk to make five pounds and feed at once. Gradually increase the oil meal and shorts until at the end of the second week the calf receives one-half pound of each with necessary amount of water, and then decrease the milk. The calf learns to like the mixture. The milk can be gradually withdrawn and water substituted. Feed the gruel at a temperature of about 98° F.

Skim-milk Powder.—H. E. Cook, of New York, feeds five pounds of new milk twice per day for two or three weeks, then increases to six pounds. After running on this for a short time he gradually adds powdered skim milk (one pound per day in three feeds) and withdraws the whole milk. The powdered skim milk is fed for not less than six months. He adds Red Dog flour to the milk. For the dry grain he uses a mixture of four parts of bran, one part of oil meal and one part of corn meal. Mr. Cook estimates that the feed cost for the calf at six months of age, fed in this way, does not exceed $15 per head. A New Jersey manufacturing company quotes powdered milk at seven and one-half and eight cents per pound.

The Pennsylvania Experiment Station has fed calves successfully without milk after they are two weeks old and at a feed cost not to exceed $10 by the time they are three to four months of age, when it is possible to place them on a ration of hay and grain. The following mixture was used:

	Lbs.
Wheat flour	30
Cocoanut meal	25
Nutrium	20
Linseed meal	10
Dried blood	2

One pound of the mixed meal is added to six pounds of hot water and after thorough stirring is allowed to cool to 100° F. and fed. When the calf is seven to ten days old it is fed twice a day with three pounds of whole milk and one-half pound of the calf meal mixed with water, as described above. After being fed this way for four to seven days the milk is withdrawn.

The flour in the above ration proves a good regulator of the bowels. The nutrium is a soluble skim milk. So virtually the calves are getting a diet of skim-milk.

The North Caroline Station has been successful in using cooked rolled oats as a partial substitute for milk in calf feeding. The results compared favorably with skim milk. The calf is fed ten pounds daily of whole milk for the first week; in the second week the whole milk is reduced to eight pounds daily and four ounces of rolled oats added: in the third week the whole milk is reduced to six pounds and eight ounces of rolled oats added. This process is continued until the fifth week when the calf receives daily two pounds of whole milk and twelve ounces of rolled oats. During this fifth week a daily allowance of .2 of a pound of grain is given per calf. This same allowance of whole milk and rolled oats is continued until the end of the ninth week, when the milk is dropped. The daily allowance of grain is increased .2 of a pound each week until the tenth week the calf receives twelve ounces of rolled oats and one pound of grain. From this time on the allowance of rolled oats remains constant while the grain is gradually increased. By the end of the thirteenth week the calf is able to get along without the rolled oats. The grains used consisted of equal parts of cornmeal, wheat bran and linseed meal. The milk was added to the oats prior to feeding and the mixture fed at blood temperature. The calves ate this with evident relish. The rolled oats were prepared by adding one gallon of boiling water to twelve ounces of rolled oats, the mixture being allowed to stand until sufficiently cool to feed. The calves were allowed all the hay they would eat. The results indicate that one pound of rolled oats is equal to a gallon of whole milk.

—every cake

of Sunlight Soap does twice the work the same bulk of ordinary soap will do. Does it far easier, more thoroughly, and without harm to the hands or the clothes. Spend five cents to learn how much you've missed because you haven't tried Sunlight Soap sooner. Your grocer sells Sunlight Soap, wherever you live.

$5,000 guarantees this soap's purity.

Made by Lever Brothers Limited at Toronto

18

How to Feed the Dairy Cow.

Some dairymen have adopted this rule: To feed as many pounds of ground feed per day as the cow gives butter fat in a week. That is to say, if she is making seven pounds of fat per week, give her seven pounds per day of ground feed. This is simply a basis to work from. The good feeder does not mix his feed and feeds the same mixture to all. He studies the individual; he gives to each according to what she is doing, taking care not to feed too much and not to feed too little, so that she does not lay on flesh nor yet get too poor; that the bowels are not too loose or too constipated. Thirty-five to forty pounds per day of ensilage and all the good clover hay they will eat, and the more corn there is in the silage the less grain needs to be fed and also the better the hay the less grain.

One man should always do the feeding and he should be the best man on the place. He does not take a text book in his hand, but his eyes are wide open to conditions and when he sees the eager, expectant look in the eyes of the cow and the restless step he knows she is hungry and waiting, and the way she takes hold of her ration, the condition of her droppings, the reading of the milk sheet, cause the feeder to vary the quantity and also the mixture to suit the needs of that day and that time, and each cow is a study in herself. The feeder who fails to make note of these things and work accordingly will never be an expert in feeding.

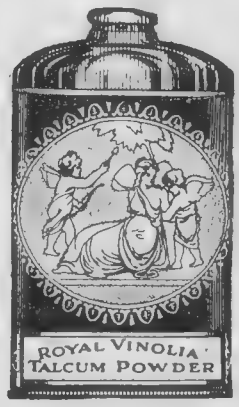
Every day of the year, whether she is fresh or dry, whether she is in the pasture or the stable, see to it that she is provided for properly. Some pastures are so poor that the cow is forced to eat things she does not like in order to live. Watch the pastures and give the cow feed of some kind to keep her wants supplied. Feed regularly; at the same hour night and morning, then she knows when to expect it, and between times lies down, takes her rest and chews her cud. Have plenty of pure, clear water, at a moderate temperature, always at hand; salt often and in small quantities.

There is at the present time a great strife among dairymen to make records and some of the methods resorted to, especially to obtain weekly records, cannot be too strongly condemned. A week's record at the best, is no indication of what the cow will do in a year. A year's record, under good, normal conditions, without injuring the cow, is the only record worth considering.

Across the street is a window of beautiful flowers, bright blossoms and vivid green leaves. Whence came this beauty spots? Back of those plants a woman's hand has tended and watered with utmost care, she has not counted the steps, she has not called it work, because she loves those things, and lo! the result. Love will make a cow give milk. Try it—(H. D. Griswold in Wisconsin Year Book).

For years Mother Graves' Worm Exterminator has ranked as the most effective preparation manufactured, and it always maintains its reputation.

Royal Vinolia Talcum Powder



The largest 25c. tin of the finest grade Talcum Powder, contains about double the quantity of powder in usual size packages. Exquisitely bland, cooling and soothing. Perfectly absorbent—easily brushed away, leaving skin and pores clear. Delicately scented with the charming Royal Vinolia Perfume.

PRICE ONLY 25 CENTS

On Sale at all Good Druggists. 113

Cotton dress-goods that are substantial are by far the most economical because they are "worth making up."

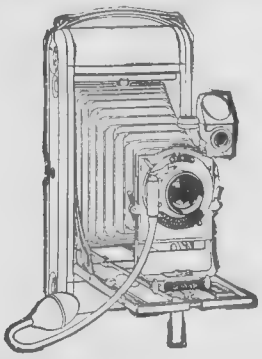
Simpson-Eddystone Prints

have been the standard calicoes since 1842. The thoroughness of the olden times has been continuously maintained. These fabrics are still the same well-woven cloths—with new and artistic designs; and the deep rich colors are fadeless and enduring.

Show this advertisement to your dealer when you order, and don't accept substitutes. If not in your dealer's stock write us his name and address. We'll help him supply you.

The Eddystone Mfg. Co., Philad'a

Founded 1842 by Wm Simpson Sr.



DUFFIN & CO., LTD.

Importers and Dealers in Photo Supplies both Professional and Amateur

472 Main St., Winnipeg

Enclose 5c for illustrated catalogue and prices

Shoe Boils, Capped Hock, Bursitis are hard to cure, yet

ABSORBINE

will remove them and leave no blemish. **Does not blister** or remove the hair. Cures any puff or swelling. Horse can be worked. $2.00 per bottle, delivered. Book 6 D free.

Mr R. M. McDermott, Edmonton, Alta. writes Nov. 19, 1907, "I used your ABSORBINE on a bog spavin on my two-year-old colt and have cleared it off."

W. F. YOUNG, P.D.F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.
LYMANS Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.
Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug & Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co. Ltd., Vancouver.

FRUIT LANDS, ETC.

Armstrong, B.C.—The Garden District of the Okanagan Valley; an established, self-supporting and unboomed district with mild winters, permanent markets, unlimited pure water supply, and the most desirable homesites in the world. There are no syndicate or company holdings. No one gets out when the new settler comes in. Accordingly, easy terms can be had on all purchases, the district being large and the owners selling only a portion of their holdings. Fruit growing is carried on in all branches and on **a good paying basis;** also there are equally profitable mixed farms, celery ranches, poultry farms and market gardens in great abundance. No irrigation. Send at once for a free booklet of the district to

The Secretary, Board of Trade, Armstrong, B.C.

Marriage, Domicile, Divorce, 11th Edition, 1911, gives the correct time required in every state of the United States, to acquire domicile, sue for and obtain a valid divorce judgment together with all the leading court decisions on the statutes. Poostpaid, One Dollar. Attordey Donovan, Sioux Falls, South Dakota, U.S.A.

Sunday Reading.

"Jehovah Shallom."

By John Prescott Guild, Chinook, Alberta.

'Neath Sinai's mountain no man lives,
Where thunderbolts are hurled,
Of lurid laws of "Thou shalt not"
Upon a wicked world.
An arbitrary sovereignty
No being can abide;
All things possessed of sense and will
Must sometimes step aside.

But barbarous lords, in lofty pride,
Said, "Ye must me obey!"
Declared that One who ruled on high
Was minded like as they;
And thus a vengeful Deity
Men feared, and cursed as well,
The while they offered sacrifice
To save their souls from hell.

At last came One—"The Prince of Peace,"
With a dominion new;
Proclaimed that love is highest law,
Brought heaven down to view.
Although He sealed it with His life—
His Gospel of "free grace"—
Say not, His blood God's wrath did quench
To save a sin-doomed race.

O, then, partake the mystic bread,
And quaff symbolic cup;
They signify the flesh and blood
For man's love yielded up.
'Tis only thus, with any sense,
We can His board address;
Together meet to praise, and say:
"The Lord our righteousness!"

Marcia's Ambition.

Written for the W.H.M. by Marion M. Rittenhouse, San Louis Obispo, Cal.

Helen Martin laid aside the book, "Famous Women," which she had just finished reading, and faced her friend, Marcia Weston, with sparkling eyes.

"This book makes me long to be a heroine," she said, "a Joan of Arc—Molly Pitcher—a Betty Stark. Oh, if I only had the opportunity to do and be something! I do so want to make a name for myself and to have a niche of my own in the Temple of Fame; wouldn't you?"

Dumpy, plain-featured little Marcia shook her head deprecatingly. "I'd make a dismal failure as a Joan of Arc," she replied, "for I can't even sit on a horse when it is going in a walk, and as for Molly Pitcher and Betty Stark—well, I couldn't imitate them either. Why, brother Johnnie can frighten me with his popgun."

"Have you no ambition?" demanded Helen. "Have you no high aims? Are you content to just breathe?"

"I haven't anything fit to be called by such lofty names," confessed Marcia modestly. "There are several things I'd like to do, of course, but nothing lofty or glorious. I couldn't do anything of that kind."

She lowered her voice confidentially. "I am trying to be so thoughtful of father and mother and so kind and pleasant to the children that they will all miss me when I go away to school this autumn, and will look forward to me coming home during the holidays and at the close of the term," she said.

Helen reddened as she recalled the remark her younger brother had made that very morning:

"Won't it be fine when Helen goes back to school and we won't have to hear her scolding at us from morning till night?" he had said to her little sister Bessie, whose curls had bobbed an emphatic assent to his remark.

"That seems very trivial to me," she observed loftily.

"I know," replied Marcia humbly, "but there's other things that I'd love to do, if I just knew how. I would love to do things for other girls. I would like for everyone to understand how hard all girls try to be good, and that when they do wrong or foolish things it is because they don't know—it don't seem wrong to them. They all want to do the right thing. They all want to be nice and good—and pretty," she added, as an afterthought.

"And they really are," she continued, "only sometimes they don't know how to make people understand. There's Martha Gibson; when I came home from the city yesterday she was at the station. She wasn't going off on the train or expecting to meet anyone."

"I know," interrupted Helen, "she's always hanging around the depot when the passenger trains come in."

"That is just what Mrs. Marshall said about her," replied Marcia, "and I told her how kind and good Martha is to her little crippled brother, and she does nearly all the housework because her mother isn't very strong. I told Mrs. Marshall that I wished I knew how to make people see how lovely and pleasant Martha really is, and make them understand that she only goes to places like the depot because she is lonesome and doesn't have many places to visit. Mrs. Marshall took her for a drive today. Wasn't it lovely of her?"

Helen eyed her curiously. "Wouldn't you rather that Mrs. Marshall had taken you?" she asked.

"Why, no," replied Marcia. "You see, I get to go so often. Mrs. Marshall is so lovely, I'm sure that she will make Martha understand that it is not nice to go to the station just to see the people come off the trains, and she will do it without hurting her feelings, too."

"I don't see why you care; she is nothing to you," said Helen.

"All girls are everything to me," replied Marcia.

"I wish that some people liked girls better," she continued presently. "There's old Mrs. Mayhew. She has the coziest, dearest home, and she lives in it all alone. I never pass there but what I think what a lovely home it would make for some poor girl who has none. There are so many girls in need of a home and a chance for an education, and Mrs. Mayhew could give them both, but she doesn't like girls." And here Marcia sighed profoundly.

"How do you know that she doesn't?" questioned Helen, much interested.

Marcia blushed guiltily. "Well," she said soberly, "she told me so once when Mary Allen was wanting a place to stay to work for her board and clothes and go to school. Mary was afraid to ask Mrs. Mayhew, so I asked her, and she said, 'Not for the world would I have a silly, giggling minx of a girl around pestering the life out of me.'"

Helen giggled delightedly at Marcia's unconscious mimicry of crabbed old Mrs. Mayhew's voice and manner.

"I said to her that she surely did not know many girls well to feel like that about them, and she said, 'No, thank goodness, I had no sisters, and my six children were all boys.' She seemed real put out at me for even asking if Mary could stay," Marcia went on dolefully.

"She's the crossest old woman in this town," said Helen. "I have often wondered why you go there so often."

"I know you'll think me silly," Marcia answered, "but I pretend to myself that it is my mission to change Mrs. Mayhew's opinion and make her think well of girls."

"I am just as nice to her as I know how to be. I help her sew, and I thread her needle and find her glasses for her, and—well—just anything she will let me do. I am patient and polite to her when she is cross. When I get tired and feel like answering back, I say to myself, 'It's for the sake of other girls,' and I keep my temper."

"Then once and a while she will say, 'Law, Marcia, you're a handy creature to have about.' Then I say, 'Oh, all girls are handy.' I tell her of the nice things the girls I know do. She looks over the top of her specs at me, and never says one word, but she listens."

"Helen," Marcia went on, "I've often thought it would be lovely for you to go

BOILS AND PIMPLES

Are caused altogether by bad blood, and unless you cleanse the system of the bad blood the boils or pimples will not disappear.

Get pure blood and keep it pure by removing every trace of impure morbid matter from the system by using the greatest known blood medicine,

BURDOCK BLOOD BITTERS.

Boils Cured.

Mr. A. J. Saulnier, Norwood, N.S., writes:—"Two years ago I was troubled with boils on my neck and back, and could not get rid of them. A friend recommended me to try Burdock Blood Bitters, and after using two bottles I was pleased to note the boils were entirely gone, and I have not been troubled with any since."

Pimples Cured.

Miss Eva A. Skinner, Granby, Que., writes:—"I am pleased to recommend Burdock Blood Bitters as it has done me much good. My face was covered with pimples, and being advised by a friend to try Burdock Blood Bitters and have them removed I did so and I now have not a spot on my face."

Burdock Blood Bitters is manufactured only by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

This snapshot of His Majesty King George was made on a

Wellington

Xtra Speedy Plate

Use this plate yourself in making pictures of the Coronation Celebrations. You will get the best results.

Wellington & Ward

Plates Papers Films

13 St. John St. - Montreal.

Toronto Conservatory of Music

EDWARD FISHER, MUS. DOC., MUSICAL DIRECTOR.

Year Book (160 Pages) Mailed on Application

CONSERVATORY SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION

SPECIAL CALENDAR.

F. H. KIRKPATRICK, Ph. D., Principal.

Public Reading, Oratory, Physical and Vocal Culture, Dramatic Art, and Literature.

IF YOU ARE TIRED OF WORKING for other people, if your income is too small, or if you are looking for something to do during your spare time, write us for our Big Money Making Opportunities. Send now, a postal will do. Hornstin, 95 Benoit St., Montreal, Que.

and see her. You are so bright and clever and amusing, you could show her just how nice and pleasant girls can be around the house. You are so much more entertaining than I."

"Thanks for the compliment," replied Helen with a yawn, "but you'll have to excuse me. I have higher aims than changing the views of a cross old woman. Why should I care what she or anyone else thinks of girls in general, just so they think well of me? Let's go over to the tennis court."

"I am going over to Mrs. Mayhew's to help her wash her tortoiseshell cat," replied Marcia soberly as they separated.

* * * * *

A month later, when the girls were seated together on the train which bore them back to school, Helen, as she removed traces of the tears shed at parting with the "homefolks," said:

"I feel that my summer has been wasted. I am going back to school after a useless summer. I have had no opportunity to realize any of my high purposes. Isn't it dreadful to live in such a commonplace, poky old town, where one has no chance to accomplish a noble purpose?"

Marcia gazed at her friend admiringly. "I wish I could be noble and ambitious, like you are," she said humbly. "I know that it is of no use for me to attempt noble deeds. I simply can't think of them."

At that moment Mrs. Marshall entered the car and advanced smilingly toward the two girls. She was the "great lady" and the "Lady Bountiful" of the village, and was deservedly popular and admired. Both girls flushed with pleasure at sight of her. She greeted Helen cordially, but she stooped and kissed Marcia's plump, freckled cheek, as she said:

"You dear little missionary, you don't begin to know what a glorious summer's work you have accomplished. You don't know why I am going to the city this morning, do you? Well, Mrs. Mayhew has asked me to go and bring back her two orphaned granddaughters to live with her.

"Because of her prejudice against girls they have had to live with strangers, and sometimes amidst very unsuitable surroundings, ever since their parents died. Her sons and all her old friends have vainly urged her to give the children a home, but she would not. She has always contributed to their support, far more than she was really able, but she has refused them the care and love which was rightfully theirs.

To-day, when she asked me to bring them to her, she said:

"'I want to raise my grandgirls up to be as sweet and helpful and good as that Marcia girl that I'm going to miss so sorely when she goes back to school.'"

"Oh, Mrs. Marshall!" Marcia almost shrieked, "I feel like I could die of joy for those darling girls. Dear old Mrs. Mayhew, is not that sweet of her to say it was because of me? It wasn't, of course, but ——"

"Marcia, you dear little humbug," interrupted Mrs. Marshall, "don't you understand that you have changed Mrs. Mayhew's opinion of girls, and that by doing so you have provided two little homeless girls with a real home, and have brought love and happiness into a lonely old lady's life; for she will learn to love the little girls dearly when she has them with her, won't she, Helen?"

Helen nodded and turned away to hide her brimming eyes, for in the light of Marcia's loving, unselfish achievement her so-called noble aims and ambitions seemed like the gaudy, painted toys of a child.

Divine Reserve In Reading.

J. R. Miller, D.D.

It is our duty to say good words to others, words of comfort or encouragement, words of counsel and instruction; but not always are such words timely. Sometimes love is shown more wisely by holding back the word we could speak. After Jesus had spoken many things to His disciples, many revealings of God's heart and will, He told them that He still had many other things to say to them which they could not then bear to

Baker's Cocoa and Chocolate

ARE THE STANDARDS OF THE WORLD

53 Highest Awards in Europe and America

THE NEW MILL AT 1000 ALBERT STREET, MONTREAL

¶ For over 131 years these well-known preparations have been made only at the company's mills (the largest in the world) at Dorchester, Mass., U. S. A. In order to keep pace with the rapidly increasing demand for its goods in the Dominion of Canada and the British Provinces, a large mill has been put in operation in Montreal.

Registered Trade-Mark

¶ With the finest possible equipment of modern machinery, with the accumulated experience of more than a century and a quarter in the selection and blending of cocoa beans and by the employment of a perfect mechanical process of manufacture, consumers and dealers are assured that ***the uniformity of quality and delicacy of flavor which have made these goods the standards of the world will be maintained.***

¶ To facilitate the distribution of goods, selling offices are located at Montreal, Winnipeg and Vancouver.

We guarantee the absolute purity of these goods under the pure food laws of Canada

WALTER BAKER & CO. LIMITED

DORCHESTER, MASS. MONTREAL, CANADA

R R R
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
Friends Of a Lifetime

For over 60 years our family physician. It is a positive cure for Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Sciatica, Lumbago, Pain in the Chest or Kidneys, Sore Muscles, Sprains and Strains. It is unrivalled as a preventive and cure for all Coughs, Colds, Sore Throat, Bronchitis, "Grip" and Pains and Aches of all Kinds.
Also Internally Radway's Ready Relief in Water, for all Bowel Pains and Disorders.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS
Send for FREE COPY of "HOPE FOR THE SICK," a list of the principal ailments of mankind—with directions for their treatment—to
RADWAY & CO., MONTREAL, CANADA

If It's Jaeger's It's Good
Whether Underwear or Overwear
THE name JAEGER has been so closely identified with Pure Wool UNDERWEAR that few people know that JAEGER Pure Wool Goods embrace a large number of lines, each as good in its way as JAEGER UNDERWEAR.
¶ Call at a JAEGER store or agency and see JAEGER Coats, Sweaters and Jackets, JAEGER Caps, Shawls and Rugs; and other JAEGER goods. THEY ARE ALL GOOD.
TRADE MARK
Dr JAEGER'S SANITARY WOOLLEN SYSTEM CO. LTD
Steele Block, Portage Ave., Winnipeg
316 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal
231 Yonge Street, Toronto

STUDY AT HOME
FARM BOOKKEEPING
The Only Strictly Farmer's Course
Farm Business from Start to Finish
F. E. WERRY'S SCHOOL OF FARM ACCOUNTING
BRANDON, MANITOBA

WRITE
FOR OUR
NEW CATALOGUE—
IT'S FREE!
Central Business College
Wm. Hawkins, Principal. Winnipeg.
Mention this paper.

hear. He could easily have told them these other things that night, but it would not have been a kindness to them for Him to do so. There would come a time when they could bear the further revealings, and then He would make them.

Nothing is more wonderful in the Divine dealing with us than this reserve of revealing. A large part of the Bible is practically a sealed book to us until we come to the experiences for which the words are suited. There are promises for weakness which we cannot get while we are strong. There are words for times of danger into which we cannot run to hide while we are not conscious of needing any shelter from danger. There are comforts for sickness whose blessing we cannot get while we are in robust health. There are promises for times of loneliness, when men walk in solitary ways, which never can come with real meaning to them while loving companions are by their side. There are words for old age which we never can appropriate to ourselves along the years of youth, when the arm is strong, the blood warm, and the heart brave. God cannot show us the stars while the sun is shining, nor can He make known to us the precious things of love that He has prepared for our nights, while it is yet day about us. His word to us then is, "I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now." But by and by, when we come to the places of need, the experiences of life for which these words were spoken, they will open out to us with all their hidden secrets of joy and blessing.

Older Christians understand this. There are many things in the Bible which had little meaning for them in life's earlier days, but which have grown very dear to them through the advancing years. Often in childhood they heard or conned the words, perhaps memorizing them and oft-times repeating them but they said them thoughtlessly because there had been no experience in their lives to enable them to interpret the words. Their meaning was kept in reserve—they could not bear it now. Then one day a shadow crept over them, and in the shadow the familiar words began to shine as stars that come out in the evening sky when the sun has set. Other years brought other experiences, and the words shone out more and more brightly until the child's thoughtless recitation of them has become the utterance of the faith and trust of the strong man's very soul. We cannot bear the full revealing of the Divine words until we reach the experiences which they were meant to illumine.

God also holds in reserve for us the knowledge of our own future. He knows it all. When a child is born God knows all the path its feet must tread across the earth to the sunset gates. When a young Christian comes to Christ's feet and says, "I will follow Thee whithersoever thou leadest," the Master knows all that the consecration involves. But He does not reveal all this knowledge to the happy disciple. His word is, "I have many things to say unto you, which you cannot bear now to know."

Sometimes people are heard saying that they wish they could know all their future. But would that be a blessing? Could they better shape their course if they knew all that would befall them? Here are two who have just stood at the marriage altar and have plighted their vows of faithfulness, each to the other, until death shall separate them. They are very happy. As the Master lays His hand upon their bowed heads in benediction, suppose He should tell the fair young bride that the plenty which is hers at present will waste, and that she will experience want; that in the years before her she will watch by sick children and weep beside little graves; that her husband, now so brave and strong, will be crushed by misfortune and grow old before his time—would it be a kindness to her if Christ told her all this on her wedding night? Rather, the word of true gentleness to her is, "I have many other things to say to you besides the sweet words you have heard from My lips to-day, but you cannot bear now to hear them." He will not shadow her joy with forecastings of the trials that are veiled in the unopened years. The time to tell her these things will be just when she is entering the experiences.

The same law of reserve is followed by Christ in calling disciples. If He had told His first followers when they responded to His invitation the whole story of their life as His friends, all it would cost them to be faithful, what would have been the effect upon them? Or if the veil were lifted and a vision of the future were given to the young missionary, his heart aflame with love for Christ, showing him the path of sacrifice and suffering along which his feet must walk to an early grave in the jungles or in the hot sands, with seemingly nothing accomplished, would he go out as bravely as he now does, not knowing what the Lord's plan for his life may be? It is better he should not know. The Divine reserve is not only wise but also kind.

In all life this reserve is maintained. God leads us step by step and leads the way only as we go on. Things we could not have endured if they had been told us in advance, when they come bring their own strength with them. Then experiences which we would have shrunk from if we had known of them before, when we come up to them grow full of blessing.

We ought to be glad that we do not have to know our own future. We should rejoice that our life is in God's keeping, not in ours. We need not ask to know what is in any unveiled to-morrow. God knows, and that is enough. Some day we shall know.

He holds the key of all unknown,
And I am glad;
If other hands should hold the key,
Or, if He trusted it to me,
I might be sad.

What if to-morrow's cares were here,
Without its rest?
I'd rather He'd unlock the day,
And as its hours swing open say,
"My will is best."

I cannot read His future plans,
But this I know.
I have the smiling of His face
And all the refuge of His grace,
While here below.

Enough! This covers all my needs,
And so I rest.
For what I cannot, He can see,
And in His love I still shall be
Forever blest.

—Selected.

The Greatest Evidence.

A noted preacher thus speaks of the Gospel's great demonstration: "The evidence of evidences, the proof irrefragable, inevitably to be accepted, of the Christ, is the internal proof. There is a doctor who may have all kinds of certificates. What are they to one who can say, 'He cured me?' What do I care for the certificates if, through the grace of God, he has, by his skill, made me another man than I was before? I argued from the cure to the doctor, not from the doctor to the cure."

Our Bible Object.

The Word of God is like a lighthouse; it lightens the way into the harbor. It does not illuminate all the land on whose shores it stands, but simply illuminates the harbor and the way to it. The Bible does not tell us all about Heaven, but enlightens us sufficiently that we may make the harbor in safety. We shall have all eternity to explore the land beyond.

The only work that will tell must cost you something. Gold, silver, and precious stones can never be built into the New Jerusalem, unless you are parting with them from the stores of your own life.—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

God's promises are ever on the ascending scale. One leads up to another, fuller and more blessed than itself. In Mesopotamia, God said, "I will show thee the land." At Bethel, "This is the land." In Caanan, "I will give thee all the land, and children innumerable as the grains of sand." It is thus that God allures us to saintliness. Not giving

us anything till we have dared to act—that He may test us. Not giving everything at first—that He may not overwhelm us. And always keeping in hand an infinite reserve of blessing. Oh, the unexplored remainders of God! Who ever saw His last star?—Rev. F. B. Meyer.

Rules of Great Worth.

Before going to bed that night the discouraged girl had committed to memory these rules for being a good clerk which the older woman had prepared in the form of an acrostic, daintily colored and framed:—

Make light of hardships, forget annoyances, and keep cheerful.

Avoid quarrels, close intimacies and gossip.

Keep alert, interested, attentive, and progressive.

Induce customers to buy by being pleasant, obliging, and helpful.

Neglect nothing that will make you valuable to your employers.

Gain the good will of your fellow workers and—keep it.

Give honest work and loyalty to your firm, it will not go unrewarded.

Omit laziness, rudeness, freshness, and superiority in dealing with customers

Obey orders, stick to rules, and don't be a firebrand.

Determine to succeed and live up to that determination.

So well did the clerk live up to her rules that not only the end of the month found her in her place, but she had conquered the unfriendliness of her mates and had won notice from her superiors by her courteous, obliging manner and her growing favor with customers.

Sermons Boiled Down.

The best place to feel for the needy is in your pocket.

The cross Christian is not bearing the Christian's cross.

Many mistake the worship of customs for the custom of worship.

People who are hungry to be martyrs make a good many miserable.

Love may seem to serve blindly, but the service illumines the world.

Many a saint would stoop in service but for fear of losing his tin halo.

Many a man thinks he is pious who is only peddling other people's phrases.

It is better to be killed by hard times than to have to work hard to kill time.

Affection for the Aged.

There is a pathetic charm about old age. We are sure that nothing is so lovely as a saintly old grandmother occupying her accustomed place in the chimney-corner. There is something that entrances while we watch the silver-haired patriarch as he fondles his darling grandchild on his knee. They are the salt of the earth, the treasure in the home, the familiar figures in community life. And more than this love of others, there is coming a time in our own individual history when we shall crave the caresses and love of friends. Old age is more keenly sensible to neglect than at any other time. It is not intentional no, we may commit this neglect amid our devotion to and attendance upon other matters. We forgot, however, that the inward craving for old age conceives of no apologies and knows no reason why the old-time cares and fondling should be things of the past. It transmutes everything into neglect. Age softens the heart and the soul pines for the touch of the hand that would stroke the golden locks of a prattling child. Let's love them more than by a mere sentiment! What would we do without these saints? Amid these reveries, we recall the lines of Elizabeth Gould:

"Put your arms around me—
There, like that:
I want a little petting
At life's setting,
For 'tis harder to be brave
When feeble age comes creeping
And finds me weeping
Dear ones gone.
Just a little petting
At life's setting;
For I'm old, alone, and tired.
And my long life's work is done."

I shall not pass this way again
But far beyond earth's Where and When
May I look back along a road
Where on both sides good seed I sowed.
I shall not pass this way again,
May Wisdom guide my tongue and pen,
And Love be mine that so I may
Plant roses all along the way,
I shall not pass this way again,
May I be courteous to men,
Faithful to friends, true to my God,
A fragrance on the path I trod.

—Clarence Urmy.

Sudden transition from a hot to a cold temperature, exposure to rain, sitting in a draught, unseasonable substitution of light for heavy clothing, are fruitful causes of colds and the resultant cough so perilous to persons of weak lungs. Among the many medicines for bronchial disorders so arising, there is none better than Bickle's Anti-Consumptive Syrup. Try it and become convinced. Price 25 cents.

DYE THOSE SUMMER THINGS

Scores of summer things, such as fancy parasols, bathing suits, colored stockings, ribbons, feathers and artificial flowers, hammocks and cushion covers get faded and dingy long before they are worn out. With

Maypole Soap

the clean, easy home dye, you can give them a new lease of life, usefulness and beauty, and save many a dollar. No stained hands or kettles, no muss, no work to speak of.

24 colors—will give any shade. Colors 10c; black 15c; at your dealer's or postpaid with free booklet, "How to Dye," from

FRANK L. BENEDICT & CO., Montreal

2 IN 1 SHOE POLISH

Absolutely free from acid, turpentine or other injurious substances. It preserves the leather and keeps shoes like new, always soft, and gives a brilliant, smooth and lasting shine.

Made in Canada and sold in all parts of the world.

It is good for your shoes.

THE F. F. DALLEY CO., Limited, 16

HAMILTON, Ont., BUFFALO, N. Y. and LONDON, Eng.

General View of Grounds where the Canadian Industrial Exhibition will be held, July 12-22.

PATENTS Trade Marks and Designs

Write for Booklet, Circulars, Terms, etc.

Fetherstonhaugh & Co.

GERALD S. ROXBURGH, B.A. So. Resident

209-210 Bank of Nova Scotia, Portage Ave. (Opp. Free Press)

WINNIPEG, MAN.

Every Home a College!

Under the original and superior method of giving correspondence instruction

Every Home Becomes a College

We go right to your home with the MOST PRACTICAL COURSES under the supervision and direction of THE MOST EXPERT TUTORS.

OUR STUDENTS DELIGHTED
OUR GRADUATES SUCCESSFUL

Here are a few of our courses. Underline your choice, fill in your name and address cut out this advertisement and mail to us today for full particulars.

ART	STORY WRITING
ACCOUNTANCY	JOURNALISM
COMMERCIAL	PHOTOGRAPHY
SHOW-CARD WRITING	MATRICULATION

Name.....

Address.....

The Shaw Correspondence School

393-403 Yonge Street, Toronto

HAD HEART TROUBLE

NERVES WERE ALL UNSTRUNG.

Wherever there is any weakness of the heart or nerves, flagging energy or physical breakdown, the use of Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills will soon produce a healthy, strong system.

Miss Bessie Kinsley, Arkona, Ont., writes:—"It is with the greatest of pleasure I write you stating the benefit I have received by using your Milburn's Heart and Nerve Pills. This spring I was all run down and could hardly do any work. I went to a doctor and he told me I had heart trouble and that my nerves were all unstrung. I took his medicine, as he ordered me to do, but it did me no good. I was working in a printing office at the time, and my doctor said it was the type setting caused the trouble, but I thought not. My father advised me to buy a box of your pills as he had derived so much benefit from them. Before I had finished one box I noticed a great difference, and could work from morning to night with out any smothering feeling or hot flushes. I can recommend them highly to all nervous and run down people."

Price 50 cents per box, or 3 for $1.25, at all dealers, or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

$3.50 Recipe Cures Weak Kidneys, Free

Relieves Urinary and Kidney Troubles, Backache, Straining, Swelling, Etc.

Stops Pain in the Bladder, Kidneys and Back.

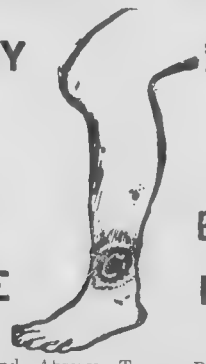
Wouldn't it be nice within a week or so to begin to say goodbye forever to the scalding, dribbling, straining, or too frequent passage of urine; the forehead and the back-of-the-head aches, the stitches and pains in the back; the growing muscle weakness, spots before the eyes, yellow skin; sluggish bowels; swollen eyelids or ankles; leg cramps, unnatural short breath; sleeplessness and the despondency?

I have a recipe for these troubles that you can depend on, and if you want to make a quick recovery, you ought to write and get a copy of it. Many a doctor would charge you $3.50 just for writing this prescription, but I have it and will be glad to send it to you entirely free. Just drop me a line like this: Dr A. E Robinson K2045 Luck Building, Detroit, Mich., and I will send it by return mail in a plain envelope. As you will see when you get it, this recipe, contains only pure, harmless remedies, but it has great healing and pain-conquering power

It will quickly show its power once you use it, so I think you had better see what it is without delay I will send you a copy free—you can use it and cure yourself at home

The Great English Remedy GRASSHOPPER OINTMENT and PILLS

TRY IT IF YOU HAVE A BAD LEG



a Poisoned Hand, Abscess, Tumor, Piles, Glandular Swelling, Eczema, Blocked and Inflamed Veins, Synovitus, Bunions, Ringworm or Diseased Bone. I can cure you. I do not say perhaps, but I will Because others have failed it is no reason I should You may have attended Hospitals and been advised to submit to amputation, but do not, for I can cure you. Send at once to the Drug Stores for a box of Grasshopper Ointment and Pills, which are a certain cure for Bad Legs, etc. See the Trade Mark of a "Grasshopper" on a green label.—Prepared by ALBERT & Co., Albert House 73 Farringdon Street London England (copyright)

Wholesale Agents The National Drug & Chemical Co. of Canada

Correspondence.

Not a Paragon.

Leifur, P.O., Man., June 5, 1911.

Sir,—Say. Hello, girls! Now, just a minute, look here, I'm not one of those guys who does not swear, nor smoke, nor chew. I can do all. having learned the theory in the city and the practical use of each since I came to the homestead. Believe me, girls, I am a peach —especially at chewing — anything that's good to eat. I'm 5 ft. 11 ins., tall, dark, 170 lbs. weight; age 31; much travelled, skilled in many of the fine arts and also in the useful art, and now I think I should study the sweet 'arts. How about it girls? Oh! I have a slick little shack on my homestead here, but like all homesteaders. I get lonesome and would like to get a nice letter from any lady who would care to write. Address with editor.

Brown Eyed Solitaire.

Girls are Scarce.

Ranchvale, Man., 3rd June, 1911

Sir,—We have long been readers of your paper and have enjoyed it very much, especially the correspondence. We are two bachelors and often feel lonely, especially in the long winter evenings, although there are two English families living not far from us. Now, girls, we live in a fine neighborhood, but marriagable girls are rather scarce. I don't mean to say that we are on the marriage list, but we would like a few nice girl correspondents. We notice that most people describe themselves, but you will have to take us without, as we cannot describe ourselves, and neither will let the other describe him. Just think of us as passable in a crowd, and with no more bad habits than most bachelors have. We prefer city girls, those that sing or recite, as we do not intend our wives to be household drudges, and Galician help is cheap. We are both in a fair way to prosperity and the right girls would find us loving and indulgent husbands, though we might not be able to supply automobiles for two or three years. We are rather shy, so we hope that some nice girls will write to us through the editor. In the meantime, we anxiously await a line of sympathy and promise to answer all genuine letters written in sober earnest. We have plenty of time for writing now, as the winter dances and card parties are all over.

Sammy and Pal.

A Homesteader.

Northland, Sask., 10th June, 1911.

Here's to the Western Home Monthly,
The batchelors choice of them all;
The tower the editor is building
Of wisdom and knowledge won't fall.
I write to this glorious paper
With a feeling the poets lack.
Of course, I am awful lonely
Out here in my little sod shack.
I crave for a loving helpmeet
To help me bake the bread.
I know I would be lovely
If I were properly fed.
She also must mend the stockings
And bake the pancakes, too,
And in a case of necessity,
Any old maid would do.
But she must be sweet and pretty,
And not over twenty-three,
And even if her hair is white,
It makes no diff to me.
I am a very young farmer,
And don't care if the doctor knows.
You know, in the highest profession
The wind very frequently blows.
I won't start out to criticise,
As everyone has their own view,
But, now, to drop the subject,
Any old maid will do.
I have blue eyes and brown, curly hair,
And am high enough for the zoo.
And again, to start the subject,
Any old maid will do.
I really am getting tired
Of working for one not two,
And if the young ladies see this in print.
Why, most any sweet girl will do.

Forget-Me-Don't

Getting ready for Supper.

SHE HAD CONSUMPTION.

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup Cured Her.

Weighed 135 Pounds— Now Weighs 172.

Mrs. Charles McDermott, Bathurst, N.B., writes:—"I thought I would write and let you know the benefit I have received through the use of Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup. Three years ago I had consumption. I had three doctors attending me and they were very much alarmed about my condition. I was so weak and miserable I could not do my housework. While looking through your B.B.B. almanac I saw that Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup was good for weak lungs, so I got a bottle at the drug store, and after taking ten bottles I was completely cured. At that time I weighed 135 pounds and now weigh 172, a gain of 37 pounds in three years. I now keep it in the house all the time and would not be without it for anything, as I owe my life to it."

Dr. Wood's Norway Pine Syrup contains the lung healing virtues of the Norway pine tree, which, combined with other absorbent, expectorant and soothing medicines, makes it without a doubt the best remedy for coughs, colds, bronchitis and all throat and lung troubles.

Price 25 cents at all dealers. Beware of imitations. The genuine is manufactured only by the T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

The Original and Only Genuine

BEWARE of Imitations sold on the Merits of MINARD'S LINIMENT

APIOL & STEEL PILLS for Ladies.

Are the acknowledged leading remedy for all Female complaints. Recommended by the Medical Faculty The genuine bear the signature of WM MARTIN (registered without which none are genuine). No lady should be without them. Sold by all Chemists & Stores

MARTIN, Pharm. Chemist. SOUTHAMPTON, ENG.

GOITRE

Have your Goitre removed without taking medicine or having it cut out. We have a convenient, soothing appliance which is worn on the neck at night and cures while you sleep. It checks the growth, reduces the enlargement, and stops all pain and distress in a short time. 18 years success. Write today for free booklet and full particulars, including testimonials from every State, price, etc. Address the Physicians Remedy Co. 206 Sinton Bldg., Cincinnati, O.

OPERATION HER ONLY CHANCE

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Lindsay, Ont.—"I think it is no more than right for me to thank Mrs. Pinkham for what her kind advice and Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me. When I wrote to her some time ago I was a very sick woman, suffering from female troubles. I had inflammation of the female organs, and could not stand or walk any distance. At last I was confined to my bed, and the doctor said I would have to go through an operation, but this I refused to do. A friend advised Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and now, after using three bottles of it, I feel like a new woman. I most heartily recommend this medicine to all women who suffer with female troubles. I have also taken Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills and think they are fine."—Mrs. Frank Emsley, Lindsay, Ontario.

We cannot understand why women will take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, without first trying Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration.

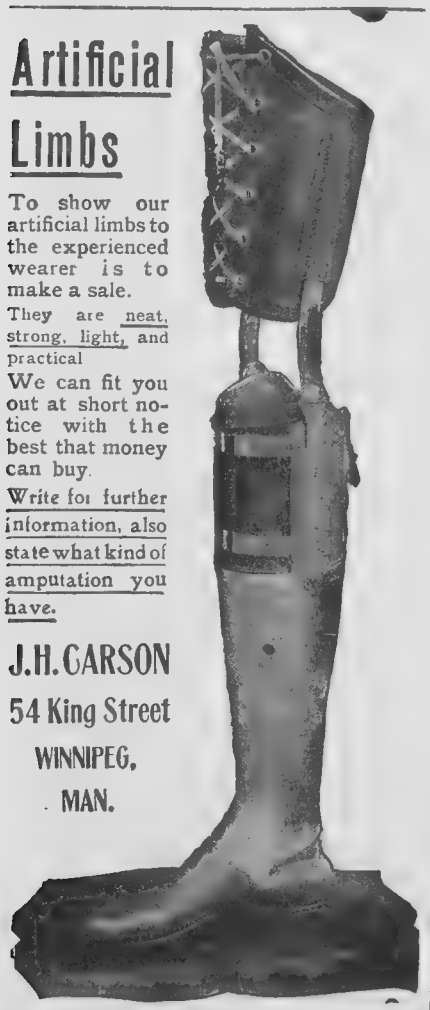
Artificial Limbs

To show our artificial limbs to the experienced wearer is to make a sale.

They are neat, strong, light, and practical

We can fit you out at short notice with the best that money can buy.

Write for further information, also state what kind of amputation you have.



J.H. CARSON
54 King Street
WINNIPEG, MAN.

When writing advertisers please mention The Western Home Monthly.

The Kind of Wife Archibald Wants.

Tisdale, Sask., May 30th, 1911.

The Editor,
Western Home Monthly,

"You'll have to do all the work, Love."

When we are married, my dearest, Love,
How happy then shall I be—
For you know that I'll never work for you, love;
But you'll do all the work for me,
You'll have to clean up the stables, Love,
You'll have to wash up the rigs;
You'll have to feed all the cattle, Love,
And attend to the chickens and pigs.
You'll have to milk all the cows, Love,
You'll have to dig a new well;
You'll have to load up the wagon, Love,
With grain for market to sell.
You'll have to do all the cooking, love,
And saw all the wood for the fire;
You'll have to groom all the horses, Love
And haul away all the mire.
You'll have to do all the washing, Love,
And mend all the clothes that get torn—
And sew up all our old worn out clothing, Love,
To make up for our children when born.
You'll have to dig up the potatoes, Love,
You plant out in the field in the spring—
And time you are getting our dinner, Love,
I'll sit on a chair and I'll sing.
You'll have to follow the plough, Love,
You'll have to cut all the scrub—
For I will do nothing all day, Love,
But sit down and eat all the grub.
You'll have to disk all the ground, Love,
You'll have to harrow the soil,—
You'll have to drill in the seed, Love,
And in the Fall harvest the spoil.
You'll have to cut all the grain, Love,
You'll have to mow all the hay,—
While I go round to visit the neighbors, Love,
For I will do nothing all day.
You'll have to build all the stacks, Love,
You'll have to frail all the grain,
And then when you are not busy, Love,
All the pathholes you'll have to drain.
You'll have to skim all the milk, Love,
And the butter you'll have to make,—
You'll have to make all the bread, Love,
And bake all the pastry and cake.
You'll have to blacklead the stove, Love,
You'll have to polish my boots,
You'll have to dig up the garden, Love,
And store all the vegetable roots.
You'll have to do all the housework, Love,
And polish the things up like gloss,—
But it will do you no good to kick, Love,
For I always mean to be boss.
You'll have to drive into market, Love,
To bring me tobacco, to smoke,—
But don't ever ask me for money, Love,
For you know that I'm always broke.
You'll have to get up first in the mornings, Love,
To light the fire for break-fast,—
While I stay in bed till I hear your sweet voice, Love,
Calling "The table is ready at last!"
But I'll love you a lot in the morning, Love,
And I'll love you a lot more at noon,—
But I'll love you the most in the evening, Love,
When we go to our own little room.
So you see you'll have to work hard, Love,
But I will be good to you,—
For you'll always find me true, Love,
You'll always find me true.

An Amateur Poet.

One for the Westerners.

Findlater Sask., 8th June, 1911.

Helloa, Everybody!—You all tie on your hats. Here comes a breeze from Findlater. Talk about herds of bachelors, the're thick as mosquitoes round here. If matters are as serious as G. C. H. puts 'em, in regard to homesteaders, its a miracle that our male population haven't all gone to "glory" long ago. And positively they seem to find the homely tasks of ploughing and cooking fat pork takes up all their time, so they don't have to gather eggs and paint—(say I wonder, girls—just whisper— if he meant his face?) Say, G. C. H., just drop us a line on the quiet and tell us how you have contrived to have a well-

Danger!

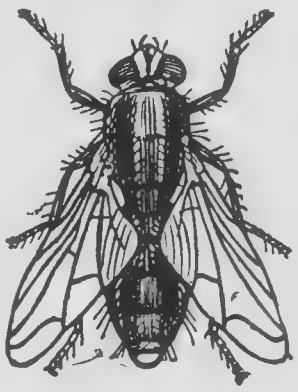
When your back aches just above the waist-line, BEWARE! That is Nature's danger signal—the sure sign of out-of-order kidneys. Heed the warning—cleanse the kidneys and stop the aching quick.

Get Your Kidneys Well

Easily done—with Dr. Clark's Sweet Nitre Pills. These are the pills that work directly on the kidneys and urinary organs—affect no other part of the body—and tone, invigorate and make healthy the whole urinary tract, whence so many diseases arise. Use them with confidence and you will be healthier than you ever were. Sold everywhere or mailed direct.

TRY DR. CLARK'S
SWEET NITRE PILLS
50c A BOX

THE MARTIN, BOLE & WYNNE CO., WINNIPEG CANADA



House Flies

are hatched in manure and revel in filth. Scientists have discovered that they are largely responsible for the spread of Tuberculosis, Typhoid, Diphtheria, Dysentery, Infantile Diseases of the Bowels, etc.

Every packet of

WILSON'S
FLY PADS

will kill more flies than 300 sheets of sticky paper.

IT'S THE CRIMP THAT COUNTS

THE CRIMP IN THE ZINC IS THE EFFECTIVE PART OF A WASHBOARD

EDDY'S
"2 in 1" and "3 in 1"
WASHBOARDS

Are so named because all the Good Features in the Crimping of the Zinc of all others are combined; consequently are the

Most Improved and Up-to-date

They make washing easy. Try them; also

Eddy's Fibreware Tubs, Pails, &c.,
Woodenware, Matches, Toilet Papers, &c., &c.,

All first-class dealers keep them.

The E. B. Eddy Co., Limited, Hull, Can

TEES & PERSSE, Sole Agents
Winnipeg Regina Calgary Edmonton

Fish Bite like hungry wolves and keep you busy pulling them out whenever you use our Wonderful Fish-Luring Bait. 25c. a box. Write for free booklet and our special offer of one box to help introduce it. Walton Supply Co., Dept St. Louis, Mo

FARMS WANTED We have direct buyers. Don't pay commissions. Write describing property, naming lowest price. We help buyers locate desirable property Free. American Investment Association, 26 Palace Bldg., Minneapolis, Minn.

FREE FLESH BUILDER

Any Man or Woman can now be Plump and Well Developed

50 CENT PACKAGE FREE

Look at that pair of skinny scarecrows! Why don't they use Sargol?

Just because you are thin and under-weight, do not think you have to stay in that condition

Thanks to a new discovery, you can be plump, symetrical, well developed and vigorous with the bones covered with good solid flesh, the hollow places filled out and the cheeks and face made plump, full and attractive

And the beauty of it is, it will not cost you a penny to see whether this treatment will do all this for you or not, as a full-sized 50 cent package will be sent you by mail without charge if you simply write for it (See coupon below

There is no strenuous exercising required no drastic diet necessary. All you have to do is to take, four times a day, a little tablet of Sargol, the new flesh-building principal, then weigh yourself once a week to note the increase as the pounds pile up.

This new treatment increases the red corpuscles in the blood, strengthens the nerves and puts the digestive tract into such shape that your food is assimilated and turned into good, solid, healthy flesh instead of passing through the system undigested and unassimilated. It is a thoroughly scientific principle, this Sargol, and builds up the thin, weak, and debilitated without any nauseous dosing In many conditions, it is better than cod liver oil and certainly is much pleasanter to take,

Simply cut out the coupon in this notice and send it with your name and address and 10 cents to pay distribution expenses to the Sargol Company, 5G Herald Building, Binghampton, N. Y., and you will receive by prompt mail a regular 50 cent package without charge and without incurring any obligations

COUPON

This certificate and 10 cents to help defray distribution expenses entitles the holder to one 50 cent package of Sargol, the home treatment which makes thin folks plump and attractive.

GOOD FOR TEN DAYS

THE SARGOL COMPANY
5G Herald Building
Binghamton, N.Y.

FREE TO YOU—MY SISTER

FREE TO YOU AND EVERY SISTER SUFFERING FROM WOMEN'S AILMENTS.

I am a woman.
I know woman's sufferings.
I have found the cure.

I will mail, free of any charge, my home treatment with full instructions to any sufferer from women's ailments. I want to tell all women about this cure—you, my reader, for yourself, your daughter, your mother, or your sister. I want to tell you how to cure yourselves at home without the help of a doctor. Men cannot understand women's sufferings. What we women know from experience, we know better than any doctor. I know that my home treatment is a safe and sure cure for Leucorrhœa or Whitish discharges, Ulceration, Displacement or Falling of the Womb, Profuse, Scanty or Painful Periods, Uterine or Ovarian Tumors or Growths, also pains in the head, back and bowels, bearing down feelings, nervousness, creeping feeling up the spine, melancholy, desire to cry, hot flashes, weariness, kidney and bladder troubles where caused by weaknesses peculiar to our sex.

I want to send you a complete 10 days' treatment entirely free to prove to you that you can cure yourself at home, easily, quickly and surely. Remember, that it will cost you nothing to give the treatment a complete trial; and if you should wish to continue, it will cost you only about 12 cents a week, or less than two cents a day. It will not interfere with your work or occupation. Just send me your name and address, tell me how you suffer if you wish, and I will send you the treatment for your case, entirely free in plain wrapper, by return mail. I will also send you free of cost my book—"WOMAN'S OWN MEDICAL ADVISER" with explanatory illustrations showing why women suffer and how they can easily cure themselves at home. Every woman should have it, and learn to think for herself Then when the doctor says—"You must have an operation," you can decide for yourself Thousands of women have cured themselves with my home remedy. It cures all, old or young. To Mothers of Daughters, I will explain a simple home treatment which speedily and effectually cures Leucorrhœa, Green Sickness and Painful or Irregular Menstruation in Young Ladies. Plumpness and health always result from its use.

Wherever you live, I can refer you to ladies of your own locality who know and will gladly tell any sufferer that this Home Treatment really cures all woman's diseases and makes women well, strong, plump and robust. Just send me your address, and the free ten days' treatment is yours also the book. Write to-day as you may not see this offer again. Address.

MRS. M. SUMMERS, Box H. 86 • • • WINDSOR, Ont.

Children Often Need a laxative—but you cannot be too careful what you give them. Harsh purgatives injure the bowels and pave the way for life-long troubles. The new evacuant in

NA-DRU-CO LAXATIVES

does the work most effectively without irritating the bowels or causing any discomfort. The children like them for they taste like candy. One of the most popular of the NA-DRU-CO preparations.

25c. a box. If your druggist has not yet stocked them, send 25c. and we will mail them. 20

National Drug and Chemical Company of Canada, Limited, • • Montreal.

improved farm, to keep house, do a great deal of business in town, teach school and yet grow morbid and self-indulgent. Its been our luck to find that the homesteaders are as intelligent as the usual class of people and are not any more illtempered or dissatisfied than school teachers. As for us, we want nothing more than a Western girl or a Western bachelor for a so-called "social" companion and we've seen some school teachers, too. Hurrah for the homesteaders, say we. Clear the road for Fire and Smoke.

A Saskatchewan Homesteader.

Morse, Sask., Feb. 24th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—I have been a subscriber to the W.H.M. for over two years and must say that I have derived very much benefit from its pages. I have written once before but did not see my letter in print, so perchance it must have gone astray. But I am going to try once more and this time hoping to meet with better success. I a mone of Saskatchewan's many homesteaders. But I don't find it quite so lonely as many seem to. I came here from across the southern boundary line in 1908 and have been homesteading and baching ever since. I like it very well up here, especially for a farmer I think this country offers many opportunities. I enjoy reading the correspondence column very much and think some of the letters are very good and interesting, but others I do not think much of. Such as Archibald for instance, I do not think that he really believes what he writes. And if he does I would certainly pity the wife he should get, if he ever gets one. Hoping I shall gain some real friend by corresponding with some of the readers of this letter. I will answer all letters promptly. Wishing the W.H.M. every success and hoping this will escape the W.P.B., I am, "Joyful."

Who wants to go Homesteading.

Tuxford, Sask., June, 1911.

Sir,—I have been a reader of your excellent paper for some years and have taken particular interest in your correspondence pages. I'm one of those lonely homeseaders so often spoken of in your paper, but thoroughly enjoy the life. By next fall we expect to have the railroad through here and shall then be rather nearer civilisation. It seems to be customary to give a more or less minute description, so I will follow suit. I am a widower with a family of two and am around 39 years of age. I was born and bred in good old Canada. If, through your pages, I could find a suitable partner in life to share my fortunes and misfortunes, she would find my address with the editor. I have a nice comfortable home and have the patent on my homestead I would raise no obection to a widow with one child, provided she was not strict as regards the use of tobacco. All letters sent will be promptly answered Wishing your paper, every success, I am, yours truly,

Homesteader.

One of the Lonely Ones.

Man., 11 June, 1911

Sir,—I am very pleased with your W.H.M. I saw it at a friend's and now take it. I am English and feel rather lonely in Canada, so I would like to correspond with some of your readers, but I am not young as most of them. I must say at present (I have not been here very long). I like your country and I do believe I can stand the winters better than the summers. I suppose I had better describe myself I am an old maid of 38 years (dear me some will exclaim), I am rather dark, fairly tall, and certainly not beautiful, and I am rather thin. Will some write and tell me about the part of the country they live in and I will tell them some of my experiences. I have been a bird of passage, but rather want to settle down now, though I never wanted to before. Its somehow nice to be free: you know, I love seeing different places. I have had a good education. Well I won't tire your readers and will sign myself . . . . . An Old Maid.

Not Yet Twenty.

Man., June, 1911.

Sir,—Allow me to join your ranks. Believe me, I have taken a lively interest in the debates on whether a man should or should not chew, smoke, drink, dance, play cards, etc. Mr, Editor, it would be a pure waste of your valuable space to bring up arguments against chewing and smoking, they have been tabood from the best society for many years, and if the treating system were abolished or the bar ran separately from the hotel, I believe "drink" would soon go too, the sooner the better. I wonder who will agree with me when I say these innocent (?) dances or "kitchen sweats," as I have heard them called, are responsible for a great deal of sin of to-day with their card tables and drinks intoxicating? Oh, my no! But, wait; where do our drunkards and gamblers come from? Do young men walk into the bar alone to order their first drink? or our one time jolly, mischievous boy enter a gambling den for his first game? The idea makes you smile, then where did he learn? Parents and friends who think their dances, with or without, card tables and soft drinks no harm, take care. Why do not some of the young people and older people tell through the medium of your correspondence column, how they entertain their friends? We free daughters of a free country scorn the idea that we haven't the brains enough to entertain our friends without dancing and cards. Did I hear someone say I can picture her, very tall and thin, wears a shawl round her shoulders, snapper glasses on her nose, very fond of cats? Nothing of the kind, my friend. I'm not twenty, just about tho', neither am I thin or wear a shawl, yet do I like all the domesticated and part of the undomestic animal kingdom. The Doctor, Archibald and Admirer of Archibald deem to be special objects of pity. Admirer of Archibald don't be in the least uneasy, even the "poor, weak imitation of women," who you look down on with so much scorn from your own height of self-conceit, would not even give you a second glance. Truly, sir, you are to be pitied. I am a farmer's daughter, but you mustn't think that I have never been to school or college because of my enforced confidence. I like the farm well, and have a deep respect for our fathers, brothers and cousins who have made this glorious West what it is to-day, yet are still struggling to make it better. Bachelors I am proud of you. Married men and women share in my sympathy, but they have each other for help and companionship. You have to win, alone, even your best friend, could not call you angels, but let us shake hands across this wide prairie while I wish you all every success for

There's so much bad in the best of us
And so much good in the worst of us
That it hardly behoves any of us
To talk about the rest of us.

Thanking you, Mr. Editor, for your valuable space and wishing the W.H.M. every success, I remain, Inconnu.

A Supporter of "Hiawatha."

Gull Lake, Sask., June 5, 1911.

Dears Sir,—It was perhaps a letter signed "A Happy Wife" in your April issue that almost compelled me to write and caused me to think, or wonder, if women were the good, the pure, the noble and the ideal that once they were. I want to say that I take the opposite point of view to her in relation to "Hiawatha's" letter. I was surprised to hear her say that she was amused by it and called him "Poor fellow!" forstooth because he was loyal to the dictates of his own soul. I admire his heroic stand in respect to the world and the flesh, his fidelity to his convictions, his discriminating task, when he with strong purpose writes: "I do not want to correspond with any girls who dance and play cards." I write and say that what Canada needs most to-day to save it from materialism and to save the church from worldliness, are men and women of such strength of character. These only are the salt of the earth and

EVERY GENERAL STORE-KEEPER NEEDS "FRUIT-A-TIVES"

INKERMAN, ONT. Sept. 23rd, 1910.

"I am in the General Store business and have been a resident of Inkerman for thirty-seven years. Since I started this store four years ago, I have found your remedy "Fruit-a-tives" the most satisfactory one I have sold. Many of my customers have used "Fruit-a-tives" with the most beneficial results and I know of two cases that have been completely cured of Dyspepsia.

I recommend "Fruit-a-tives" on every possible occasion and would say that if every general store keeper, who stocks medicine, would keep "Fruit-a-tives" prominently displayed, he would increase his business many fold"

ALEX. LARUE.

"Fruit-a-tives" is the only remedy in the world made of fruit and the only remedy that will positively cure Constipation, Indigestion, Pain in the Back, Headaches, Rheumatism and all Kidney and Bladder Troubles.

50c. a box, 6 for $2.50, trial size, 25c. At dealers, or from Fruit-a-tives Limited Ottawa.

A Woman's Sympathy

Are you discouraged? Is your doctor's bill a heavy financial load? Is your pain a heavy physical burden? I know what these mean to delicate women—I have been discouraged, too; but learned how to cure myself. I want to relieve your burdens. Why not end the pain and stop the doctor's bill? I can do this for you and will if you will assist me.

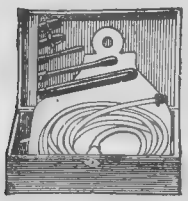
All you need do is to write for a free box of the remedy which has been placed in my hands to be given away. Perhaps this one box will cure you—it has done so for others. If so, I shall be happy and you will be cured for 2c (the cost of a postage stamp). Your letters held confidentially Write to-day for my free treatment. MRS. F. E CURRAH. Windsor, Ont.

TATTOOING

Highest class workmanship by

ALFRED SOUTH, Tattoo Artist,

31 Charing Cross, Trafalgar Square, London, S W. (opposite the Admiralty). Electric Instruments (own patents; and All Colors used. Unique Designs from 60c. Antiseptic Treatment Crude tattoo marks obliterated with Artistic Designs. Tattoo Outfits sold Price List free. Telegraphic Address—"Tattooing London."



If it s made of

RUBBER

We Have It.

Write us and mention your wants

INDIA RUBBER SPECIALTY CO

Box 2704. Montreal

LADIES A safe, reliable and effectual Monthly medicine A special favorite with married ladies. Can be depended upon Mailed securely sealed upon receipt of $1.00 Correspondence confidential J AUSTIN & CO., Chemists, Simcoe, Ont

these only preserve human society from corruption, decay, and death. I respect and admire "Hiawatha." Why? It is because he is built of oak and steel; because he has a belief and seeks to live it out. Loyal to his convictions, he is a wealthy descendent of those martyrs, who became winding sheets of flame, illuminating the darkness and palace gardens of Nero, rather than be traitor to their convictions. Bravo! I presume "A Happy Wife" thinks him narrow in his views. But does she know that millions share his opinions? that the best of our race condemn dancing, card-playing and gambling? that almost a consensus of opinion adjudge these detrimental to the highest interests of man? Does she know that the line of morality and religion must be drawn somewhere and that there is a difference between skating and dancing? But apart from these considerations, and leaving the question whether or no "Hiawatha" is narrow-minded, I want to point out that he is faithful, and responsive to the voice of conscience. Is not that the most important of all and in his favor? Does not the faithfulness and loyalty appeal to women? I foolishly (?) used to imagine it did. Girls, "Hiawatha" is just the man to fulfil those marriage vows. "————to have and to hold, for better for worse, to love and to cherish." I would commend him. I was surprised, too when "A Happy Wife" wrote: "What if we all said 'I want a man who doesn't smoke chew, swear, drink gamble and all the rest of it.' I am afraid we would all be old maids, wouldn't we, girls?" I believe that such a demand as this is exactly what girls should make of their sweethearts, that they should not drink, or swear, or gamble. It would go a long way towards purifying and strengthening our social life. Surely no woman would condone and uphold the drinking, the blasphemy, and the gambling of man, rather than not marry him. It causes me to imagine that some girls would marry anything with pants on. I would say to the gentle readers of this column, you had a thousand times better be old maids than married to a drinker, a blasphemer, a worlding, or a gambler. You would then have little peace or joy. How you would shake with fear, when you heard the drinker step at the door. How the springs of your heart would tighten, when you heard his oaths. How miserable your life would be, the mother of a gambler's children. May you be saved from such a lamentable condition. I could show lots of argument against dancing, card-playing, swearing, drinking and gambling, but know that there is no more space at my disposal. Suffice it to say, that all these are of the earth, earthly; of the world, worldly; and without exception tend towards evil and sin and all find their wretched way to the bottomless pit. Appreciating the W.H.M., I am, yours faithfully, Josephus.

A "Cariboo" Girl.

British Columbia, June, 1911

Sir,—Here comes a "Cariboo" girl who is very much interested in the W.H.M., especially in "The Young Woman and Her Problem." I really think the editor of that column deserves great credit. I cannot say I agree with "The Merry Widow" in her view of your correspondence column, it is far too risky to try and find a mate just by the means of pen, ink and paper. For myself I would rather wait till the right one comes along, though I have no doubt that many a letter from some light-heared girl cheers a lonely bachelor's heart in some far out of the way place. This part of B.C. is crowded with bachelors, though, strange to say, there a good many young ladies who will never see twenty-three again still living in single blessedness, as some folks choose to call it. I don't. Maybe they are too particular. Of course, they are good girls and deserve good husbands, but I am very much afraid they won't find them, at least, not yet for a while. I have no objection to smoking, but I would rather chewing and drinking were out of the question. Both of them are expensive

School of Mining

A COLLEGE OF APPLIED SCIENCE.
Affiliated to Queen's University
KINGSTON, ONT.

For Calendar of the School and further information, apply to the Secretary, School of Mining, Kingston, Ont.

Mining and Metallurgy
Chemistry and Mineralogy
Mineralogy and Geology
Chemical Engineering
Civil Engineering
Mechanical Engineering
Electrical Engineering
Sanitary Engineering
Power Development

A Man's Book

A PRIVATE TREATISE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS, RELATING TO DEBILITY, ITS CAUSE, EFFECT AND HOME CURE.

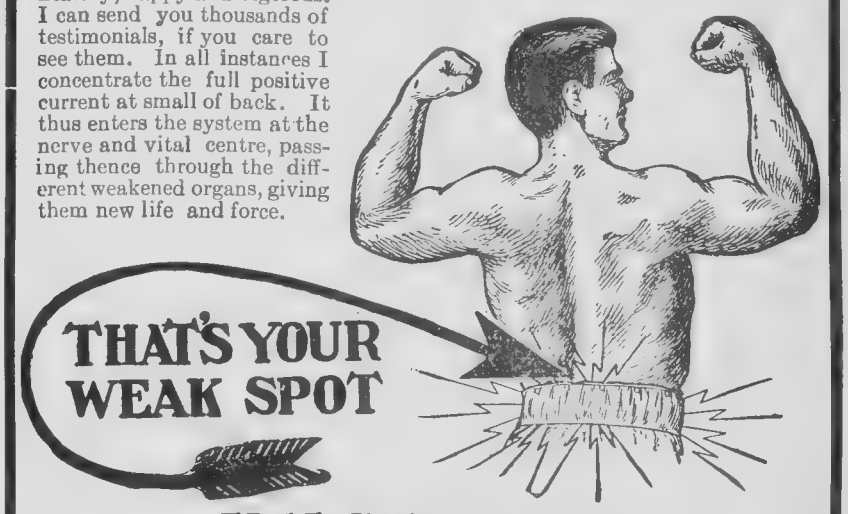
Let Me Send It To You FREE!

Here is a little volume of cheer and helpfulness which all men, young and old, can read with great profit; it contains much valuable information of a private nature, is fully illustrated, and represents the practical knowledge I have gained from forty years of actual experience in giving help to upwards of 100,000 enfeebled, nervous, discouraged men. Just a postal card with your name and address, and the book will be forwarded free, sealed, by return mail, and with it, as well, I will enclose a full description of my new 1910 model Electric

HEALTH BELT

If you need new strength this wonderful appliance must appeal to you. It generates a pleasant, exhilarating current instantly felt, though it can be made any degree of strength from mild to strong by simply turning the needle of the current regulator; worn nights while you are sleeping, it pours quantities of health-giving, soothing electricity into your sick, weak nerves; you get up mornings feeling bright, strong, full of courage and ambition; it takes all the weakness and pain out of your back; it is a great remedy for your kidneys, bladder, stomach, liver and other vital organs; it cures rheumatism in all parts of the body; it is a courage-giver of the highest order; it brings new strength where weakness exists; it will restore you to vim, vigor and true manhood as sure as night follows day; it makes you feel young and look young; you will live longer for its use, you can throw away all drugs and commence to live as nature intended you should—a man among men, healthy, happy and vigorous.

I can send you thousands of testimonials, if you care to see them. In all instances I concentrate the full positive current at small of back. It thus enters the system at the nerve and vital centre, passing thence through the different weakened organs, giving them new life and force.



FREE UNTIL CURED

Call or write to me and I will at once arrange to let you have the Belt on trial, not to be paid for until cured. No deposit or advance payment. Send it back if it doesn't do the work. Liberal discount for cash if you prefer to deal that way.

Send your address on postal or fill in coupon; or call at my office if you live in or near this city. Advice concerning your case will be cheerfully given without charge or obligation.

Dr. W. A. Sanden, 140 Yonge St., Toronto Ont.,

Dear Sir: Please forward me your Book as advertised, free.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

CANCER

R. D. EVANS, Discoverer of the famous Evans' Cancer Cure, desires all who suffer with Cancer to write to him. Two days' treatment cures external or internal cancer. Write to R. D. EVANS, Brandon, Manitoba, Canada

TOBACCO HABIT

Dr. McTaggart's tobacco remedy removes all desire for the weed in a few days. A vegetable medicine and only requires touching the tongue with it occasionally. Price $2.00.

LIQUOR HABIT

Marvelous results from taking his remedy for the liquor habit. Safe and inexpensive home treament; no hypodermic injections, no publicity, no loss of time from business, and a cure certain. : Address or consult Dr. McTaggart, 75 Yonge St., Toronto, Canada.

HERE'S A MASTERPIECE IN BOOTS

FOR FARMERS, GAMEKEEPERS, SHEPHERDS, etc.

THE FIFE Reg'd

Is all a good boot ought to be

Nothing but the best and most pliable Waterproof Leathers are used in the making.

REAL BOOT QUALITY is never better emphasized than in the "FIFE"—The boot that is built to meet every demand of the farmer and country wearer

The repeat orders received from all parts of Canada are the best evidence of the "Fife" merit.

MADE IN THE OLD COUNTRY

by a practical country shoemaker, the "Fife" is honestly built from finest Waterproof Zug, Beva, Chrome, Crup or Horseskin Leathers, and can be had with or without hob nails as desired.

PER PAIR $4.75, CARRIAGE PAID

Send size (or draw outline of foot) and Money Order payable at Strathmiglo P. O., Scotland.

SEND FOR THE "FIFE" FAMILY CATALOGUE. FREE.

A. T. Hogg, No. 103 Strathmiglo, Fife, Scotland

The Pioneer and Leader of "Boots by Post" trade.

Ring-Bone

There is no case so old or bad that we will not guarantee

Fleming's Spavin and Ringbone Paste

to remove the lameness and make the horse go sound. Money refunded if it ever fails. Easy to use and one to three 45-minute applications cure. Works just as well on Sidebone and Bone Spavin. Before ordering or buying any kind of a remedy for any kind of a blemish, write for a free copy of

Fleming's Vest-Pocket Veterinary Adviser

Ninety-six pages of veterinary information, with special attention to the treatment of blemishes. Durably bound, indexed and illustrated. Make a right beginning by sending for this book.

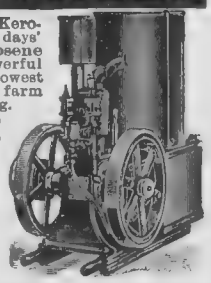
39 FLEMING BROS., Chemists, Church St., Toronto, Ontario

VARICOSE VEINS, BAD LEGS, ETC.,

are completely cured with inexpensive home treatment. It absolutely removes the pain, swelling, tiredness and disease. Full particulars on receipt of stamps. W. F. Young, P. D. F. 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass.

Use KEROSENE Engine FREE!

Amazing "DETROIT" Kerosene Engine shipped on 15 days' FREE Trial, proves kerosene cheapest, safest, most powerful fuel. If satisfied, pay lowest price ever given on reliable farm engine; if not, pay nothing.



Gasoline Going Up!

Automobile owners are burning up so much gasoline that the world's supply is running short. Gasoline is 9c to 15c higher than coal oil. Still going up. Two pints of coal oil do work of three pints gasoline. No waste, no evaporation, no explosion from coal oil.

Amazing "DETROIT"

The "DETROIT" is the only engine that handles coal oil successfully; uses alcohol, gasoline and benzine, too. Starts without cranking. Basic patent—only three moving parts—no cams—no sprockets—no gears—no valves—the utmost in simplicity, power and strength. Mounted on skids. All sizes, 2 to 20 h.p., in stock ready to ship. Complete engine tested just before crating. Comes all ready to run. Pumps, saws, threshes, churns, separates milk, grinds feed, shells corn, runs home electric-lighting plant. Prices (stripped), $29.50 up.

Sent any place on 15 days' Free Trial. Don't buy an engine till you investigate amazing, money-saving, power-saving "DETROIT." Thousands in use. Costs only postal to find out. If you are first in your neighborhood to write, we will allow you Special Extra-Low Introductory price. Write!

Detroit Engine Works. 347 Bellevue Ave., Detroit, Mich.

as well as filthy habits. I don't want to try and reform a man after I marry him. He might give up a little for us, don't you think so, girls? If I chewed gum or painted and powdered, I would quit it in a minute if the man I loved asked me too. Everybody seems to be describing themselves, and, as I look in the glass occasionally, I will do the best I can. I am very short, only 5 ft. 3 ins., dark brown hair (straight as a poker), medium blue eyes (nothing dreamy about them though), fair skin, and, thank goodness, no freckles. I believe I possess a dimple in each cheek. That's about all, I think. I have never caused any great sensation, nor have I ever stopped a clock, but I guess it slowed down a bit. I liked the way "A Happy Wife" wrote, and, if I ever am one, I will write a cheerful letter to your page, and take chances on it being printed. As I haven't seen many letters from B.C. printed, especially from my part of it, I should like to see this one in print, if the editor thinks it worthy of such honor. Best wishes to the W.H.M. I will sign myself "Cariboo Bess."

Information Gladly Given.

Man., June 6th, 1911.

Dear Sir.—Welcome another Old Country lad to your charming club. I had not struck this country long before I had become a reader of the W.H.M. The English stories had a great attraction for me, but the correspondence column was quite a new thing, and now I wish to become a correspondent myself. I would like to correspond with old country people, and in fact anybody who cares to write. I enjoy letter writing and reading, but what I like best of all is painting. I think this is an ideal country for natural history and botany, but one has so little time on a farm. I would gladly give information about the Old Country, and I could also relate some amusing stories of a greenhorn who left college to become a farmer. I think, many will agree with me, too, I am sure, that dncing, card playing and drinking only becomes wrong when carried to excess, and I could prove that dancing can be carried to excess, else I would not say so. otherwise I think "Hiawatha's" letter an ideal one in such a club as this. If this effort is a success I would like to ask another question, but my letter is over long already. I'm just 19, tall, and would not attract undue attention either way. "Lance."

Now, Boys' Here's A Chance.

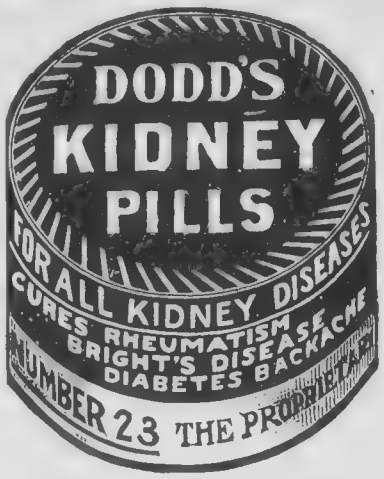
Switzer Jct., Man., 10th June, 1911.

Dear Editor, — Once before I must say I wrote to the Western Home Monthly, and, to my surprise, I saw it in print some weeks later, so this time "Saucy Mink" has woke me up, and I am going to ask her to not feel bad if I cannot tell how many grapes she ate while writing her first letter. Editor, do you think any of the boys would exactly like her for a wife? She would be a very extravagant wife as well as an expensive one, for you see away up in the western countries they do not get grapes very cheap, also the poor fellow would not feel very much like buying them, for the first letter you eat 1,074 grapes (not counting the bad ones) and I do not know what the second one would be I am sure, but, anyway, "Saucy", you are a good kid. I myself am somewhat of the same sort. I do love to have a good, wild time, and also can take part in a wild play, such as driving race horses, running automobiles, and, best of all, to have company. I always feel at home in a crowd. "Saucy Mink" ought to get a good man, but they all say they would worship the girl before they get her, and after they just forget her. Like one writer says, "Oh, you dear thing, I could almost eat you," and after he got her he says, "Oh, you, I wish I had eat you." Now, my choice for a man is a good-looking fellow. He must be a good size, so if he ever gets thin, he won't have to stand twice in the sun to leave a shadow; he also must dance, play cards—"Old Maid"—and be able to go out every evening in the week and church on Sunday and not say he is very tired every Sunday. His habits must be modern, he can smoke all the treat cigars he gets, but must not buy any himself, he can drink once in a while as long as he does not get completely drunk, he must get full on nothing but ice cream and soda water, and must be in early two nights a week. Now, boys, I am not hard on you, for lots of women would not let you out alone. Ha, ha! Well, I must give the editor thanks for the space he let me have in his paper and also would like to hear from "Saucy Mink." She can get my address with the editor. I'll now close. Now, anyone who would wish to know me, may find my address wth the editor. I sign myself Browney.

Some Good Suggestions.

Plateau, Sask., June, 1911.

Sir,—I am a subscriber to your magazine and like it immensely, but I would like a little space in your correspondence columns to air a few facts. Now, I am a married woman and have as good husband as the average man makes; that is, I get three meals a day, by getting them ready myself, for the whole household; also I get a new dress when my old one is worn out. Sometimes he brings home a lb. of peanuts from town, and sometimes I am given a calf or a colt for my very own, on the proviso, that I don't sell it, unless it is not very thrifty, then the money goes to pay for barb wire or the threshing bill. What's the difference? Haven't I any interest in the farm? and I'll get it all when he dies, which he hasn't any idea of doing, first if he can help it, by the way. I get the butter money and we milk two cows, one each for six months of the year, which he milks, except for an odd time. I have a horse and buggy to go and see my neighbors on Sundays, and when the horse is not working on the land. Now, I am as well fixed as the average farmer's wife, and allow me to tell you, girls, it is a long monotonous grind, doing the same work, week after week. It is a big mistake to think that brown eyed, curly-haired, most adorable "John" will always be beside you, with loving words of encouragement and affection. In the summer he is in the field from 7 to 12 a.m. and from 2 until 7 p.m., and in the winter he draws grain to town and some men (not mine) cannot leave town before "The last dog is hung," as the saying is, and perhaps forgets your groceries, because "he got talking to Jim so and so," and what can a woman say then. Now, you blue eyed, play the piano, dance divinely, girls, unless you can realize that when you marry you have to cater to that one man for the rest of his, or your own life, and that the fact of your being married is going to make you shoulder the responsibility of keeping as well as making a home. Then wait until you can find a man rich enough to keep up his own home and have you for its ornament. There are such, but I have yet to see one who is a farmer. I don't see any reason why honest girls and young men should not become acquainted through the correspondence columns, but be sure you know your man, or woman either before you tie that knot with your tongue, which you cannot undo with your teeth. Like "Lone Star" of the April number, I admire "Archibald's" honesty and you readers, who are farmers, have you many neighbor women, who get even the chicken money? Now, just a word to married men, especially. Treat your wife to a little "taffy stick" once in a while. She may be snappy, if she hasn't been used to "taffy," but she doesn't mean to be, she is only so surprised and taken unawares, that, womanlike, she must say something, and like as not, the second nice speech to her, will find her ten or twenty years back to your old honeymoon days; and Mr. Man don't forget that your wfe married you, as a lover, and be a lover still, or you are obtaining a helpmate under false pretences. Then, see that she has clothes to look nice in. She had them when she was home, or getting wages (your housekeeper would have them, if you had to hire one, and



Eyesight Restored

Eyeglasses May be Abandoned

A Wonderful Discovery That Corrects Afflictions of the Eye Without Cutting or Drugging.

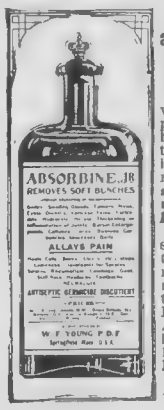
There is no need of cutting, drugging or probing the eye for the relief of most forms of disease, as a new method — the Actina treatment — has been discovered, which eliminates the necessity of former torturous methods. There is no risk or necessity of experiment, as many people report having been cured of failing eyesight, cataracts, granulated lids and other afflictions of the eye, after being pronounced incurable, through this grand discovery.

Mr. Henry E. Hendryx, Whitneyville, Conn., writes; "One of the leading eye professors told my wife that she would never see with her left eye again. But Actina has restored the sight, and it is now as good as the right one."

F. W. Brooks, Bauchene, P.Q., Canada, writes. "Owing to having severely strained my eyes writing and checking at night, my eyes became very painful, and I could not bear the light After using 'Actina' less than four months I can read and write as well as ever."

Amanda G. Dumphy, Narhwaak Village, N.B., Canada, writes: "I have used 'Actina' as directed and I can truly say it has done more for my eyes than I expected. I wore glasses for five years and suffered much pain. Since using 'Actina' I can sew or read without glasses and my eyes do not pain me."

Hundreds of other testimonials will be sent on application 'Actina' is purely a home treatment, and is easily used. It will be sent on trial, post paid. If you will send your name and address to the Actina Appliance Co., Dept. 84B, 811 Walnut St., Kansas City Mo., you will receive, absolutely free, a valuable book—Prof. Wilson's Treatise on Disease.



Don't Cut Out a Goitre, Cyst, or Wen, for ABSORBINE JR.

will clean them off in a mild and pleasant manner. Removes any soft bunch, painful swellings, thickened tissues, gouty and rheumatic deposits. **Kills pain** and takes out soreness and inflammation from **toothache, neuralgia,** acute or inflammatory **rheumatism, stiff neck, lame back, strains** and **sprains.**

It will reduce **Varicose Veins,** stops the pain and throbbing, gets out the soreness quickly, tones up and restores the elasticity to the circular muscles of the veins, reducing them to a normal condition. Will even heal and clean up a varicose ulcer. A safe, pleasant, antiseptic, discutlent liniment. Price $1.00 4 oz., $2.00 12 oz. bottle at druggists or delivered. Book 5F free. Manufactured only by

W. F. YOUNG, P. D. F., 138 Temple St., Springfield, Mass

Lymans, Ltd., Montreal, Canadian Agents.

Also furnished by Martin Bole & Wynne Co., Winnipeg; The National Drug and Chemical Co., Winnipeg and Calgary; and Henderson Bros. Co, Ltd., Vancouver

YOU CAN GET RID OF RATS AND MICE.

Get a 25c can of Common Sense Rat Exterminator from your dealer, follow directions carefully and you will be agreeably surprised at the results.

Common Sense Exterminator

Is the quickest, surest, most effective method of getting rid of rats and mice. It kills them, dries up the carcass. No odor Twenty years on the market, and always sold under the "money back if not satisfied", Common Sense Roach and Bed-Bug Exterminator sold with the same guarantee.

From all dealers and 18

COMMON SENSE MFG. CO. 381 Queen St. W. Toronto, Ont.

Was Terribly Afflicted With Lame Back

Could Not Sweep The Floor.

It is hard to do house work with a weak and aching back.

Backache comes from sick kidneys, and what a lot of trouble sick kidneys cause.

But they can't help it. If more work is put on them than they can stand it is not to be wondered that they get out of order.

Doan's Kidney Pills are a specific for lame, weak or aching backs and for all kidney troubles.

Mrs. Napoleon Larmour Smith's Falls, Ont., writes:—"I take pleasure in writing you stating the benefit I have received by using Doan's Kidney Pills. About a year ago I was terribly afflicted with lame back, and was so bad I could not even sweep my own floor. I was advised to try Doan's Kidney Pills, which I did, and with the greatest benefit. I only used three boxes and I am as well as ever. I highly recommend these pills to any sufferer from lame back and kidney trouble."

Doan's Kidney Pills are 50 cents per box or 3 for $1.25, at all dealers or mailed direct on receipt of price by The T. Milburn Co., Limited, Toronto, Ont.

When ordering direct specify "Doan's."

WANTED

Reliable parties to do **Machine Knitting** for us at home. $7 to $10 per week easily earned. Wool, etc., furnished free. Distance no hindrance. For full particualrs address :

The Canadian Wholesale Distributing Co.
Orillia, Ont.

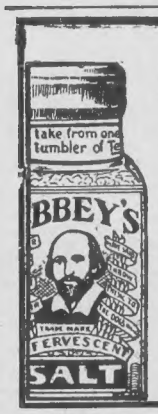
Every Woman

is interested and should know about the wonderful **MARVEL Whirling Spray**
The new Vaginal Syringe. Best —Most convenient. It cleanses instantly. Ask your druggist for it.

If he cannot supply the MARVEL accept no other, but send stamp for illustrated book—sealed. It gives full particulars and directions invaluable to ladies.

WINDSOR SUPPLY CO.,
Windsor, Ont. General Agents for Canada.

BIG VALUE FOR 10 CENTS. 20 Popular Songs with words and music, 20 Stories of Adventure, 25 Pictures of Pretty Girls, 20 new Games for young folks, 25 Pictures of the Presidents, 50 Ways to Make Money, 1 great Joke Book, 1 Book on Love and Courtship, 1 Book on Magic, 1 Book on Letter Writing, 1 Dream Book and Fortune Teller, 1 Cook Book, 1 Base Ball Book, gives rules for all popular games, 100 Conundrums, 50 Verses for Autograph Albums. Cut this out and return to us with ten cents and we will send all the above by mail at once.
No stamps taken. George Grattan, New Glasgow, Que., Can.



Abbey's Effer-vescent Salt

A clean stomach and a clear head are the guarantees of

Abbey's Salt

25c and 60c bottle.
Sold everywhere.
81

$3 a Day Sure Send us your address and we will show you how to make $3 a day absolutely sure. We furnish the work and teach you free, you work in the locality where you live. Send us your address and we will explain the business fully, remember we guarantee a clear profit of $3 for every day's work, absolutely sure. Write at once.
ROYAL MANUFACTURING CO., Box 1036, Windsor, Ont

HARMLESS BUT HELPFUL--No Injurious Drugs.

FOR TEETHING CHILDREN—Rub the gums, the pain is gone.

If your dealer does not keep them we will mail you a box (18 powders) on receipt of 25c.

J. L. MATHIEU CO., PROPS. SHERBROOKE

its your money that would pay for them). Will you not treat your wife better than any hired help? and I am sure she will be happy. I am certain you will be and home will be a real home, not one in name only. I hope I have not taken up too much space, Mr. Editor, and thanking you in anticipation, I will call myself "Winunla."

Another Letter From Assiniboia.

Saskatchewan, June, 1911.

Sir, — Although you published a letter from me some time ago, I hope you will find room for another. I consider your paper one of the best, and certainly would not do without it, if it cost twice as much. I have been reading it for ten years, although not a subscriber for that long, and have noticed its growth with pleasure. In your May number, there appeared in the correspondence columns, one of the best letters I believe I have ever seen in your paper. It was written by "Only a Mere Boy." I believe that "Only a Mere Girl' was too easy on the boys. She was a fine girl, but as the boy says, there are very few of us who could stand, will I say, such a good time, as she would like us to have. No, girls, don't make any such mistake. Man's love, as a rule, is a selfish love; but even if it wasn't, we have the long end of the stick every time. A writer once said, "Girls, if you would taste of pure love, drink form the chrystal spring which the youth pours at your feet." I sometimes wonder if this is true. But I am wandering from what I meant to say. Some girls say, in fact I have heard them say, "O let him smoke, if he didn't smoke he would probably do something else worse." Now, I don't believe this. And, as a young man who has had many chums, I know it is not true. If a young man gives in to one bad habit, he is more likely to have others. Now, I am far from perfect; as I dance and play cards, and even smoke once in a while; but I do like to see a girl who will say that her boy must not drink or smoke. If she objects to dancing and card playing, he ought to be man enough to give them up, if she wishes him to. Now, my letter is getting lengthy, and I must bring it to a close. I do hope "Only a Mere Boy" will write again. Now, girls, keep your standard for your ideal man high. Even if we fall a little short of it, far better hit below a high mark, than hit a low mark. especially on the target of life. I forget how I described myself in my last letter, so to avoid getting into trouble with any, I will merely say I was born in what was Assiniboia, in 1886, and have lived ever since. I am a farmer, and am a farmer's son. I am short, blue eyes, and curly hair. With best wishes to the W.H.M. and its readers. Assiniboia.

Is Farm Work Easy.

Editor of Western Home Monthly.

Saskatchewan, May 11th, 1911.

Dear Sir,—Having read the letters in your columns with interest especially those from the young bachelors who retell the tales of their hardships on the homestead. It seems too bad that the poor men should work hard all day on the field and come in and find the cows not milked or the pigs not fed, it seems rather hard the fairer sex should raise objections to such trifles. I have been brought up on a farm and know how easy such work is. I suppose you have been wondering what I look like, I know that well. I know that self praise is no recommendation, but I wont fib but just be perfectly frank with you. I am tall and slender and carry myself well (but would hate to have to carry anybody else) soft brown hair, blue eyes and fair complexion complete the picture. Oh—, forgot my hands, if you would prefer a brunette perhaps this will be one redeeming point in my favour, they are very large and well accustomed to carry heavy things.

Forget Me Not.

RUBEROID ROOFING

Trade Mark Registered. Pronounce it RUE-BER-OID.

Protects from Fire

When Campbellton, N. B., was destroyed by fire on July 11th and 12th, 1910, the only business building left standing in the town was roofed with RUBEROID. An all-night shower of sparks and burning brands failed to ignite the Ruberoid.

When the Brussels International Exhibition Buildings were practically wiped out on August 14th, 1910, five kiosks roofed with RUBEROID remained intact right in the centre of the fire-swept area.

Why not use RUBEROID and be safe?

Ask your dealer for Ruberoid samples and Booklet M, or write us and we will mail them direct.

"SOVEREIGN" Sheathing Felt is the best interlining you can put in a house.

Ask for a sample and booklet.

The Standard Paint Co. of Canada, Limited

286 St. James St., Montreal
179 Bannatyne Ave. East, Winnipeg
25 Pender St., Vancouver

DEALERS EVERYWHERE

Ten Producing Wells With Room for Fourteen More on Forty Acres

is the center of Section 4, heart of the Kern River Field, and known as the Denver and the Michigan properties—**has been acquired by The Atlanta Oil Company.**

Additional Rigs Are Up and fully equipped with the casing on the ground, ready to spud in—**for two new wells.** A well can easily be drilled in and completed every 30 days, and the production increased about 1000 barrels each month. The depth of the territory is about 850 feet, while the logs of wells already drilled show as much as 390 feet of oil sand. **At the end of 12 months the company can have 24 producing wells.**

Equipment Consists Of twelve complete rigs, with 10 wells in and on the beam, pumping, with engines for each, supplied by a 600- horsepower boiler; two rigs ready to drill and two portable boilers for drilling purposes. A 4000-barrel steel storage tank; machine shops; cook house; bunk houses; teams, wagons, etc., together with four miles of pipe lines—all in A No. 1 shape and best that can be purchased.

How Others Achieved Results But with oil selling for a long time at 30 cents and most of it at 20 cents, instead of 38 or 50 cents, companies in the same section and surrounding the property of the ATLANTA, were able to pay dividends even with oil so low as follows.

Kern River Oil	$98,000.00
Knob Hill	196.250.00
Revenue	128,000.00
Alma Junior	2,921.00
Alma	159,600.00
Four Oil Company	213,000.00
*Associated Oil Company	1,522,309.20

*Associated operates in other fields but has most of its wells at Kern River.

Atlanta Has Double the acreage and twice as many wells, on development, as the Four Oil Company with 12 wells and which has already paid $213,000.00 in dividends, while the property of the Four Oil Company lies in the same section and adjoins that of Atlanta.

The Inference Is Plain that in due course the dividend record of Atlanta should double that of Four Oil. There are but 600,000 shares of Atlanta, par value $1. There is no promotion stock nor free shares, and everybody, even the officers, paid cash. **When Atlanta has been financed, application will be made to list its stock on the Los Angeles Stock Exchange, to provide an open market.**

Atlanta In Addition is operating in Ventura County, Calif, The equipment consists of a complete standard rig, boiler, engine, pipe line water tank, oil tank, bunk houses, etc., and if a good well is brought in of at least 200 barrels, which is high gravity oil, it will add to our profits about $60.000.00 a year.

A Square Deal Policy like that of Atlanta always commands attentfon and ensures success. We are offering shares of its stock at 50 cents a share, and the price will be advanced rapidly. Maps, prospectus and views of the property mailed upon request.

Make all remittances payable to

ATLANTA OIL COMPANY

516-7-8 I. W. Hellman Bldg., Los Angeles, Cal.

The Bankruptcy of Education.

By FREDERIC BURK (President of the San Francisco State Normal School).

With the abandonment of the dogma of faculty discipline, which assured us that all the powers of mind could be acquired by formal exercises in dead languages, school mathematics, etc., there clearly remains but one alternative—to train the pupils for the specific goal it is desirable to reach. This alternative permits no compromise. The exercises which prepare for life are the duties, knowledge, and emotional attitudes of existing life itself, which the world's workers are currently using. The alternative recognizes that like produces only like, and, therefore, repudiates those exercises such as Latin or algebra, which in themselves are acknowledged to be unused, except as mental trapezes of the schoolroom. It requires that the pupil's energy shall be centred upon the mastery of those things which existing world life requires of its active and productive journeymen; anything less is insufficient, and anything of a different character is irrelevant.

How shall we obtain such a course of study, and who shall systematize it? Manifestly, the first step in the task is to catalogue the essential duties, items of knowledge, and emotional attitudes current in the world's usage. This material must then be set up and arranged in the schools as goals of instruction, and the business of the pedagogue will be to enable the pupil to acquire these world-used materials to an effective degree as readily as possible. We must not interpret the term "world-use" in any narrow sense, as the ascetic pedagogue of the past, with his inherent prejudice against worldly affairs, has been prone to do. The world uses vocations as a means of breadwinning, but the world also uses music, art, literature, the drama, social conveniences, just as intensely, just as essentially, just as relevantly. We may, indeed, say that preparation for the social activities of life is equally as essential and necessary as for that of breadwinning, since in the average man's life they are approximately equal factors. Because the world uses religion, art, music, the drama, literature, civic ideals, etc., these are as legitimate and important goals of education as breadwinning. Each item of life must be given place in the school, proportionate to the currency of the role it plays upon the world's stage. Scholarly prejudice has been especially vindictive toward the recognition of any interpretation of the word "use," since its recognition would lead to a prompt indictment of most of the subjects and materials of the present dumb-bell curriculum, because these never were, in any sense, used.

The principle of current world-use, as a canon of selection of the material to be taught in school, at once reduces pedagogy to extreme simplicity. We are not called upon to enter upon hair-splitting questions to determine what should be taught. The simple fact that the world currently uses the multiplication tables, but does not currently use the apothecaries' weights, is sufficient and complete justification for teaching the former and omitting the latter. Similarly, upon the same ground, the schools should teach the story of Julius Caesar and neglect the Kings of Madagascar; should teach the civic ideals of the twentieth century and should dwell upon those of the sixteenth century only to the extent that the intelligent world currently knows them; should teach the used applications of electricity and should deal cursorily with the question of what electricity is, etc. The intensity and time devoted to any subject in the school will be determined by the degree of currency it obtains in intelligent world usage. For example, geography, unquestionably, is a most important subject if we regard it from the standpoint of world usage, and it covers an immense amount of territory. The knowledge of it in the world's workshop is the chief insignia by which we may distinguish the truly intelligent from the unintelligent. Yet, while both the world and the school consume a great deal of geographical knowledge, it is singular that the school type of geography and the world type are so different. While the school graduate is notorious for his ignorance of world geography when he goes into life, nevertheless our most intelligent citizens can easily be floored by a seventh grade examination in school geography and relegated to the class of unfortunates who must repeat the subject with the next class. This sort of thing should not and must not be. We must go through our school courses with a pruning-knife and a shovel, cutting out fruitless limbs and filling in earth to give them some resemblance to world knowledge. Our geography is just escaping from the vocationalist—the sailor, who insisted on having all land children know the capes and channels of his journeys. It becomes the modern schoolmaster's business to make these adjustments of school work to life work in accordance with the law of relative proportion.

We cannot travel very far upon this principle before the fact is forced upon our realization that, while all pupils need education in some affairs of life (such as those of the social, civic, family, moral, artistic, and poetic phases of world civilization), other phases, such as vocation, are special only to individuals, and need occupy the attention of the few who propose to follow each special pursuit. There are, therefore, in general, two classes of world-used materials—(1) those things which are used by all world workers in common and (2) those which are special to vocation or individual pursuit. Two types of schools in conformity with world condition follow as a logical necessity—one to furnish that education which all world workers in common possess; and a second to provide training in at least one of the special vocations or pursuits of life which the individual proposes to pursue.

A large part of the lives of all is spent in one common field of living. We all live in homes under the customs and laws of the family; all live in the state with certain civic duties and customs which, for the well-being and safety of each, all must obey; all live in social relations one with another; and for our social intercourse certain other customs, conventions, laws, and amusements are essential. Moreover, there are certain general fields of knowledge, covering history, geography, science, industries, inventions, art, literature, goverment, etc., which all persons of intelligence, regardless of vocation, possess in common. Because this field of knowledge is held in common, it would seem to be necessary, and persons lacking it, though possessing vocational specialization, fail to be world workers. Nor can we overlook the fact, as we too often have overlooked it, of this common fund of ideals, knowledge, and sentiments of the vocaton itself. The man, skilled in his vocation, but essentially lacking in this common fund of human civilization, fails as readily as the man of general intelligence who is without a vocation. Therefore, in addition to a common school for all, the school system should include special departments, corresponding to the diversity of vocations and special pursuits, among which, for a portion of the school time, the pupils shall be distributed.

This would bring us to a discussion of the case of the technical schools. The common schools have had for their aim, the preparation of pupils for the affairs of life which men have in common. The technical schools have for their avowed aim the preparation of the youth in the vocations of life. Both historically and theoretically the technical schools, with the exception of theology and medicine, have an altogether different origin from our common schools. Vocational preparation by means of schools is new. The technical school is clearly the legitimate child of the modern demand for direct world preparation. The last half-century has seen prodigious development and growth in this field. The technical school has been driven into our educational system by a force more or less unconscious of itself. There is a real feeling that, however axiomatic the theoretic arguments for the established pedagogic dogmas, there is nevertheless something wrong with the output. The demand for technical schools by the modern world really struck a blow at the foundation principle of the established schools.

Under the psychological dogma of our established theory, this specific preparation for each of life's varied situations was not necessary; for the theory contended that faculties, sharpened by algebra, Latin, grammar, etc., were qualified to meet any situation or problem. Consequently our schools have tenaciously resisted the demand for differentiation of courses. With the overthrow of this dogma, we must face the other alternative of specific preparation. In our educational reconstruction, a clear relation is, therefore, necessary that, if vocational training is to be undertaken by the school system, we must provide separate schools or departments into which pupils may be segregated for a part of the time according to vocational goal. Into each will be consigned all the knowledge and training special to these pursuits, and pupils of one pursuit will not thus waste time in learning the knowledge belonging to other pursuits. But all persons, regardless of sex, vocation, or class, have much, if not the principal part, of their lives in common with all other persons. Our common school course should, therefore, be practically identical for all persons, regardless of social class, wealth, or previous condition. Vocations are merely the clothes we wear, and into the wearer of these clothes must be breathed, if life is to be successful, the breath of human life, its general human intelligence, its human sentiments for the home, society, and the state. Men are not only specialists but, if they take men's places as men in civilization's progress, they must have a certain body of common intelligence, common ideals, and common sentiments which constitute manhood and womanhood and without which the world will not give place to them to work as specialists. If we take the intelligent and successful men from all the various vocations, we shall find that they possess, by the necessities of modern life's requirements, a certain common body of knowledge and sentiments which, though comparatively limited, are nevertheless indispensable. All, for example, can read, write, and use the common operation of figures. They know certain common facts of business life, of social and political ideas and customs. The landsmen do not know all that the sailor knows of the sea, nor do the sailors know all that the landsmen know of the land; but the intelligent landsmen's knowledge of the sea and the intelligent sailors' knowledge of the land are necessary in order that they may sail their ships and plow their furrows in the direction of one another's ports of entry.

Therefore do I believe in a school system which shall be like a tree with roots, trunk, and branches. The roots shall reach into the soil of common humanity and draw up from its common sentiments of husband, father, neighbor, and citizen, training the child to love those specific acts or events which our civilization has declared to be good, right, and true; and to hate those specific things which our civilization has declared to be false and wrong; a trunk which shall give that body of knowledge which all intelligent men find necessary, regardless of vocation. Finally, we must have a series of parallel schools which shall prepare our pupils for the varieties of vocational life as specialists. Ideally, this system could be carried out by a common school surrounded by the various special vocational schools. For a portion tion of the schoolday, of the month, or of the year, all pupils would attend the common school, receiving instruction and training in that knowledge and those sentiments which constitute the common life, and for another portion of the school time they would be instructed in that knowledge and trained in the skill pertaining to some one of the vocations or special pursuits. The vocational training would run in parallel lines to the common courses. All vocational training would not begin at the same common school. Some such as medicine law, etc., it would probably not be advisable to begin untill late, probably the eighteenth year; others, such as certain commercial or mechanical trades, might easily begin in the eighth or ninth school year. The common education would cover a long period; for much that is common knowledge, such as the comprehension of duties of citizenship, the study of science, etc., requires a certain degree of maturity. The important requirements would be that all students should complete this common course, regardless of vocation. The boys who began trades or those pursuing business courses or those preparing for law or medicine would have the same general training in common intelligence. The pupils whose parents belong to the more well-to-do class must have no advantages over those whose parents are less well off. All must have the same common education; for all alike are to have homes, all are to be citizens, and no domestic, social, or civic ambition within the realization of this proud democracy must be denied anyone because he lacks the common elements of civilization; nor can our Government safely exist if all voters are not reasonably intelligent and guided by the same common sentiments toward the home, society, and the state.

Scoring for a start in the classic of the Exhibition Race Meet, the $2500 Free for All, July 20.

The ease with which corns and warts can be removed by Holloway's Corn Cure is its strongest recommendation. It seldom fails.

Comes out a ribbon lies flat on the brush

If the first taste of a dentifrice is a good taste, the regular care of the teeth will be an easy habit to form

COLGATE'S
RIBBON DENTAL CREAM
TRADE MARK

So delicious in flavor that children use it eagerly and faithfully. So lastingly antiseptic that it not only destroys decay-germs at the time of use, but also keeps the mouth in that sweet, clean, non-acid condition that checks germ growth.

"Good Teeth---Good Health"

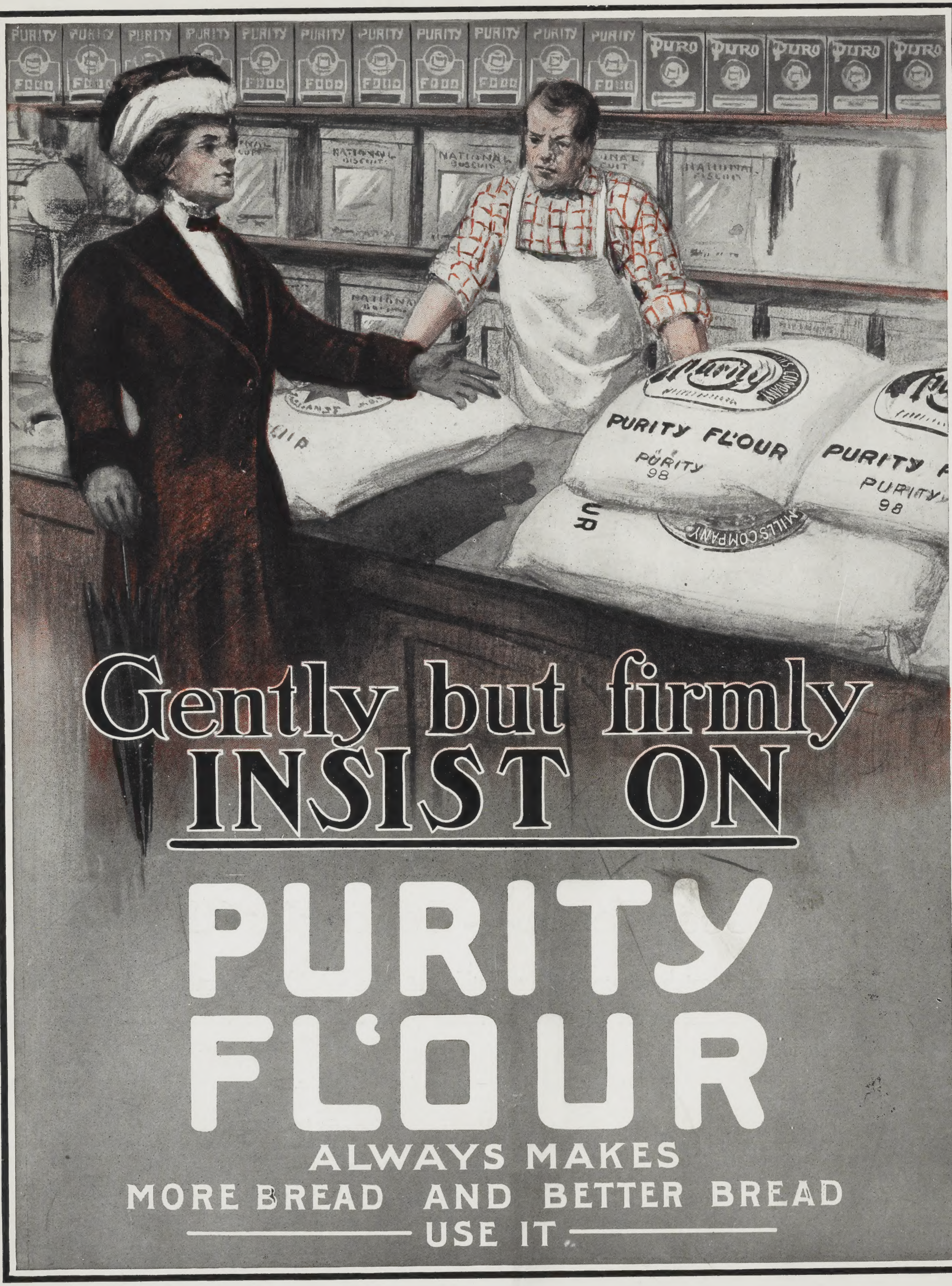
is not a mere catch phrase, but a scientific fact, and should be a watchword for every mother. Begin now to teach your children the use of this deliciously efficient dental cream.

Trial Tube sent for 4 cents—enough for 3 Weeks' Use.

COLGATE & CO., Dept. "M", Coristine Bldg., Montreal.

Established over a Century. Makers of the Famous Cashmere Bouquet Toilet Soap.

W. G. M. SHEPHERD, Montreal, Sole Agent for Canada.



Gently but firmly INSIST ON

PURITY FL'OUR

ALWAYS MAKES
MORE BREAD AND BETTER BREAD
USE IT